

AFTER WORK.

Home Reading for the Family Circle.

NEW SERIES.

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"Two can bear trouble better than one."—See page 6.

SAVED AS BY FIRE!
OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.
 By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER I.—JOHN'S HOME.

NEXT to his actions, perhaps the surest index to a man's character is

2 *Saved as by Fire ; or, John Broadmead's Hard Fight.*

the usual appearance of his favourite room. There, in the mute things he handles most, you see himself faithfully reflected. Instinctively you catch an idea of his individuality, and possibly, without being able to put your feelings into words, you find that you have an impression as to what the absent owner is like.

It is for this reason that I shall commence this narrative by describing the sitting-room in which most of John Broadmead's leisure time is passed. The first glance at it is very satisfactory. It strikes you that, considering his position in life, it is as pleasant as could well be imagined.

There is a large window looking out upon the little strip of garden behind the house, and this is rendered quite gay by the numerous flowers placed on the sill, and also by the rich green of the many-leaved creeper which has been trained around it.

Underneath the window is a small piece of ground, which John had railed off and thickly sown with mignonette, so that, as he enjoys his tea after the day's work is done, the sweet scent is wafted in on the evening air and fills his little room with its delicious perfume.

Often as John sits there he forgets entirely the backs of the houses on the opposite side, for he is quite lost in the contemplation of his beloved plants, and indeed their leafiness, alone, almost hides exterior objects from view. Long fronds of the creeper hang down before the window, mingling with the scarlet of the geranium, and the exquisitely tinted flower-cups, and broad green leaves of the small convolvuli. These latter John has carefully trained up small sticks and arches, and they form in themselves quite a picturesque screen. Then besides the geraniums he has fuchsias and small ferns, so that altogether his window-garden is certainly one to be proud of.

The interior of the room is quite in keeping with this cheerful aspect without. It is quietly and comfortably furnished. The articles are not showy but "good" looking and substantial—nothing "gimcrack" about them. Nor is there an excess of furniture, although nothing necessary to comfort is wanting; and, more than all, there are those evidences of care and neatness which render a room far more agreeable than the most costly adornments, and which always go hand in hand with industry and love.

To begin with, there is an honest-looking strong table, which is evidently made for use, and not—like the razor in the humorous poem—for sale merely. No one ever notices of what wood it is constructed. I have a shrewd suspicion that it is only stained deal; however, as it is always covered with a dainty table-cloth, which, being washable, is always clean, and as it serves its purpose remarkably well, no one has ever thought of inquiring. So it is just as good as if it were of walnut. John admired that table very often, or rather he admired what was on the table, when, coming home tired after the day's work, he beheld the snow-white tea-cloth and the good provision placed thereon.

Then there are the chairs, old-fashioned, comfortable chairs they are, made of solid wood and stuffed with horse-hair—chairs that one is not afraid to sit down upon and that always look well because they

wear well. They have cost their owner a fair sum of money in their time—perhaps not much for a millionaire—but then, you see, John is not a millionaire. He is what is called a “working man,” though why only those who are engaged in manual labour should lay exclusive claim to this honourable title I cannot imagine; work is the birthright of all, and he who will not work is not worthy of life.

However, John has not an extensive income, and he has bought these good-looking chairs and other necessaries by saving-up the threepences and fourpences that with most of his mates went to buy beer and tobacco.

Possibly some of my readers may be a little disgusted already. They may complain that they “always hear about this sort of man in stories, but never meet with him in real life.” I can only reply, “you might meet with such in real life, for it is possible for men to do as John has done if only they choose to try, and there are those now living who have done so.”

John is one of those men who save instead of foolishly spending, and therefore he is able to buy good and serviceable furniture instead of cheap and trashy articles.

To continue with my description of his room—which I hope my readers will not think prosy, for it will soon be at an end,—on the walls are hung a few small pictures, which add not a little to the appearance of the apartment. True, they are neither water-colour drawings nor oil paintings, but, nevertheless, being good engravings (or, may-be, photographs) of some first-rate original, they are certainly much better than bare walls, or gaudily-coloured prints, however large. John is mightily pleased with them, as well he may be,—he has “saved up” for them a long time.

In one of the recesses is a neat book-shelf, crammed with cheap and popular editions. I will not say that they are all profound or learned works, but there is plenty of sound and solid reading to be found among them; for John can crack a literary nut as well as most men.

In the other recess is a wicker-work cradle and a little pink-cheeked cherub sleeping therein, which by-and-bye, when it can talk, will call John by the hallowed name of “father.”

On the mantle-shelf may be seen a handsome skeleton clock, under a glass shade. This John and his wife prize highly, for it was a wedding present from some of John’s mates, as a token of their respect and good-will. It is always kept in the back room, because, as John says, “It is for use as well as ornament, and what is the good of shutting it up for no one to see, in the best parlour?” No, it is wanted to tell the time, so in the room they use the most it must be kept!

And then, scattered about the room are the little knick-knacks of needlework and other dainty ornaments which a bachelor’s establishment ever lacks, and only the presence of a wife, sister, or mother can bestow. These give token of the activities of John’s wife, and supply what is wanting to make the appearance of the room as comfortable and pleasant as possible; and I think that John is never so happy as when he is in it.

Am I right in supposing that, from the foregoing description, you

imagine John to be a man, who, being true and good, loves to surround himself with things which are of real worth,—in short, a man who always endeavours to act according to the highest standard of right, no matter what it cost him? If so you have judged rightly, for such he was.

But will he be able to continue thus through the wild tempest of trial which looms so heavily in the dark future? I think so, for we know that it is the nature of characters possessing sterling worth not only to preserve, but to improve their quality by trial, even as gold is purified by fire.

At all events, the sequel will show.

CHAPTER II.—BROKEN REST.

It was evening, and John had returned home at the accustomed hour. At the first glance, his wife saw that something was wrong, but, like a wise woman, she did not appear to notice it. She knew that she would hear the cause in good time, and she was content to wait. She had discovered the fact that there are seasons when a man is thankful to be let alone, and when kind and silent actions soothe far more than words. So she was quiet, although anxious.

John took his tea silently and abstractedly. This again troubled the good woman. She did not like the meal which she had prepared so carefully to be passed over slightly. Moreover, it was contrary to John's habit. He, on his part, had discovered how much the continuance of joy in married life depends on the mutual observance of those loving courtesies commenced when the blush of love was fresh, and therefore he never failed to appreciate his wife's efforts to make him happy and comfortable. Would that more husbands were like him! We should then have fewer of those living satires on the blessedness of marriage, which now, alas! are so often to be seen.

The meal progressed in silence, she wondering much meanwhile what could be the cause of her husband's trouble. It was no common matter, she could see by the gloom on his face. The tea was as enjoyable as ever, but he finished it without remark. She was even more attentive than usual, but he appeared barely to notice her presence, still less did he respond to her fondness. The books and pictures were all in their accustomed places, giving him a silent greeting, when he entered, but he did not once glance at them as was his wont. No, it was quite evident that something unusually disturbing had happened. And, when the tea-things were removed, he still remained in his chair, whilst the twilight gathered in the corners of the room, and shrouded the book-case and the cradle; and his look became more anxious still.

Mrs. Broadmead pondered the matter whilst she disposed of the tea-things, tidied the kitchen, and put all straight for breakfast in the morning. This was the first time in their married life that her husband had appeared so depressed and reticent, and she could not understand it at all.

It was rarely that he had kept anything from her for so long a time as this.

Finally, she resolved to try the experiment of a cheerful happy, wifely talk! It might be beneficial, perhaps, in weaning him from his trouble, even if it did not prove efficacious in revealing the cause.

How often has a weary man's heart been cheered and strengthened, and his whole soul refreshed, by a good talk with a sympathetic and cheery-toned helpmeet! Such a talk is like rest after strife, sunshine after storm. There is a reverse picture: I will not sketch that.

But when she entered the room in which her husband was still sitting, and observed how intense was the look of painful perplexity upon his face, she had not the heart to begin. She sat silently at her sewing, ever and anon glancing up furtively at him.

It was now almost too dark to work, but still she bent over the little garment she was fashioning, and appeared much occupied. John remained in his former meditative attitude, his face wearing an expression of poignant grief, mingled with doubt and despair, his chair tilted up, and his hands crossed behind his head, slowly rocking himself to and fro.

So they sat in the deepening twilight, whilst outside the green-leaved creeper waved gently in the evening breeze, and the mignonette sent in its sweetness through the open window, and everything on this autumn evening seemed at rest.

Suddenly through the calm air, the clock in the neighbouring church struck out clearly the chime of nine. At the sound, John started, and then, allowing the chair to fall evenly on its four legs again, he said, abruptly, with the air of a man forced to do that which was disagreeable to him,—

“Bess, my girl, father will be here presently.”

“Oh! John!” exclaimed his wife in a sharp tone of distress, “You don't mean it? Alas! now she could guess, in part at least, the cause of her husband's grief.

“He is turned away from Reckitt's, and forced to leave his lodgings,” was the curt but not ungracious rejoinder.

As he said this, he rose and walked to the window, sighing deeply. His wife followed his form through the gloom, with her eyes now indeed as sad as before they had been bright; then she said, falteringly,—

“But why was he turned away? I thought he was doing so well now.”

“So he was, but he's broken out again. He's worse than ever now.”

“Dear! dear! this is trouble indeed,” she said, sadly, “And he was doing so well, too.”

“Yes.”

“How did you know of it?”

“He came this afternoon and told me;” and at the remembrance of that painful visit he put his hand over his eyes and groaned aloud.

After a pause he said again, “There was a month's rent owing. I paid that. I have not paid for his drink, though, but I suppose I shall have to.”

She answered somewhat bitterly, “You need not have paid for his rent. They could not have made you pay for it.”

"I could not see them sell my own father's few bits of things away from him—the last remnants of the old home," he replied, sadly.

"Well, I only know that it is very hard, and that *I* should not have done it," she said sententiously. "It's difficult enough for us to get along comfortably as it is. You ought to think of your own flesh and blood, John ; baby and I are your own."

"And so is my father, Bess," interrupted he, "although he is, oh, God ! a drunkard and a cheat."

There was a pause, and the only sounds that broke the evening stillness were the sobs that were wrung from the bosom of the grief-stricken man.

Then, with choked utterance, he said "Oh ! Bess, Bess, why have I brought you to this—to live in the same house with him ; but I cannot help it, dear, I cannot help it."

"No, my darling, forgive me," said she tenderly, rising and affectionately pressing her lips to his forehead. "I am sorry I spoke so hastily and unkindly. I did not mean it, dear, indeed I did not. And do not trouble about me. I am glad to be your wife,"—she continued in that winsome, soft voice, that can only be uttered as love prompts it,—"I am glad to be your wife and help you by my love ; and besides, two can bear trouble better than one, cannot they ?"

"God bless you, my dear," said he, folding her in his strong embrace.

"And John, dear," she proceeded, "you know the reason why I spoke so just now, was that I could not bear to think of you, working so hard, and then having to spend the money like that, and his coming to be a burden."

But a startlingly loud rap at the door, followed by other ominous sounds—which coming suddenly as they did, were enough to strike fear into stouter and less troubled hearts than theirs, interrupted the conversation.

Bess was moving away to answer the unwelcome summons when John stopped, and said, hoarsely,—

"No, Bess, my girl, keep still here. He won't be fit for you to see." And at the words she paused, whilst an indescribable feeling of dread crept over her. Suddenly she saw as if in sharp cut outlines all the horror of the change that was upon them, and her heart turned sick within her. It was a rude awakening, this, from rest to a ceaseless harassing struggle in which there seemed to be no happiness and no comfort.

John reeled rather than walked to the door, and as he went, the agony depicted on his face witnessed to the fierceness of the conflict within. Why should he open his doors to this evil ? Why should he thus mar their peace, and break up the happiness of their home ? for he, too, felt in all its terrible truth that their comfort was at an end, and that the turbulence of evil was to be introduced into their life—and by his father, too !

Ah ! surely, if

Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child,

it is as keen a grief to have a graceless parent.

But John went determinately on to the door. The conflict was sharp, but it was soon over, and the strong will triumphed. As he opend the door, and saw the fearful sight of his father brought home by boon companions, scarce better than himself, as he took part in the repulsive and distressing task, that of assisting a *parent*, who is for the time made a devil by drink, as he listened to the oaths and curses, and bore the blows, and circumvented the fiendish cunning which would do anything to get more liquor, as he lovingly tended the drunken man until at last he even got him into bed—there was the firmness about his lips, and the calmness on his face, that only comes from the consciousness of having won a victory over self.

And in his heart there was comfort—such as has strengthened thousands before him in life's wild and troubled strife, and will strengthen thousands more in those ages yet to come,—wherever the old battle of right and wrong, of self-denial and self-in *encc* has to be fought. For ever before him, all through this terrible evening, he saw, burning in upon him as if it were in lines of living fire, a cross, and the face of Him who hung thereon, was pale with anguish. John was a servant of the Master, and as he looked along the stormy path of trouble and self-sacrifice, he said, “This is the way the Master trod. Shall not His servant tread it still ?”

(*To be continued.*)

BELLS.

Of all sweet sounds that echo o'er the earth,
Which to the truest pleasure giveth birth ?
Of all those sounds that lovely are to hear,
What vibrates sweetest on the listening ear ?
Is it the song of birds at early dawn
When all are joyful at return of morn ?
Or wilt thou listen to the summer breeze
At morning whispering through the thick-leaved trees ?
Or watch the white sea waves that ever war,
And, gently murmuring, break upon the shore ?—
Such are the varied sounds that Nature yields
On the lone shore, in shady groves and fields.
Then there are all rich tones that art affords
Pouring forth harmony in full accord.
The flute's soft melody, the pleasing lay,
Recalling times and scenes long passed away ;
The deep-toned organ and the chanted hymn
Resounding grandly through the arches dim ;
The dome's vast space re-echoes back the sound
Till the rapt thought might deem it holy ground.
In all these varied sounds delight I find,
They all can please, or soothe, or cheer the mind
But one there is of far surpassing power,
When heard at noon, or eve, or midnight hour.
The noble sound of bells I like the best,
Their charmèd notes rise far above the rest ;
For every feeling they possess a voice,
Grieve with the sad, and with the glad rejoice

Who that has travelled through the Belgian land,
 Where many works of art our praise demand,
 And has not heard, with oft delighted ear,
 Those carillons so passing sweet and clear,
 And waited anxiously to catch again
 The pleasing, but too quickly, ended strain ?
 It was a sound to move the heart to pity
 When, mid the flames of Moscow's burning city,
 Flames that arose with quickly spreading force
 To check the southern conqueror's rapid course,
 From each high tower came forth one plaintive chime,
 Pealing in sorrowful and solemn time.

When in strange clime the traveller roams alone
 In that dim hour when thoughts of home are strong,
 At fall of eve when strength and daylight fail,
 Sweet comes the vesper bell across the vale.
 To that day memory wings back her flight
 When friends and country vanished from their sight.

Now, are all reposing, silent and dark,
 The streets of the great city—but hark !
 What sounds are those that thro' the midnight air
 Bid us for some rejoicing to prepare ?
 On the verge of one great portion of our time
 We stand ; ring forth ye bells, a joyous chime,
 Of grateful praises for the year gone by,
 And may the gladsome notes ascend on high
 To Him, the giver of all good things here,
 And while we enter on another year,
 Ring out again ye bells a cheerful peal,
 In confidence we rest in woe and weal.
 Thus may His praise be ever gladly sung
 Till the last death knell in this world be rung.

ELIZABETH TWINING.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will improve it very much.

A little ginger put into sausage-meat improves the flavour.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once.

You can get oil off any carpet or woollen stuff by applying dry buck wheat plentifully. Never use water to grease-spots.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking ; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter ; season to taste.

Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

THE EYE.—No. 1.

I purpose in this series of articles on physiology to confine myself entirely to one group of subjects rather than to spread my remarks over so vast an area of material as is comprised under the word physiology. Every branch of it is filled with absorbing interest, whether we begin with the contemplation of the simple cell, and recognise in that primitive medium of organized matter the foundation of every form of animal and vegetable existence, through which that mysterious subtle principle called "life" exerts its wondrous power; or whether we follow the cell step by step through its stages, assimilating, multiplying, extending, developing, until we arrive at the highest and most complex form in that astounding combination of matter which comprises the human brain, and its terminal sensory projections, popularly known as the five senses. It is to these latter that we will turn our attention; when we understand these the rest will be half understood; and first let us take for our study

THE EYE.

In order to thoroughly understand the subject, you cannot do better than procure two or three fresh sheep's or bullocks' eyes. They are exactly the same as our own in structure, with the exception of a few details which I shall afterwards mention. When the butcher gives you the eyes you will notice that they are covered with fat and flesh. The fat in the living animal forms a kind of soft pad, or cushion, to protect the eye against injury. In the living body the fat is not as you see it, dense and hard like suet, but more of the consistency of melted butter; indeed it would be as fluid as olive oil were it not for the meshes and little bladders and cells which in a great measure confine its movements. Were it not in a great measure fluid and soft the eye would not be able to turn round in its socket as easily as it does. The capsule of connective tissue, in which the eye works, will probably be left behind in the animal's head when the eye is reversed, so you will not see it, though you will notice the cut ends of the muscles, or "flesh," as it is usually called. These strips of flesh, or "muscles," are six in number, and can be readily seen by cutting the fat away with a pair of scissors. They will then be seen to end in a thin white tendon close to where the purple-looking surface in front (which we shall speak of as the cornea) joins the glistening greyish white of the rest of the eye (which we call the sclerotic). The first forms the coloured transparent part in our own eyes, and the latter the white opaque part of the globe which you see so plainly when anyone rolls their eyes up. These muscles, which look like pieces of broad red tape, by contracting enable the animal to turn its eyes about in any direction it likes. As you clear away the fat you will notice a short round stump sticking out of the back of the globe like the stalk of an apple. It is round and white, and *very tough*, and about as thick as slate pencil (in a bullock's eye). In our own eye it is not quite so thick. This is the optic nerve which conveys the impression of sight to the brain.

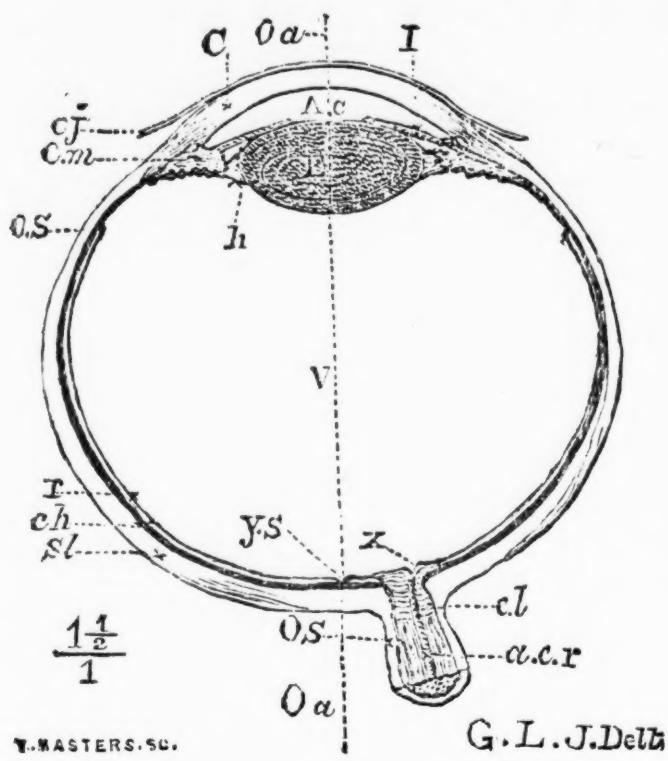


FIG. 1.
A. Horizontal section of the lower half of the left eye of a man magnified $1\frac{1}{2}$ times. Compiled from various sources, and corrected from nature. (G. L. J.)

- Cj. Conjunctiva. * 1.
- C. Cornea.
- A. C. Anterior Chamber.
- V. Vitreous.
- L. Lens.
- Sl. Sclerotic.
- Ch. Choroid.
- R. Retina.
- C. M. Ciliary M.
- O.S. Optic Sheath.
- Ae. R. Artery of the Retina.
- X. Bifurcation of the Artery and Blind Spot.
- O. S. Ora Serrata.
- O. A. Optical Axis.

We know it is perfectly transparent, because we shall see the print through it as clearly as ever, if we lay it on a page of the book. Moreover, the type is magnified, showing that it acts as a magnifying glass, and a powerful one too. Now remove the outer layers from it, and you will find that as you get towards the centre the density is much greater; in fact, the razor will not cut through it, it is so sticky and dense.

If you were able to freeze the eye in ice, as is sometimes done, and then carefully make a section right through from the optic nerve behind to the middle of the cornea in front, a little consideration will show you that you would get a surface very similar to the figure I have drawn (Fig 1). Of course this is from a human eye, or rather from a great number, for I found it impossible to get all the details from any one eye. Now take a second eye, but instead of cutting it along its axis as before, cut it with the scissors in a circular manner at right angles to the former cut, so that the half of the eye will have the nerve in the centre and the other half the whole of the cornea. Very gently shake out the vitreous matter, which will require a little manipulation, as it sticks somewhat to the inside lining of the eye. This inside lining is very remarkable, as on its surface are developed the images (or "pictures") of all the objects that we see. It consists of a thin film or membrane, lining the whole of the posterior two-thirds of the eye

Now hold the eye in the left hand and draw a razor with a clean sweep right through the middle of the cornea (i.e., the purple black part) in front. You had better begin in front as it is easier, and directly the razor has pierced the tough cornea, (C. Fig 1,) a slight gush of clear water will come out. This is called the aqueous humour, (Ac. Fig 1.) Now, with a very sharp pair of scissors, cut right round until you get nearly to the optic nerve behind, then continue to cut the other way round nearly meeting the former cut at the other side of the optic nerve. The two halves will be almost separated, and a large mass of perfectly clear nearly liquid jelly will fall out. It is called the vitreous humour from its glassy appearance, (see V, Fig 1,) and it fills up very nearly the whole of the interior of the eye. Besides this, and probably long before you have done with the scissors, a beautiful transparent lens, clear as crystal, will drop out, (see L, Fig 1.) Let us examine it.

inside. It is really nothing more or less than the optic nerve flattened out as it were into a thin film like moist tissue paper, and extending as far forward all round as the jagged margin (Fig 1, O. S.) In the living eye this membrane is of a bright orange red colour, and adheres closely to the black layer underneath, but after death it separates from this black layer (the "choroid" layer), loses nearly all its colour, only a faint pink remaining, and generally is seen floating in the vitreous or adherent to the choroid by a few shreds. It looks like a little pink pulp, and might easily be overlooked, but you are sure to see it if you scrape a penknife gently over the choroid. It is called the retina (Fig 1, R.). Spread a little bit of it on a watch glass, and you will see one or more fine thin red lines running across it. These are the blood vessels of the retina. They nourish it. Now examine the black layer (choroid layer) underneath. If you touch it the black stains your finger like a mushroom. This stain consists of minute particles of pigment. This black layer extends much further forward than the retina, for it even reaches as far as the pupil, which is the round hole or space inside the iris (Fig 1, I), and forming the central black dot in our own eyes (which by the way is only black because of the black pigment right at the back of the eye shining through the little opening in front). In man this choroid layer, which I have represented by a black line in the wood cut, is everywhere the same colour, but in many animals, such as the bullock and sheep, it is replaced by a most exquisitely coloured green or greenish golden sheen looking like "watered silk." In cats it is especially marked, and gives to their eyes that wild, greenish glare, which gives rise to the idea that they emit light in the dark. This is not true, but nevertheless it enables them to see much better in a nearly dark room. Next to the choroid is the sclerotic coat. This is the tough fibrous layer which envelopes the organ. Its purpose is to protect the choroid and retina from injury, and at the same time to give a firm consistency and shape to the eye, and form a kind of smooth bed for the structures to lie on. It forms the posterior three-fifths of the eyeball, the remaining fifth being taken up by the cornea. (Fig 1, C.) This appears to be continuous with the sclerotic, the latter suddenly losing its opacity, and becoming transparent and altered in character. When you removed the eye from the animal you could not have failed to notice that before you could pass your knife into the orbit to divide the optic nerve and muscles, that you had to pierce a smooth, rather delicate membrane, which on the one hand was adherent to the margin of the orbit and under surface of the eyelids, and on the other hand with the outer surface of the cornea. Hence its name "conjunctiva" (Cj Fig 1 and Fig 2). It is everywhere continuous, and therefore it is impossible for any foreign body to enter the orbit or get behind the eye without first piercing it.

G. L. J.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation : they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Whoever has flattered his friend successfully, must at once think himself a knave and his friend a fool.



ROBIN REDBREAST.

Gentle Robin Redbreast,
Singing all the year,

Fluttering round the homestead,
Whether bright or dear.

Talking to the children,
So the prattlers say,
Chirping in the beeches
Under which they play.

Perching on the window
When the snow is deep,
Looking in with sidelong glance.
Just as beggars peep.
Asking for some bread-crumbs,
So we understand ;
Gentle Robin—tame enough,
Eats from Polly's hand.

Songsters are all silent,
Not a strain is heard

In the bush, or birchwood,
From any other bird,
But my placid Robin
Sits and sings alone ;
Very sweet monotony,—
Sad, but welcome, tone.
So, gentle Robin Redbreast,
Singing all the year,
From palace door to cottage
Thou hast nought to fear.
Come, Bobby, to my window,
When for food distrest ;
Everybody loves thee
In thy crimson vest.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

PRACTICAL PAPERS—I.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—OUR LEISURE HOURS.

LIKE sparkling waters in the sandy desert of life, or that delicious green shade which refreshes us so after the burning sunshine and weary toil, these pleasant seasons are always welcome to every class. The fierce struggle for existence which seems intensified year by year ; that battle for the necessities of daily life which the working population are daily waging in all earnestness, seems to make still more precious the few leisure hours that come gently to relieve and vary the monotony of this everlasting strife in which they are compelled to engage. It would be, indeed, a hard life that was lived on from year to year without such alleviation or rest. And having the prospect of no such lightening of heavy burdens, it is difficult to imagine any keeping up long in health or spirits, without a gleam of sunshine to look for as the days wear on, and evening shadows fall on the weary labourer.

Perhaps there is no subject so productive of difference of opinion as that relating to the manner of employing leisure hours. And yet, it would seem that after all, the many dissentient voices that seek to urge *their* particular way in which the hard-working man should spend his spare time, might be easily reduced in number by the stern utterance of a very simple rule. Our leisure hours are given us, *not* merely "to please ourselves," but so to employ us that we may be the better for them in every sense. Now, if the recreation argued for be such as does not tend to any real relaxation that is sure to rest or refresh, benefit or enlarge the body and mind, it surely need not detain us long. Leisure is a boon that should be sacredly guarded from evil, or even suspicious occupations, and devoted to ends that are not doubtful in their effects on our lives, but productive of highest good. True, the laborer who toils all day long needs change and amusement ; but then it should be remembered that morbid cravings for excitement and sensation ought not to be confounded with legitimate desires for healthful recreation. And here lies the distinction between the use and the abuse of our leisure time. While some are wisely husbanding these valuable hours so as to ensure for the future a rich harvest of joy and rosy memories,

others are frittering them away on passing follies of the moment, in utter oblivion of the fact that themselves only will be the sufferers in the long run from such thoughtless acts. Do we then counsel that leisure hours should *always* be employed in reading, or study of some kind or other? Far from it; let each have a due share; but, respecting amusements, let the selection be such as will bear the light of sensible criticism, and reflect honour upon the judgment that has decided it. A man is known by the friends he keeps company with, and people may usually be summed up pretty correctly according as they waste or wisely use the leisure hours at their disposal.

There is a class of individuals in the world who resemble the men of Greece spoken about in the Bible; they are continually spending their time either to see or hear of some "new thing;" and this practice cannot be too strongly condemned, whether the rage of the hour be a new novel or a new play. The state of mind engendered by this excited and never-resting delirium of expectancy is prejudicial to all that should enlarge the powers, and really give tone to the judgment and reason. From this sensational love of novelty it is that comes so much of the foolish talk and still more vapid writing which is so characteristic of the time—an evil which re-acts with baneful effects upon thousands of minds. We may be sure that our leisure hours are given for a better object than merely to squander them upon attempts at catching up every "fast" new thing afloat, or in efforts to become master of every popular joke and masquerade of history. If we have no higher conception of life and its chief object than that, we may conclude that a very low ideal satisfies us. We find too many of the working class who, in addition to the above folly, give all their time and energy, "after work," to some all-engrossing pursuit that harms them every way, and leads them away from home entirely. This is a deplorable truth, and one that bodes no good to the home or those left in it. Once a father neglects his fireside, something is wrong either there or with the man who wanders from its sacred attractions. There should exist a charm to bind the heart to the loved ones at home, and he who wilfully breaks away in search of forbidden joys will not be happy long. On the other hand, the leisure hours at home are sorely spent if the atmosphere of gentle voices and unselfish consideration is absent, and what wonder then if the jaded worker seeks enlivenment in more congenial company to his own future misery and regret? Let these words of ours sink deep in the hearts of our readers, for surely here we are touching upon that delicate point—home relations—and herein lies the secret of joy or reckless indifference to leisure hours passed in the family circle.

In distinctive contrast to all frivolous or stupid ways of spending time after hours of business, we are glad to observe that a growing spirit of enlightenment bids fair to inaugurate a new and better state of things amongst the working classes. As the force of education works more widely amongst the people, so will a purer and better appetite be created, which will cease to be satisfied by the gaudy tinselled amusements of the public-house, the "gaff," or the ignorant socialist lectures. These last are the pests of social life, and, like the upas tree, they curse those who come beneath their shadow. They fill men's heads with a

contempt for holiness and purity, and intrude upon the most sacred of themes with their unseemly sneering and scepticism. We solemnly warn our readers against such employments for leisure time as listening habitually to these false teachers, or imbibing their shallow, empty philosophy, and would earnestly lead them towards better and nobler uses for their precious moments. Amongst such, the study of nature or natural history in all its branches is one of the best—productive of health both to mind and frame. And we know of no more pleasant sight than to see the humbler workers of this great city taking their Saturday outing with their little ones away into some sequestered rural spot, where they may devote some pleasant hours to a grand object—the attempt to know something more of the Maker's handiworks. The soul is often led to love and worship the God who created through the medium of His marvellous creation. Herein may be found a pleasure as well as a profit for leisure hours—an inexhaustible fund upon which we may draw freely, without fear of coming to an end.

There are so many ways of rationally employing our leisure hours, however, that it would be invidious to name any one specially more deserving than the others. But the multiplication of books, and the re-issues of the great masterpieces wrought by human thought in cheaper forms, lead us to remark how firm a grasp the lower grade of social life have now to what once they had upon a fertile and splendid source of enlightenment and pleasure. Here, at a nominal price, lie the many pages of thrilling power and wondrous story, all open—a very El Dorado of rich and glorious treasure ! Can there be a doubt that in them, at any rate, is a noble occupation for many a leisure hour ? Music, too, is a graceful lightener of labour and refresher of weariness ; for sweet sounds charm and benefit the roughest and least cultivated of men. Let it, then, have a place among the recreations of the spare time. Museums and exhibitions that reveal the wonders and curiosities of science and art, as well as useful and entertaining lectures, should all have their claims attended to.

In short, there is so much to choose from that we can only sum up them all in this general remark, "let the choice be such as your own conscience tells you will benefit and bless for time and eternity." If we could bear in mind that our leisure hours in the New Year will one day stand before us in array and reveal the history of the way we employed them, we should not lightly disregard them, but worthily seek to get the greatest amount of good possible out of them, not forgetting that to fill some of them with deeds of kindness to others is one mode of bringing back joy a hundredfold to our own hearts. May our leisure bear the reflection that falls from advancing years along the path we have trodden, and not reproach us with wasted time or abused good gifts.

E. CLIFFORD.

MORE ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS CHILD LEGENDS.

The artists drew pictures of Christ as a child with His little playmates, or resting as a babe in His mother's lap. There is an old print which represents Him as a little boy, watching tenderly the tiny spar-

rows—which, you know, He told His followers that God loved and cared for—and most of the painters of Italy and Germany painted Him with a little white lamb, or rabbits near, or perhaps a snowy dove. The greatest artists loved to think of Christ as a child, and to paint Him looking so beautiful, and full of peace and love, that it would be a comfort to all in trouble to look at Him.

It was also believed, that when good men and women truly loved our Saviour and obeyed His sayings, they were sometimes permitted to see Him as a Divine Child, full of light, and receive Him in their arms, or sometimes to behold Him in the midst of the open Word, encircled with glory; for all who are good and true, must receive the spirit that is like the heavenly Child, and see in all wisdom the child-like meaning of love.

All of us have heard the old story of the giant, who wished to serve the strongest king on earth, and was called *Offerus*, the bearer, because he could carry such heavy weights. He wandered from king to king, until at last he heard of Christ. As he was not wise enough to pray or sing, he was told to carry the people safely over a certain dangerous river. One dark and stormy night, he was awakened by a child's wistful voice from the bank, and going thither, he saw a lovely infant, sitting by the river, and saying, "Offerus, carry me over."

Offerus lifted Him up, and stepped into the water, but as he went on the dark waves rose higher and higher, and the weight of the child grew heavier and heavier, until his strong limbs trembled and almost gave way. Looking up, he saw a light shining around the Infant's head, and heard the most loving, and the sweetest voice saying, "Dost thou wonder Offerus? Thou bearest the whole world."

Afterward men called him no longer Offerus, the bearer, but Christopher, the bearer of Christ, for he had carried Him who holds the whole world in His loving hands.

There is a German legend about a little boy who wanted to give something to our Saviour. He had only an apple, given him to eat at school, and he carried this quickly, and laid it on the altar, and he thought he saw the figure of the Christ-child smile, and lift His little hand to take it.

There is another story about a boy in Scotland, named Cuthbert, who was idle and disobedient at school, until he saw, one day, "the fairest child eye had ever beheld," who wept over his faults. He grew up to be one of the best and wisest men of his country and time.

These stories will show you the faith which the people really had in Christ's love and care for little children. The story about Offerus, teaches us, if we patiently do disagreeable work because we *ought*, we shall at last see it beautiful and full of light; and the last two legends about the two boys, are intended to keep us from thinking children's kind acts, or naughtiness, unimportant. God loves and cares for our every-day life and its little things, for He is "Our Father." These legends would not have been remembered and told for so many years, if it had not been for the noble and true meaning in them, which gives them power to live. What is mean and false, will die in spite of the most beautiful words, and if an old story lasts, it is the little germ of truth in it, like a living seed, which keeps coming up again and again in somebody's heart or mind, like a flower seed in the earth.

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD. CHARLES LINNÆUS.

A LITTLE Swedish lad was accustomed to pore over his Latin exercises and translations during the day under the direction of a stern father, and in the intervals, when his father was away from home visiting his parishioners, he would hie away to the woods, and rocks, and gather flowers and mosses, for which he had a passionate fondness. These he would arrange at night in a little herbal he had prepared, though it was looked upon with no favor by his grave father.

One night he had dallied longer than common over his treasures, when the pastor, looking up from the good book over which he had been poring, severely reprimanded his idleness.

"I am determined to make an end to this folly," he said, "by casting all this rubbish into the fire."

The frightened lad folded his treasure closely to his heart, and the good mother rose in alarm, and took the book from the child, placing his Latin exercises before him. The stern command was given to abandon henceforth this idle pursuit of culling weeds, and to address himself faithfully to the task of preparing himself, one day, to stand in the sacred desk, as his father had before him. The boy studied with diligence, and soon had his exercises in readiness for inspection. His father was satisfied with his effort, and again reminded him how well he could do at his studies, when he threw away his foolish herbals.

That night tears fell fast on the lad's pillow when he was by himself, and in the stillness of the night his mother stole to his little closet and comforted him as only a mother can.

"My father might as well ask me not to eat," said the child. It was like a death sentence to bid him abandon his beloved flowers.

The sad-hearted mother devised a plan by which he could rise an hour earlier, and while the father was sleeping, go out and explore the frosty woods for the treasures in which he so delighted. With a radiant face he clasped his arms about his mother's neck and then lay down to happy, glorious dreams. In that fair dream-land a golden future always rose before him.

The little plan worked well for a time. The mother rose two hours before her accustomed time, and prepared the great bowl of thick, hot porridge for her lad, then wrapped him snugly in his coarse, rough coat, and saw him set out with a glowing face for his stolen excursions. But, alas, the happy hours were soon blighted. The pastor rose one morning before his usual hour, to visit a sick parishioner, and found little Charles was absent. The stern man soon sifted the matter to the bottom, and then the dreaded threat was carried out, that the child should be torn from the mother, from whom he had never been separated a day, and sent to the Latin school in a distant town, which was under the iron rule of a severe master. Oh, the agony of that parting! but the lad of twelve strove to comfort his mother with the hope of future meetings and brighter days.

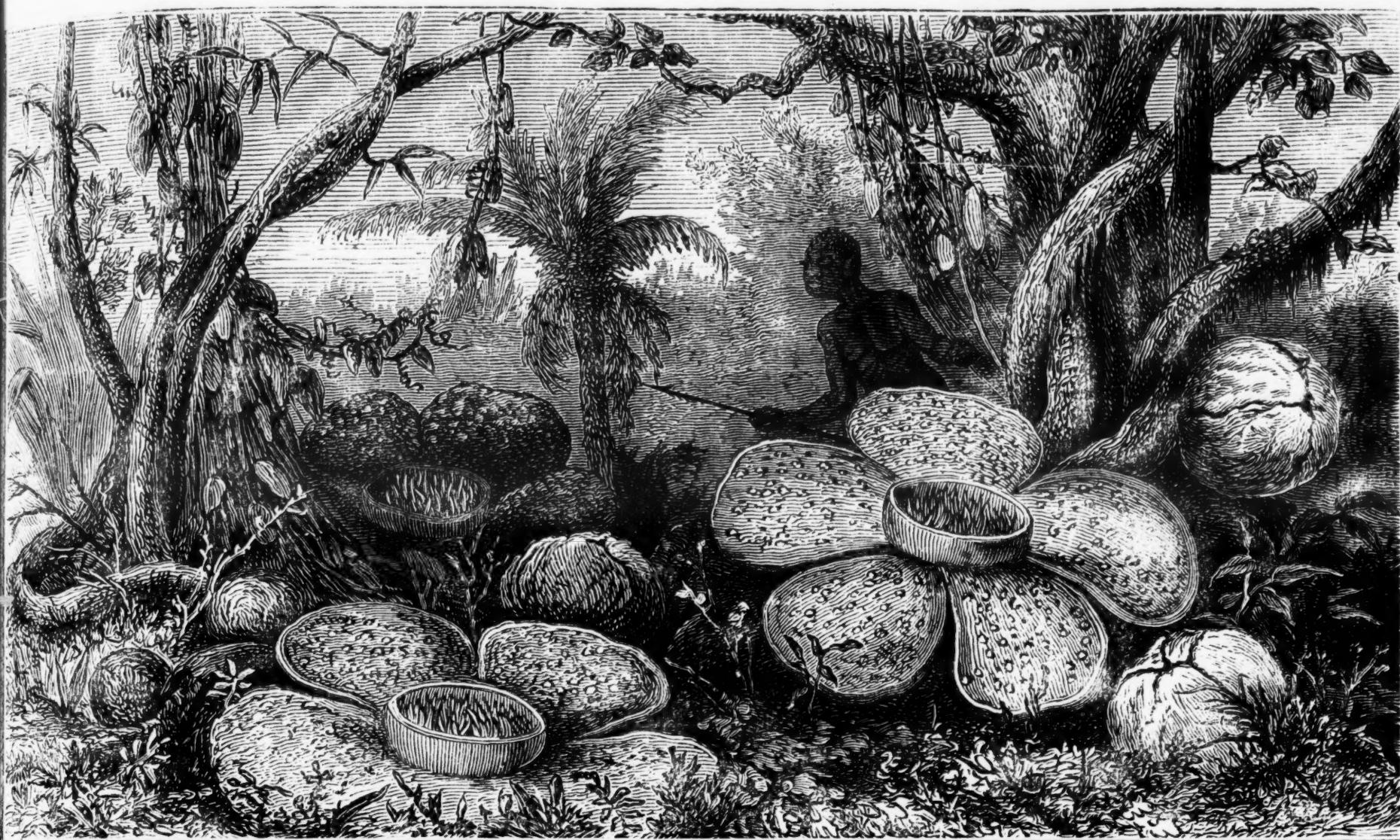
He studied hard and well; but one glorious day in spring, when the boys were allowed to take a walk in the fields, Charles separated himself from the rest, and revelled in the forbidden joys which the whole earth

seemed opening up before him. He filled his pockets and bosom with rare beauties of the fields and rocks, and was ever pressing eagerly forward to seize some new jewel. Night-fall surprised him, and with it came quick thoughts of discipline, not tempered with any love, for his delinquency. He remained all night out in a mossy glen—and, as the result of his excursion, was, by his father's command, apprenticed to a shoemaker, the humiliation of which was intended as a punishment for his disobedience. Though surrounded by coarse, rude associates, most uncongenial to his refined nature, he yet had his mornings for the field, and his evenings for study, and for writing out various treatises on his favorite topic. Such a system could not last long, and a severe illness brought to his bedside a most distinguished physician, who caught, in the ravings of the youth's disordered brain, the clue to his sickness. The beloved herbals on his table, and the open treatise, just as he had left them, gave a still fuller explanation. They were read with ever-growing admiration, and when Charles had recovered, the doctor felt that such talent had bided long enough at the shoemaker's bench. His father at length consented to his again pursuing his duties, and through the aid of the good and learned physician he was sent to the university.

This was the beginning of a grand career, and not many years had passed before the whole land echoed with the praises of the youthful professor, Charles Linnæus. The kings of Sweden, France, Spain, and England delighted to show him honor, and his many works on science will long be read and admired by the learned in all lands. J. E.

EDITOR'S REMARKS ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

“*Rays from the Realms of Nature*,” or, “*Parables of Plant Life*,” by Rev. J. Neil, M.A. (Cassell.) The design of the author is to set forth the beauties and wonders of nature in a popular way, and he meets on its own ground the growing materialism of the present day. It is written in a cheerful style, abounds with good illustrations, and is handsomely bound, making a valuable gift book for the present season. In our next number an article illustrative of the work will be given by consent of the author. “*The Churchman*,” monthly, (Elliot Stock.) Conducted by clergy of the Church of England, is a new venture with every prospect of success, as such a magazine is much needed at the present time. The articles are of a very vigorous stamp. “*Within the Palace Gates*,” in memory of Francis Ridley Havergal. “*The Home Life of the Prince Consort*,” by Rev Charles Bullock, and “*Mrs. Haycock's Chronicles*,” by Mrs. Marshall, are all recently issued from the “Hand and Heart” publishing office—they are very healthy in tone, well got up, well illustrated, and deserve a large circulation. “*Home Comforts*,” a book of useful facts for housekeepers, (Ward, Lock & Co.)—The fact of its having reached the “60th thousand” is a proof of the welcome it has received. “*The Lord's Host*,” or, “*Lessons from the Book of Joshua*,” by Rev. W. G. Butler, B.A. (Hamilton & Co.) All who read this suggestive and instructive work on Bible History as contained in the Book of Joshua will find a stimulus to Christian effort. The character of Joshua is most graphically set forth, and is the result of much research and careful study. “*Faithful Words for Old and Young*,” (Alfred Holness.) The stories issued in this Annual are all true and original, and their object is evangelic. The volume is handsomely bound and well illustrated. “*Sunshine*” (W. Poole.) True to its title; every reader of its pages will be cheered and brightened.



“RAFFLESIA ARNOLDI.”

LESSONS FROM PLANT-LIFE.

During Mr. Arnold's travels in the island of Sumatra, he discovered in the depth of its forests the largest and grandest flower that is yet known, and which now bears his name, the “Rafflesia Arnoldi.” When his native servants called his attention to this flower, growing in the jungle, close by their path, which they appropriately called the “Wonder-wonder,” he beheld a blossom that measured more than three feet in diameter. Its enormous petals were of a bright red colour, and covered with yellow spots. The nectary—in this case a low rim at the base of the petals—formed a cup which would hold twelve pints of water. He might well have supposed that he had found some new gigantic plant, of which this formed the bloom, but, on carefully examining it, to his great surprise it appeared to possess neither root, stem, branch, nor leaf. It belonged to that rare order of plants, of which a few other species are known, that consists mainly of one organ—a flower springing up as a parasite on the low branches of some forest trees.

The gay and worldly are just like this seemingly splendid plant. They indeed make a great display. Judged according to the outward judgment they are very bright and happy, but look closer, and you find that there is nothing real and solid behind. “Surely every man walketh in a vain show.” Take away the careless gaiety, the surface pleasures and pomps, and there is nothing left. Of this utter emptiness, well has the wise man said, “Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.”—*Rays from the Realms of Nature.*

SAVED AS BY FIRE!
 OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.
 By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER III.—A MODERN KNIGHT.

BUT it was over at last. The trial was for a time at an end; and the heavy breathing of the drunkard told that he was asleep.

All this time Bess had remained below in the little sitting-room, and who shall describe her feelings as she bent over her baby's cradle and heard its grandfather's maudlin songs and drunken imprecations.

It was the first time that the sanctity of their little home had thus been rudely broken, and she wept bitter tears of despair as she thought of the long weary days to come, and of those happy hours that now seemed so far behind her in the past.

But when her husband returned to her, the expression of mute agony on his countenance made her forget everything but his distress and her desire to comfort him. He sank into the first chair that presented itself, as though utterly exhausted, and covered his bowed face with his hands in silent suffering, whilst she knelt beside him and wound her arms about his neck and mingled her tears in loving sympathy with his.

And thus they met the first great sorrow that their wedded life had known, in silent communion with each other, and with the unseen but ever-present God. Presently she lifted her face and said, in a constrained voice:—"John, there is no need to have him here, is there? Would it not be much better to let him go to the workhouse? He would not be allowed to drink there. He will be sure to drink here—and oh! what shall we do! what shall we do!"

Her assumed fortitude quite failed her, and her sentence ended in an inconsolable moan, as of some dumb creature in pain.

John laid his hand gently on her head and smoothed the soft hair affectionately, whilst he said, in a low sad tone, "That is what I want to speak to you about, my dear. He was obliged to come here to-night; that is," he continued, slightly correcting himself, "he said this afternoon that he meant to come, and I could do nothing with him in that state. I can't think what is to become of him. How can we turn him away, and yet how can he remain?"

"He will disgrace us, John."

"My plan, or rather my wish," he replied, "is to keep him here, and try and reform him. That seems to me the *right* course to pursue; but then there are others to be considered. How could you stand it?" he continued, looking at her with great concern and affection.

"Oh! John, the thought is awful," she answered, with a shudder; "it would kill me, I could not bear it."

John did not reply at once. After a time he said, gravely, "Yes, I do not know which *is* the right course. It *seems* to me to be right that we should try and reform him, and the only way appears to be to keep him here, and never allow him to touch a drop of liquor."

"Oh! John, it would be impossible," she said, somewhat vehemently.

"I don't know that altogether," he replied, thoughtfully. "It might perhaps be done. And, besides, if we do not adopt this plan, what is to be done with him? We cannot let him starve. I question if they would take him in at the workhouse, he is an able-bodied man, and quite capable of earning a living. And, moreover, if they would take him in, to let him go there seems so cold and heartless—like losing sight of him altogether, and this I promised poor mother never to do."

"Well, then, if he can work, he ought to work."

"Yes, exactly ; but who is to make him work if he won't, or if he can't find work to do?"

"Well, dearest, I don't know, I'm sure, what is to be done," she said, half fretfully. "But it is too bad for him to come here, that's all I know. All our nice home-life will be upset, and besides, it will be such a burden ; we can't afford it."

"Yes, darling, I know. But we have to do what is right *at any cost* ; do not let us forget that. That must be our first consideration ; but," he added, wearily, "I don't know what is right in this case. Life seems so difficult to understand now."

"Oh ! John," she murmured, her woman's heart touched by her husband's noble love and steady adherence to principle in these perplexing circumstances ; "oh ! John, do whatever you feel best ; I will be guided entirely by you, and help you all I can. And," she continued, caressingly, "you know how I love you, don't you dear ? and that will comfort you in this trouble, won't it ?"

John fondly answered her caress, and then said, more cheerfully :

"Well, dear, we can't decide to-night what to do. It is plain he must remain here a day or two at least, and during that time we must keep him from drink if we can, and then we will see how things go on. Our object must be to make him feel that he is at *home*, and thus try to wean him from his evil habit by love."

"But, John," she said, looking up at him with a half-frightened air, "what shall I do if he comes home tipsy when you are out ?"

It was truly a feminine remark this, coming at once from John's somewhat vague generalities to minute details.

"Well," said he, gravely, "we must do all we can to prevent him from getting any drink. We must become teetotallers ourselves, and turn out all the liquor we have in the house, and then we must never give him money. And if he does get any in spite of all our efforts, you must shut him out until I come home. But it is getting late ; we will read."

It was John's custom to read with his wife every night, before retiring to rest, a few verses of Scripture, and not unfrequently a little conversation followed upon the words of wisdom which had thus been brought before them, followed by earnest prayer for the Divine guidance and protection. Now he read the sentence : "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith," and as he kissed his wife afterwards, he said, softly : "Ours has not been a very hard race to run as yet, my dear, let us not falter as it becomes more difficult ; but let us remember how much harder was the race Christ ran for us, and that will help us."

Pleasant is it on a dark and gloomy river to see the sunshine gleam and play, but pleasanter and sweeter far is it to behold how the light which streams from Christ's holy cross illuminates the dark waters of human affliction.

But they were not yet to rest in peace on this eventful evening. The baby, who hitherto had happily slumbered through all his parent's agitation, awoke as they were carrying him upstairs, and began to cry lustily. Bess, fatigued as she was with the unwonted troubles of the evening and the lateness of the hour, endeavoured in vain to soothe him, until, poor woman, she became almost as fretful as the child itself. John saw the position of affairs at once, and weary as he was he turned to his wife, and saying cheerfully, "There, dear, you are tired, get to sleep as soon as you can, I will quiet baby;" he took the infant from her arms. It was always a treat to see John take up a child. He, so big and burly, so strong and firm, became almost as tender and gentle as a woman, whilst his face was radiant with pleasantness and good humour. It is a great test of character, that, the way in which a man treats children, and also the manner in which they treat him. I have never known children "take to" a thoroughly bad-natured man.

Folded in his strong loving arms and comforted by his fatherly care, baby soon fell asleep again.

"I wonder why I could not soothe him," said Bess, somewhat querulously.

"Well, dear," replied John cheerily, "you were almost as tired and weak as he was, and baby wanted to feel that he was in the arms of some one who was strong enough to protect as well as love him;" and he added, more softly, "surely this must be our feeling towards God, Bess; if we believe that He is strong enough to protect us, *whatever comes* we shall not cry out, but rest in His arms, and so be strong to do what is right, and also suffer for it if needs be."

And so, at last, sleep fell upon the inmates of that little dwelling, and the ominous progress of events is for a short time stayed. Ah! what will be on the morrow, or the after-days?

Be sure that whatever comes, John will be prepared to face it well, for in his heart is that love for God, and faith in His unceasing goodness, which led the inspired poet in the old old days to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

It is what I call consistent with John's Christian manliness that he could burden himself with his drunken father, and at the same time so uncomplainingly comfort his crying baby and support his good but wearied wife.

He was as truly heroic in being thus faithful to the demands of righteousness and love amidst all these carking cares as if he had been a knight of the olden time, and worn nodding plumes, and ridden a richly-comparisoned steed, and had a "ladye-love" whose badge he might carry to battle.

Indeed, was he not more heroic? for far more difficult is it to be morally noble amidst the little worrying details of common nineteenth-century life than it was to splinter a lance, or hack a fellow creature to pieces inspired by the plaudits of admiring crowds.

Ah! but, it is objected, Broadmead is not a gentleman. He is only a "working man"—a mechanic. What of that? Is it not honourable to work? But more than this, he had the *soul* of a gentleman; that is the point. He had never spoken a rough word to a woman or child in his life; he behaved with the courtesy of a true Christ-like man to all around him; his pleasures were not gross and sensual, and moreover he tried to follow Christ in word and deed, and took every available means of self-improvement; therefore he was refined in thought and manner.

Would to God that all the men who tread our English earth to-day had thus the souls of gentlemen. Then all the many mockeries of that grand name, which now sicken us with their snobbishness, would depart to the limbo of all shams. The world would then be nearer its regeneration.

This, surely, and this alone, is the true social distinction, this possessing the *soul* of gentility which is Christ-like courtesy and refinement.

For, as Mr Tennyson says:—

"Ah, what avails to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt?"

CHAPTER IV.—"IT WAS HIS FATHER."

THE next morning dawned grey and gloomy. Heavy autumn mists drifted along the streets and rendered them damp and chill. The sun and sky seemed completely obscured; the former appeared like a ball of red fire hung up miles away amidst clouds of white vapour, and giving forth neither light nor heat; whilst of the latter nothing was visible. The earth seemed completely shrouded in dulness and depression, and gave forth no glimpses of the heaven beyond to cheer the hearts of its wayworn toilers.

This was the feeling in John Broadmead's heart as he rapidly pursued his way to his work. When he first awoke there was a sense of some terrible grief oppressing him, and it was a few moments before he could quite collect his scattered thoughts to remember what it was; and when the knowledge came, and he saw in all its bitterness how great was the trial before them, his heart failed him. All the enthusiasm of the previous night was gone, and he now felt as though he was about to embark on a sea of storms.

The appearance which life presents in the grey morning light is so different from the aspect which it wears when the rich glow of evening clothes it in warmth and colour. How often has this morning light in which we see life so cold and grey proved a corrective of the previous night's falsely-coloured impressions, and alas! how often has it nipped our generous impulses in the bud and seemed to scorn our faith.

John felt this now, and, for the moment, almost regretted what he had done. He felt dull, dispirited, and weary, and prepared to let life

go as it would without care or effort on his part. And it is often so with us all ; the faith of the strongest is liable to quail, and the flame of spiritual life to burn low. It must be so in the nature of things, and well is it for that man or woman who can cling to God's promise with steadfast strength, when the presence of God Himself seems all but gone. Happily, however, John was one of these. His religion was founded upon reason as well as upon feeling, and therefore when his feeling was temporarily exhausted, as might have been expected after such a night, the faith that was founded upon reason remained and proved a support. He was as determined as ever to do what was right, though for the moment it seemed dull and dreary enough, yea, well-nigh impossible. Nevertheless, as the day progressed and his mind began to recover from the severe strain, his spirits somewhat returned to him, and he saw life once more in its accustomed aspect. Hope revived, his step became more elastic, and his eye more bright. The morning's meditation, however, had good effect, even as the wet and rainy days are needful for the luxuriance of summer and the golden fruitfulness of autumn. He saw his true position more clearly, he felt more strongly what was right, and his faith was secured on a firmer basis. If we only knew *why* the pattern of our lives is of such varied colouring, we might be more patient whilst the dark threads are being woven in. There are many of us who read and talk perhaps somewhat glibly about the "light affliction that worketh out the far more exceeding weight of glory," but, alas ! we fail miserably when it is our turn to *apply* the principle.

As John walked home in the evening his mind was full of anxious conjectures as to how his wife had managed with his father during his long absence throughout the day. (His place of work was too far for him to return to dinner.) When he left in the morning his father had been sleeping heavily, and it seemed as though he would remain thus for some time. John had asked her to keep him indoors if possible, and if he once went out, by no means to let him re-enter if he seemed at all excited by liquor. John knew that for his sake she would be as gentle and tender as possible with father-in-law, and that if only he could be kept from liquor no fear need be entertained ; but still his mind was full of apprehension. Since his recent outbreak he seemed worse than ever. John was only too familiar with his fits of drunkenness, but never had he known him to be so utterly reckless and abandoned as at the present time. For two years previously he had been an abstainer, but within the last few months he had given way again, and it seemed as though the last state was indeed likely to be far worse than the first. This case seemed hopeless, but now John resolved never to despair. The plan he wished to adopt had already shaped itself in his mind ; and although it was not yet fully decided that the wretched man should remain in their home, yet the course that they had determined to pursue whilst he did continue with them had already been settled. It was simply to try the power of love—patient, untiring, watchful, and, if possible, restraining love—in some measure a faint copy of the great love of the Almighty Father above.

John believed that there is nothing which so ruins a man as the loss of his self-respect, and the consequent feeling that "no one cares for

me." Therefore it might be said, and said truly, that to build up a man's self-respect, by showing him lovingly that come what may there is still one who believes he may yet do right, is, if it can only be persisted in, the truthful, and therefore the only sure method of trying to work his reform. It is thus that men whose wills are enfeebled and enslaved by wickedness are won over by love to do what is right before they have sufficient strength of their own. It was with a mind filled with these and kindred thoughts that he pursued his way homeward. He was walking down a somewhat crowded thoroughfare, in a poor neighbourhood, not very far from his house, when suddenly his reveries was stopped by hearing a Babel of confused shouts and jeerings on the opposite side of the road, rising above the usual noise and bustle of the streets. He paused and looked across. Alas ! the sight that met his view was by no means an uncommon one in this London of ours even now, for all our boasted nineteenth-century civilisation.

A crowd was gathered, and, through the crowd, he obtained a glimpse of an old man, who was evidently reeling drunk, and attempting to catch a number of ragged little urchins who mocked his sadly absurd endeavours, and taunted him with great glee. Seen in the dim gas-light and misty clamour of a London street, the scene was sufficiently revolting. It was truly a sight at which fiends might laugh ! John's first generous impulse was to rush across and drive off the mischievous mockers, who were now pelting the miserable man with mud, and rendering his already disreputable appearance more degraded than ever. But he paused a moment and reflected. What could he do ? It was evident that the poor pitiable wretch must pass the night in the guardianship of the police, for it was clear that he could give no clue as to his dwelling-place. The best thing, then, for John to do would be to help a policeman to get the old fellow off as quietly as possible. He looked about for one of these protectors of the peace, but in the gloom of the street could see none ; he then advanced i a little way into the road to obtain a better view, for a mingled feeling of apprehension and dread began to steal over him—might it not be his father ? At this moment the little crowd parted, for their victim had made a frantic and sudden rush, if by any chance he might be able to clutch one of his tormentors. He missed his mark, however, and, in his drunken passion, over-balancing himself, fell heavily to the ground ; and there he lay, in the middle of the muddy road, not far from John's feet, covered with dirt, foaming with rage, and blustering forth oaths and curses.

This turn of affairs of course created a vast amount of merriment among his hard-hearted little persecutors, and they were gathering round to renew their spiteful play, when at this juncture a stately policeman quietly appeared upon the scene, and, throwing the light of his bull's-eye lantern full on the old man's face, sternly said, "Get up and come with me."

At the same moment he stooped down and dragged him to his feet, and then, for the first time, John saw the face distinctly.

At the sight he started back in horror, whilst a cold perspiration be-dewed his forehead, and his heart beat violently. It was his father !

(*To be continued.*)

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

THE EYE.—No. 2.

In the last paper we briefly alluded to the muscles which move the eyeball, and to the optic nerve which conveys the impressions of sight to the brain. We found the eye to be a nearly perfect globe, as round as a marble, and measuring (in man) as near as possible an inch in every direction. But we shall see that this only holds good in those that have perfect sight, *i.e.*, who see near and far objects equally distinctly, for a short-sighted person has an oval-shaped eye, being longer in the direction of its axis (from before backwards) than from side to side. Indeed, that is the chief cause of short sight, and in young people who are long-sighted the eye is nearly always the reverse, *i.e.*, too short from before backwards, and this is (in young people) the usual cause of long sight. In dissecting the eye we also learnt that the eye consists of three coats, and containing two cavities or spaces filled with fluid, and separated from each other by the colourless lens and the ligaments which hold it in its place.

The outer coat we found to be very tough, like gristle, yellowish white and opaque, except in front, where it lost its fibrous opaque structure, and appeared clear and transparent. The former we called the sclerotic, from a Greek word meaning hard, the latter the cornea from the Latin *cornu*, a horn.

The middle coat (choroid) is thin and black, and almost made up of dense meshes of fine blood vessels and black pigment.

The innermost coat (Retina) is the thin nervous film lying on the soft, warm choroid. It has a very remarkable structure, as we shall presently see.

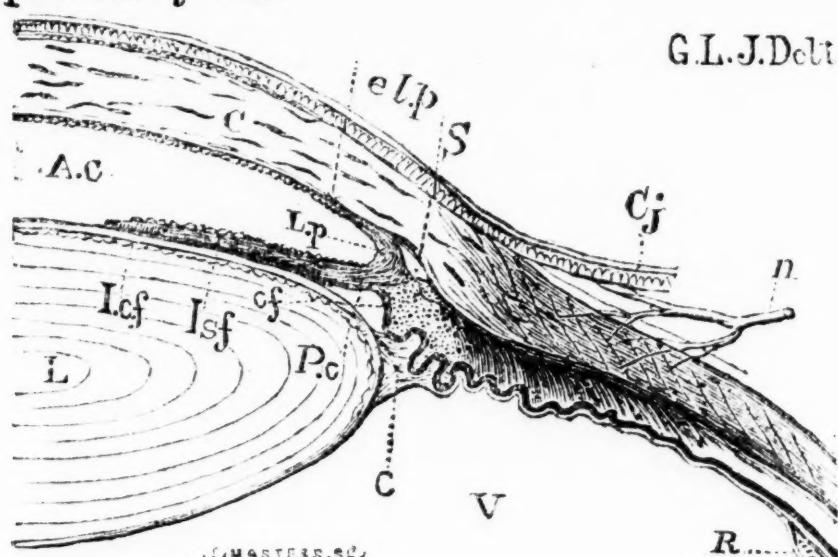


FIG. 2
Section through the front portion of the eye taken as far back as the commencement of the retina (R). Magnified 6 times. From Stricker's Histology, altered from the author's own sections. (G. L. J.)

- A. C. Anterior Chamber.
- P.c. Posterior Chambers.
- C. Cornea.
- S. Schlemm's Canal.
- Cj. Conjunctiva.
- N. Nerve (Diagrammatic)
- R. Retina.
- V. Vitreous.
- C. Ligament of the Lens.
- L. Lens.
- Icf. Circular Fibres of Iris.
- Ifs. Straight Fibres of Iris.

The two cavities are quite shut off from each other. The large one contains the jelly-like vitreous. It fills the greater part of the eye. The small cavity is filled with the watery fluid (aqueous), and fills up the space between the lens and the cornea. The circular membrane called the iris forms a screen or partition, dividing this cavity into two chambers. A large one in front (Anterior Chamber Ac. Fig. 1.) constitutes the main portion of the cavity. The remaining portion (Posterior Chamber) is the small three-cornered space between the iris and the lens. (P.c fig. 2). As the iris is not a complete partition, but merely a broad ring, which rests loosely against the lens

the fluid can easily pass round the free margin of the iris, from one chamber into the other. The iris, then, is really a circular belt, fastened by its outer rim completely round the coats of the eye (just in front of the ligament which holds the lens), (Fig. 2 c.) and having a large round black hole in the middle, which we know as the pupil. Now, this iris is tinted with all sorts of beautiful colours, and to it in a great measure the beauty of a "pair of eyes" is due. So that when you speak of a person having beautiful blue or hazel *eyes*, you should, strictly speaking, refer to them as having a beautiful blue or hazel *iris*. What is the cause of the colour of the iris? It is due to the presence or absence of pigment. This pigment consists of nothing more or less than crystalized particles of the colouring matter of the blood. They vary like autumn leaves, from every colour between light yellow, red, brown and jet black, and become absorbed (swallowed if you like better) by the branched pigment cells of the iris. (Fig. 3 c) Hence according to the amount and colour of the particles which lie inside the cells so will the colour of the iris vary. And if you look closely at anybody's iris you will notice that some parts of the iris are richer in colour than others, and some of a different colour. Hence black, brown, grey and greenish yellow eyes are due to the several colours and depth of colour of the several pigments, while blue and steel grey eyes are due to the total absence of pigment, the colouring matter at the back of the iris shining through. It is remarkable that in babies the iris is always of a steel grey colour, no matter what the colour may be when the child grows up. But the iris is useful as well as beautiful, as we shall see. Stand before a mirror, and, noting the size of your pupils, bring a candle near it. You will find the pupil contracts immediately to quite a small hole, while the iris gets broader. Now remove the candle, and immediately the pupil gets very large and the iris narrows. If you reflect a moment the reason for this becomes evident. The iris is a self-acting elastic curtain to allow more or less light to enter the eye according as it is wanted. Thus in the strong sunlight the light would be excessive and painful, accordingly the pupil gets smaller by the iris growing broader, and thus letting less light in, while in a dark room one needs as much light as possible, and therefore the iris (without one's being in the least conscious of it) contracts, and the pupil enlarges and lets more light in. But although the pupils of all persons alter in size according to the amount of light present, yet the average size of the pupils are very different. Compare a child's pupil with an adult's, and then with an old man's. The child's is large, lustrous, and brilliant, but as he grows older it gets smaller, until in the old man it is often little larger than a pins head. Hence the want of expression in old peoples' eyes and the sparkling beauty of the child's. The Spanish ladies long ago found this out, and are wont even at the present day to apply a certain drug to their eyes in order that their pupils may enlarge, and therefore add to their charms. Hence the word belladonna (beautiful lady) was given to the herb. A large pupil is very common in short-sighted people, and also in people of nervous and weak constitutions. In many animals, *e.g.*, cow and horse, the pupil is oval, in cats it takes the form of a narrow, upright slit.

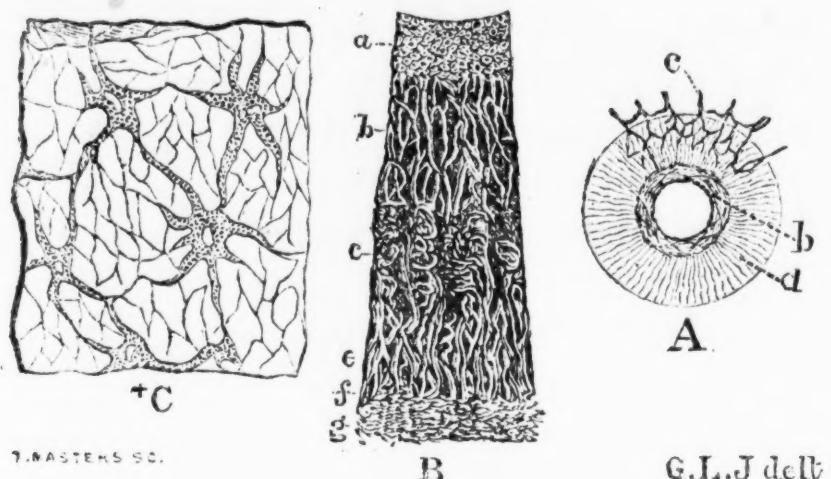


FIG. 3
A. Diagram of the iris, showing the circular and straight fibres nerve supply.

B. Appearance of the iris and ciliary processes slightly magnified.

C. A thin shred of the pigment layer of the choroid and iris stripped off. Magnified highly.

with the conveyance of sight (which is done solely by the optic nerve).

Now, the iris is made up of two kinds of muscular fibres.

1st—The straight fibres which radiate from the pupils to the rim like the spokes of a wheel. (Fig. 3, A a).

2nd—The circular fibres which form a series of circles round the pupil. (Fig. 3, A.b. or B.a).

These two kinds of fibres are governed by distinct sets of nerves. What happens is this: When a bright light is seen it of course acts immediately upon the retina at the back of the eye; this sets up a nerve current which, passing along the optic nerve, reaches the brain. There it sets some of the brain machinery in motion, which sends a return message back along one of the nerve wires seen on dissecting a piece of the sclerotic back. This acts on the circular fibres of the iris, and makes them contract. Now, if circular fibres contract the circles must get smaller, and so the pupil decreases in size, and lets less light in to irritate the eye. When the light is removed the reverse takes place. Here the stimulus acts along a set of nerves which govern the straight fibres of the iris, and when they contract it will be seen at a glance that the pupil will get larger, and so let more light in.

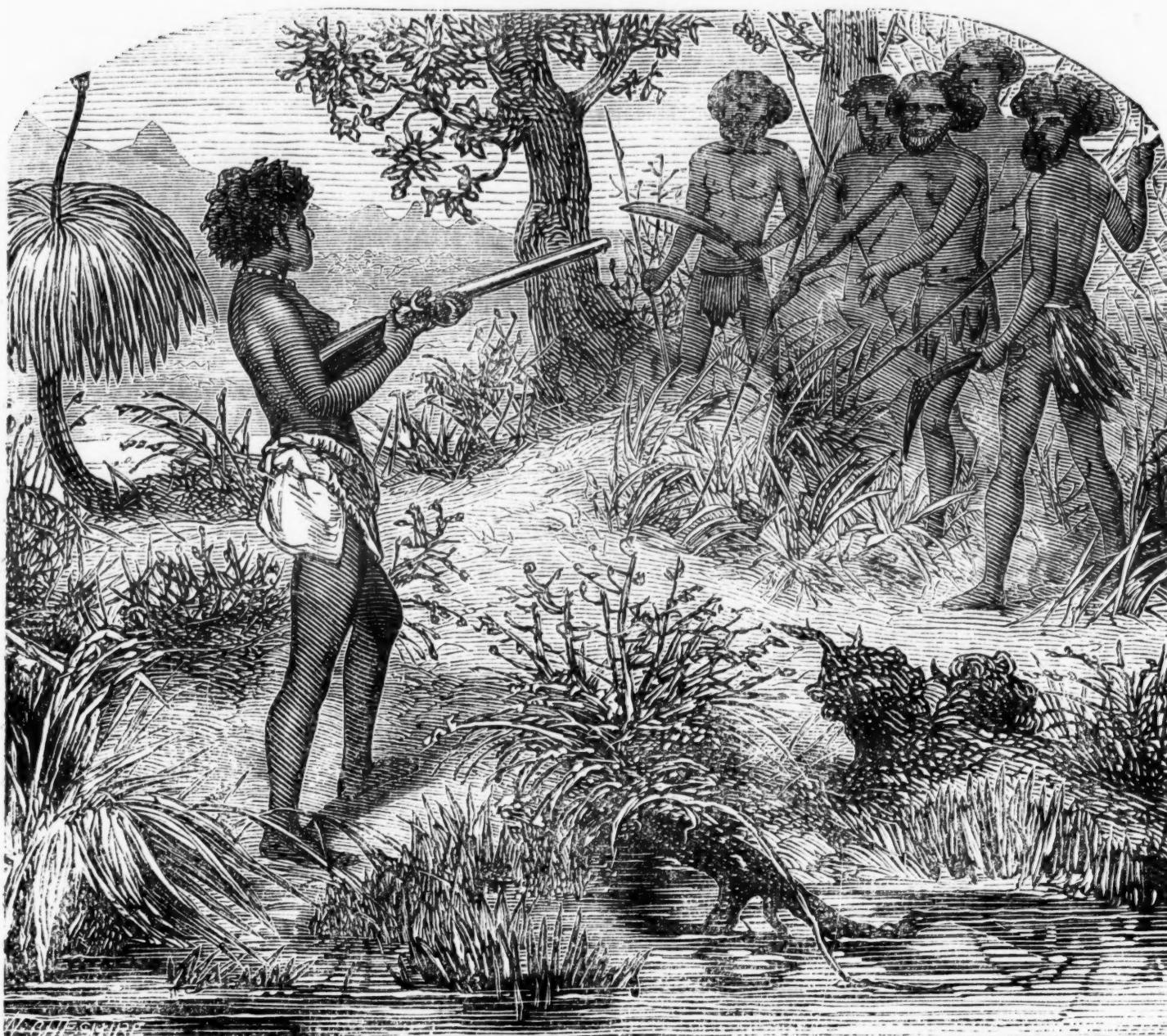
The pupil is black for the same reason that a single hole in the shutter of a dark room appears black to an outsider, because there is no second entrance for the light to enter and light it up. G. L. J.

HOMELY RECIPES.

PICKLING LEMONS.—They should be small, and with thick rinds. Rub them with pieces of flannel, then slit them half down in four quarters, but not through to the pulp; fill the slits with salt hard pressed in, set them upright in a pan for four or five days until the salt melts; turn them three times a day in their own liquor until tender; make a sufficient quantity of

pickle to cover them, of vinegar, the brine of the lemons, pepper and ginger; boil and skim it, and when cold put it to the lemons, with two ounces of mustard seed, and two cloves of garlic to every six lemons. In boiling the brine care should be taken to use a well-tinned copper saucepan only, otherwise it will be discoloured.

How is this contraction and expansion of the iris brought about? If you dissect away the sclerotic coat sufficiently carefully you will see between it and the choroid a number of fine white threads, like cotton threads, running from the back of the eye to the front. These are nerves which convey impressions (*i.e.*, slight electric shocks) to and from the brain to the iris and ciliary muscles. They have nothing to do



NATIVE AUSTRALIANS.

AUSTRALIA.

FAR away to the Antipodes lies an immense island, which well deserves the name of Continent, since its area is as great or greater than that of the whole of Europe. It is a strange land—a kind of marvel land, descriptions of which read like a fable or a dream. A writer speaking of the characteristics of the country, says : “ Flowers fascinating to the eye have no smell, but uncouth-looking shrubs and bushes often fill the air with their delicate aroma ; crows look like magpies, and dogs like jackalls : four-footed animals hop about on two feet ; rivers seem to turn their backs on the sea, and run inland ; swans are black and eagles white ; some of the parrots have webbed feet, and birds laugh and chatter like human beings, while never a song, or even a chirrup can be heard from their nests and perches.” Here, too, ferns grow as trees, and there are many other marvels in the vegetable kingdom.

Geology reveals to us the conditions of the world in the various periods of its existence. We find in the fossil remains of the globe, the records of the flora and fauna of many long-past geologic ages ; and by a careful consideration, we can arrive at a tolerably accurate idea of the condition of the world at any given age. But here, in Australia, is saved all this laborious study. The geologist finds himself upon the remnants of an ancient Jurassic continent and discovers around him the aspects of nature, the animals, the reptiles, the birds, the trees and flowers of the Jurassic and the eocene periods.

The records of the rocks show us that marsupials, of which the kangaroo is the most prominent representative, were the first mammals. In Australia, marsupials abound in an almost incredible variety. The ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus, a creature which seems to represent the connecting link between the reptile and the bird and which dates its first existence back to the remote geologic period to which we have referred, is still an inhabitant of Australia.

The human race indigenous to the island is quite in harmony with its natural surroundings. It seems scarcely necessary for ethnologists to puzzle their brains speculating on the probable characteristics of primitive man. Here, in the Tasmanian, he can be found in all his undoubted primitiveness. The Tasmanians or aboriginal inhabitants of Australia, are a race below the negro in intelligence and in many respects scarcely above the level of brutes. They go nearly or quite nude—a single rat-skin being considered an ample garment; they live in the rudest huts, so small and low that they must grovel to the ground to enter them, and containing no conveniences of furniture whatever—dwellings which are put to shame, both in comfort and beauty, by the nests of some of the birds of the country. They seem almost incapable of civilization. They were, before the introduction of Europeans amongst them, cannibal in their habits. Yet they have a rude form of government, recognizing a chief, or head; and have even the crude beginnings of religious conceptions, manifesting themselves, as these beginnings always do, in gross superstitions. In outward appearance they seem to approach nearer to our preconceived ideas of the “connecting link,” than any other race on the globe. They are perfectly black, with straight hair and intensely ugly countenances.

They also recognize a rude form of marriage, though, perhaps, it is scarcely more than knocking the destined bride senseless with a club and dragging her to the home of her future husband.

Those faint glimmerings of a sense of duty to authority and of a future life, are perhaps the strongest marked features which separate them from and raise them above the brutes below them. Speech seems to give them no superiority; for in this strange land birds can chatter quite as well as men; and the question might not unreasonably occur to the scientist, whether man first learned the possibility of articulate speech from the parrots, or whether they learned to imitate him.

Oldest, in the geological sense, of all the portions of the earth, with the exception, perhaps, of New Zealand, Australia is yet the youngest in civilization. A hundred years ago it was almost unknown ground to the geographer—a vast waste to be set down upon charts and that was all. The birth of our own country as an independent nation, was the occurrence which first imparted a feeble life to the region. And yet the beginnings of its civilization were far from promising. When the American Colonies of Great Britain asserted their independence, that nation could no longer ship her felons and scapegraces to these shores. And then it occurred to her that her distant and hitherto unvalued possession might be of use for this purpose. In May, 1787, a squadron of eleven vessels carried the first colonists to Botany Bay. Eight hundred and fifty of these were convicts.

The convict system of England has its dark side. Terrible injustices have been perpetrated upon those who were under the ban of the law; and no doubt cruelty and oppression have been systemized to a certain extent in these penal settlements. Yet, it has also its advantages, and some of its arrangements have proved most beneficial, not only to the criminal himself, but to society at large.

Sydney, the great centre of the penal settlement, has, to day, about four hundred thousand inhabitants, with numerous churches, theatres and libraries, its university, college and national schools. It is a wealthy and aristocratic town; yet, strange as it may appear to us, some of its most influential and benevolent citizens have been ticket-of-leave men.

The first theatre was opened in Sydney in 1796, eight years after the establishment of the colony. The actors were all convicts, who, in consequence of their good behaviour, had obtained permission to indulge in this species of amusement. On the first night of the performance, a prologue was read, which had been written by a pickpocket, and which began as follows:—

“ From distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much eclat or beat of drum,
True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal:
What urged our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.”

The colonies of Australia were little more than penal settlements for three-quarters of a century, since which period emigration has poured in upon them at an almost unexampled rate, and the tide of prosperity has risen to the flood. The immediate cause of this sudden accession of inhabitants has been the discovery of the rich gold-fields of the interior of the country. The discovery of these gold-fields was almost accidental. An experienced California miner, who had turned stock-raiser in this distant land, while seeking for a new pasturage for his sheep, noticed with his practiced eye that the geologic formation of the country was the same as that of the mining regions of California. He felt confident that gold could be found, and his search was rewarded by the discovery of what are probably the richest gold fields in the world. Those who attended the Centennial Exhibition had an opportunity to see for themselves fac-similes of some of the nuggets which have been discovered in these fields.

Gold was found early in June, 1851, and in less than a month twenty thousand miners were upon the spot; and at the end of a year, one hundred and fifty thousand had been attracted thither from every quarter of the world. The whole face of the country was changed in this eager search for gold. Immense forests were demolished, the courses of streams altered, fertile lands laid waste, hills undermined, and the entire landscape scarred and marred by the tools and machinery of the miners.

Ballerat, the centre of one of the chief mining districts, was first only an immense mining camp. But it has gradually become a veritable city handsome buildings taking the place of the tents of the miners. It now

has a population of thirty thousand, and possesses all the beauties and advantages of ordinary cities.

There are more than two thousand mining districts in Australia. Nor is gold the only valuable mineral product. Immense quantities of mercury are annually shipped to England, while the iron ore of the island is exceedingly rich in its yield of iron.

The city of Sydney, to which I have already referred, is built upon a five-fingered promontory jutting out into a beautiful lake. Port Jackson its harbour, is fifteen miles long, and capable of sheltering all the navies in the world. In it are found the shipping of every nation. It is the genuine aristocratic town of the colonies, in spite of its somewhat dubious origin.

Melbourne is the commercial metropolis of Australia, and bears a strong resemblance in many respects to European cities, though various strange nationalities find their quarters within its borders. Prominent among its public buildings is its library, which, ten years after its establishment, numbered forty-one thousand volumes. The library building is a magnificent structure, and would do credit to any city.

Hobart Town is the capital of Tasmania, and is described as "a quiet, hospitable little town, but a very hot-bed of aristocracy—the single spot on the Australian continent where English exclusiveness can, after the gay seasons of the large cities, retire to aristocratic country-seats, to nurse and reevify its pride of birth, without fear of coming into contact with anything *parvenu* or *plebian*."

The scenery of Australia is in some places bleak and barren and devoid of interest; in others it is surpassingly beautiful or magnificently grand. If one realizes the large area of country which Australia embraces, it will easily be comprehended that every variety of scenery may be discovered. Its coast is girt with coral islands and coral reefs, which in many instances render navigation both difficult and dangerous. A barrier reef of coral formation, a thousand miles in length, and with a varying breadth of from two hundred yards to a mile, skirts the north-eastern coast of Australia. Between this and the mainland there is a sheltered channel twenty-five or thirty miles wide, and even wider, which is for the most part safe; though in some places there are coral reefs lying just beneath the surface, which render navigation difficult.

MRS. F. B. DUFFEY.

PLAIN WORDS TO WOMEN.

No. 1—COMMON SENSE.

If people would only try and have a little more common sense, and exercise that very valuable commodity when they do get it, it would be infinitely better for them and for those whom they come in contact with.

Common sense is at a discount in the world, but why it should be so it

is not easy to see. Perhaps one reason may be that very many think that to be possessed of it in a very large measure is virtually to be very common place, uninteresting, matter of fact, and all the rest of it. They fancy it runs counter to beauty and poetry, and the touch of sentiment or romance which is latent in most

human beings. This is an error, and it by no means follows that anyone gifted with a large or small amount of common sense must needs be uninteresting and common place. I say gifted advisedly. For though some people have it more or less naturally, it is a gift which can be sought for, can be cultivated, can be used, and above all should be used for God's glory. Well, granting that you have common sense, the next question is, do you use it?

There is little use in possessing it, if you let it lie hidden away, rusting. There is not much good in knowing that you have a clear perception of what to do in most cases unless you do it; nor is it helpful to yourself and others to let things go wrong which you might mend—mend, yes, by the exercise of the calm judgment and discretion, the presence of mind and the sympathy of heart which all go towards making up the virtue whose praises I am sounding to you. As Christian women I ask you, "Do you use that gift, that good gift of common sense?"

Your husband is a trial to you perhaps, though you love him dearly. It grieves you to see him getting into bad company, and frequenting the public house. Now do not rest with simply bemoaning this trial—for a very great trial it is—but use your common sense and see if you can't mend matters. Make your home bright and as pretty and comfortable as you can, be as cheerful as you can to your husband, try and bear his burden and your own will grow lighter, and see if that does not improve the state of things.

Then with your children. You see Mary reading trashy novels and cheap papers which you know do her no good. You are certain that they are bad reading for her, and that their contents fill her head with much nonsense, and a very great deal of real harm, and yet you do nothing. Perhaps you remonstrate with her and tell her that she ought not to read them, and she does not mind you. Well, let your common sense aid you here.

A love of reading is in itself very commendable, and the fondness for it is shewn by your child. Now remember that if *you* do not provide her with good reading, she will most surely get bad in some way or other. It is wrong to tell her not to read, for the taste is in itself a good one, and if you leave her mind unfed it will starve, or feed on unwholesome food. Don't take away her novels and stories and leave her without anything to read, or perhaps give her some old dry book which in your young days satisfied you very well. Good reading is *quite as cheap* as bad, and many are the good papers and magazines, stories and tales, you can get your Mary. Tell her that they are better for her than what she has, and if she is a good girl she will mind you. If she is not, you must all the same quite forbid the reading of those books and papers which your own common sense tells you are bad for her. She may rebel now, but years later on she will thank you for saving her mind from the harm she was incurring.

Then James will go with bad boys, and get into mischief. "Boys will be boys," you say, and you are right in one way, Yes, they will be boys, and as boys they like being together. Get your boy to know some nice boys as companions, and that will be far better than preaching at him, or else sitting with folded hands, saying contentedly, if not very happily, "Boys will be boys." "Ah," but you say, "it is all very easy to be told this and that, how am I to do it? I am an ignorant woman myself, and I can't choose good books, and I don't know where to find nice companions for James."

Ask your clergyman to help you, or the district visitor, some good Christian friend, or the teacher of the Sunday-school where your children go. Be sure you will be helped. All those who work in any way for God and His Church are only too glad when their people, or the parents of their scholars, ask their advice in a matter of this kind as in any other. If not, remember that you can ask *God* to help you, and He surely will. Tell

Him the difficulty, tell Him all the trial, and how you are unable to do what you wish, and He *will* help you.

Only here again use your common sense. Don't pray, and then after you rise from your knees forget all about it, and never think of it again until you kneel down the next time. God *does* hear you, God *will* answer your prayer, only you must do your part, and be watchful and ready to take the opportunities He sends you, ready to do what He wills when the way is shown you, and be really *waiting* for that answer.

Then let your common sense help you in many ways. In many more ways than I have time here to enumerate. If your house is in bad condition and unhealthy, do your best to mend it or change it, and if so try all that cleanliness and ventilation will do.

If you are spending more than you ought to do, then pause and think of the dreadful consequences of improvidence and debt, and cut down your expenditure accordingly. It may be hard, it may involve a great deal of

self-denial, but it *must* be done. Then with the education of your children, do your best, and remember that when “Lands are gone, and money's spent,

Then learning is most excellent.” Passing then from things temporal to things eternal, the same words are applicable.

Why bear your burden alone, when you can lay it day by day and moment by moment at the feet of Jesus?

Why be sorrowful and down-cast when you dwell on your troubles, instead of thinking of the exceeding joy of heaven which, if you are of the redeemed you shall one day know? Why not let the thought of the future comfort you, and remind you of the passing away of all that vexes you, and of the changelessness of the Eternal City where joy everlasting reigns?

Why grieve over trouble when you know that a wise Father's hand sends all as a discipline for your good?

Exercise faith and common sense, and you will assuredly find that all things have and shall work together for your good.

L. E. D.

FOR THE YOUNG—*BILLY BOOSEY'S DONKEY.*

BILLY BOOSEY was a quaint old man, who lived at the corner of the common years ago, when I was a lad; and while he was ready to turn his hands to all kinds of work, he mainly depended for his livelihood upon the produce of a small garden and the money he could earn by means of a donkey and cart. Billy treated his donkey as kindly as it was possible; and though he could afford neither to buy corn for it nor keep it in a grand stable, the animal was always in good condition, and would draw a heavy load behind him, or carry one on his back at a capital speed. We juveniles paid many a penny for a ride on Billy Boosey's donkey.

One day Neddy's unwillingness to “go” amounted fairly to obstinacy; and when Johnny White had paid his penny and mounted in gleeful anticipation, not a step would Neddy budge.

“Make him go, Billy,” was the cry.

Thus urged, Billy shouted, whistled, and flourished his arms and clapped his hands, but all in vain; only when the stick was applied pretty vigorously did Neddy condescend to start. And when he did go, he did go—as people say—at full speed across the common, boys, Billy, and all, shouting at his heels. It was rare fun.

Presently Johnny White began to feel uncomfortable. Neddy was going at full speed toward the big pond, and not the slightest use

was it for Johnny to pull with all his might at the reins. The cry now was, "Stop him, Billy. Make him stop!"

To this Billy could only reply, as he came panting along far in the rear, "Pull, Johnny!—pull!"

The catastrophe came at last. Rushing full tilt to the edge of the pond, Neddy there came suddenly to a standstill, and over went Johnny splash into the water. A pretty picture he looked, I can tell you, when we pulled him out!

Just as we had done so Billy Boosey came panting up, and was assailed on all hands with, "Why didn't you stop him?"

"Boys," said Billy, as soon as he could recover breath sufficiently to speak—"Boys, I could make him go, but couldn't make him stop. And do you mind, youngsters, as you go through life, do not get into bad habits, for it'll be easier to start than to stop. Especially take care what sort o' company you keep. Fight shy o' them lads that swear and smoke and tell lies and drink. If you get started there, you'll maybe find yourselves shot over into a deeper pond than that you've fished Johnny White out of."

They were simple words, but the old man's advice was good, and many of us, I doubt not, remembered it long after.

We took Johnny home, and he was put to bed: but he had a terrible bad cold after his famous ride and bath. He is dead now, poor fellow! As he grew up he took no heed to Billy's counsel, but seemed never so happy as when he could get with those who delighted to do just what the old man so earnestly cautioned us against. He got into disgrace early, and more than once, before he was twenty, was Johnny taken off to the county jail. When he found his character was altogether gone, and he could get no work, he tried his hand at being a soldier. He was not in the army long. Drink was his besetment and at last was his death. He died in the hospital from injuries received in a drunken quarrel.

It is many a long year since we used to play together on that common, but I often have those days brought to mind, for I never see a youth neglecting his Sunday-school, and spending his time at street corners and associating with bad companions, without thinking of the old man's words about it being easier to start than to stop. Some lads I have seen who have withstood the temptation a long time, and then given way at last. Some of these have become the worst when they have at length broken away from the restraint of home and friends; and sometimes, as I notice how such a one goes from bad to worse, I think to myself, "Poor fellow! I am afraid he has started off on Billy Boosey's donkey."

EDITOR'S REMARKS ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

"*Kitty*," or, "*The Wonderful Love*;" "*Forget Me Not*;" "*Little Eva's Wish*;" "*Mattie and Bessie*." All by Annie J. Courteney. (J. W. Allingham.) These are well illustrated, and the stories told with a pathos that affects the mind as well as the eyes. Should be in every school library. "*The Methodist Family*," and "*Wesleyan Temperance Magazine*." (Elliot Stock.) Both volumes should be in every home, and read by all those who enjoy good temperance and religious reading.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

Should the way be dark and dreary,
Should your heart be sad and weary,
Should your brow be marked with
sorrow,
With deep lines of heavy care;
Fear not—bright will be the morrow,
There will be no sorrow there.

Faint not, heart; be not cast down;
Ne'er forget that many others
Bore their Cross and won their Crown.
Each cloud has its silver lining,
Therefore, cease your sad repining;
For the darkest hour is ever
Just before the dawn of day.

Fear not—just across the river,
You will soon for ever stay;
Faint not, heart; be not cast down;
Bear the Cross before the Crown.
Ev'ry day must have its sorrow,
Which will brighter make the
morrow.

Ev'ry heart must have its gladness,
Ev'ry heart must have its woe.
And, unless 'tis tinged with sadness,
Joy will not seem sweet, you know.
Faint not, heart; be not cast down;
Soon you'll reach the brighter shore,
Drop the Cross and wear the Crown.

C. R. CRESPI.

THE PRINCIPAL THING.

“Wisdom is the principal thing.”
“The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.” “Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.”

Prov. iv, 7. Job xxviii, 28.
Psalm xxxiv, 11.

And wilt thou, when dangers greater
Threaten our domestic peace,
And our country's future glory,
Slumb'ring, e'en from duty cease!
From thy youth withhold the “Light”
To their path, through sin's dark
night!

Is. xxviii, 9, 10.

Wilt thou see thy children nurtured
In all useful worldly lore,
And refused that “better” knowledge
In their docile minds to store?
Guided well to this life's brink,
Then their souls allowed to sink!

Matt. xvi, 26, 27.

Wilt thou slight thy Captain's orders,
Nor His clear command obey?
“Thou shalt teach them to thy children,
As thou walkest by the way,
When within thy house thou stop,
Lying down and rising up.”

Deut. vi, 6-15.

Wake! before “gross darkness” creepeth
O'er this land of Gospel Light;
And the “Lamp,” from Heaven revealed,
Fail thee; and thou grop's in night;
Naught to guide thee to the “Way,”
Leading to Eternal Day!

Rev. ii, 4, 5.

DALZELL.

Christian England! art thou sleeping?
Sleeping in the blaze of Day!
Hie thee to thy watch-tower, keeping
Watch; for foes are on the way!
Hear'st thou not their nearing tramp?
Lo! the spies are in thy camp!

Is. xxi, 5-12.

Wouldst thou slumber on thy pillow,
Should a foreign foe appear,
Steering o'er the surging billow—
Wouldst thou lie and quake with
fear?
Or wouldst fold thy hands and smile,
While they seized our sea-girt Isle?
Titus i, 9, 10, 1st clause.

No! methinks the blare of battle
Would resound from south to north,
And from east to west. “Our rifles”
Would, in thousands, sally forth.
Nothing would thy zeal allay
Till that foe was forced away.

1 Corin. xvi, 13.



"For a few minutes John gazed at the heart-rending spectacle in speechless agony."
See page 39.

SAVED AS BY FIRE!

OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER V.—RELEASED FROM PRISON.

JOHN'S first impulse was to rush forward and claim his parent; and, in obedience to this feeling, he sprang to his side, and said, in a hurried whisper, "Leave him to me, policeman. I'm his son. I'll take him home all right."

"You should have thought of that before," was the laconic rejoinder; "I'll take charge of him now." And, turning to his prisoner, who was feebly endeavouring to wriggle from his grasp, he said, roughly, "Hold up, will you; and come with me quietly."

At the same moment, a second policeman came up to assist his comrade, and taking the other arm of the prisoner, the two men marched him rapidly along between them; not, however, before he had muttered a curse at John,—'that he would rather go to the lock-up than with him.' John's heart died within him as he stood for a moment, thunderstruck at this sudden termination of the scene, and saw his father disappearing in the gloom of the murky street. What a painful satire this seemed upon his thoughts and hopes of only a few minutes ago! How was it possible that this man could ever be reformed? John paused but for a moment. Then he strode hastily after the rapidly-retreating figures, in order that he might be acquainted with his father's destination. Who shall tell the anguish of his soul as he passed along the crowded gas-lit thoroughfares? Verily, it was anguish which even devils might pity, for those last words of his father's cut into him like a knife.

Is it not an awful thought, my reader, that there are thousands of men and women who, day by day, carry about with them hearts as heavy and as full of pain as his? Every day fresh graves are dug—fondly cherished hopes are blasted; and, alas! human beings are acting like devils, taking delight in mocking and injuring even their nearest and dearest. Oh! when shall the time come in which all men shall feel that Christianity is neither creed, nor theology, but simple Christ-likeness, and that it alone can save the world from sin and sorrow?

Some such thoughts as these passed through John's mind as he hastened after his father. The policemen hurried him along so quickly, that they had reached the station by the time John came up with them. He saw the case duly entered, and ascertained the time and place at which it would be tried on the morrow; and then, weary and heart-sick, he turned his steps homeward. When he arrived there, he found his wife in a state of great anxiety, both on account of his father and himself. His appearance, however, soon allayed her fears and put an end to her suspense, for in a few words he made her acquainted with the exact state of affairs. While they sat at tea, he questioned her as to his father's movements during the day. It appeared that he had slept until noon, when he came down stairs, saying he would go out.

Bess had prepared a nice little dinner for him, and she managed to keep him sitting over this for some time. Then she did all she could think of to keep him indoors, but in vain. The craving for his unnatural excitement was insatiable, and the first time that her back was turned, he had slunk away. It was easier to conjecture than to follow his further proceedings until John had seen him.

But the mechanism of life must go on, although hearts are broken; and well it is that it must be so, for unconsciously the act of engaging in the well-known and usual duties has a distracting, if not a dulling effect on the poignancy of grief, and is the commencement of that healing which Time alone can consummate. And so, as the evening

advanced, they played with the laughing baby, and talked together, and busied themselves about various little household duties. And as he watched his wife's neat figure flit about the room, his face brightened a little, and he became better able to think more calmly over his trouble.

John felt somewhat disposed to visit the court-house on the morrow and pay the fine, and so obtain his father's release at once, notwithstanding it would pinch his pecuniary resources sorely to do so. His wife, however, expressed herself of a different opinion. She said that a few days' imprisonment would not only be what he deserved, but was also calculated to have a beneficial effect. He would be kept from drink there, at least. The question was, however, left undecided until the following day, when, early in the morning, a hastily-scrawled letter from the father was put into John's hand, asking him to pay the fine, and promising amendment for the future. John caught at this. It was the opportunity he had been wishing for. His father had, as it were, now put himself into his hands. Therefore, asking leave of his foreman to absent himself from work for a few hours, he hastened to the station in which his parent was confined. He found him asleep, looking the very picture of degradation and despair. The fearful fit of drunkenness in which he had lately indulged had made his countenance almost hideous to behold. His cheeks were puffy and bloated, and of that chalky whiteness which makes us shudder when we see it disfiguring a human face; the eyes were ghostly in their hollowness, and the lips purple and swollen; his hair and beard were matted and unkempt, while his clothes were dirty and torn.

For a few minutes John gazed at the heart-rending spectacle in speechless agony, and then, yielding to the instinct of his nature, bowed himself on his knees beside the sleeping man, and poured forth his soul in silent prayer. Presently the summons came for them to appear before the magistrate. When awakened by the warder, the old man betrayed the greatest weakness. He clung to his son, and besought him, in piteous tones, to keep near him and protect him, promising that if he did so, he would never offend him again, but would work for him and serve him like a dog. It was with great difficulty that John could repress the feeling of contempt which arose within him at this exhibition of maudlin cowardice. Still, he paid the fine, and led his father off towards home, but not before he had compelled him to give up what money he had about him, and exacted the promise that in the future he would never go out with money in his pocket. This his father appeared to agree to readily, and for the first few minutes of their walk overwhelmed him with professions of thanks, and promises of amendments, which were all but revolting in their slavishness. John, however, banished the feeling from his heart as resolutely as might be, and talked as kindly and cheerfully as he could, trying to interest him in his schemes for the future.

Presently his father's manner changed; he ceased speaking and listening, and looked about in the oddest way, whilst an expression of the deepest cunning gathered in his hollow eyes, and played about his swollen lips. John noticed all this without appearing to do so. He had taken his arm, and, whenever possible, purposely avoided passing near

the public-houses. But these establishments of entertainment are sown so thickly all over virtuous London, that it was very difficult to shun them, and several times he saw his father's eyes glisten with delight when some swing-door was pushed open, and he could obtain a glimpse of the familiar, and much-loved, pewter-covered bar and white tap-handles. Suddenly he spoke, and John noticed that his voice was now low and artful, when before it had been fawning and insinuating. The father said :—

“If you would just go on a little way, and wait for me, I should be glad.”

John was rather startled. “Why?” said he, sharply.

“Oh! nothing much,” replied his father; “only an old friend of mine, who is likely to help me find work, lives up that street, that's all.”

“Who is it?” John asked.

“Mike Sorney,” replied his father, positively, as though he expected John would not believe him.

“You are mistaken,” his son answered, somewhat sternly. “Mike lives in Adam Street, and this is Milton Street. Come on quickly, father, we shall be late for dinner.”

Thus admonished, the old man shuffled on a little faster. But it was the first of a series of cunning and yet shallow attempts to rid himself of John's presence. Were it not that they were so pitiable and painful, they would have been most ludicrous, for they were made with a strange mixture of mock gravity and low cunning, and yet all equally transparent.

John, however, was not to be taken in. He could see that the miserable man was bent on getting liquor, and he was, moreover, forced to the painful conviction that at the very time when those protestations of amendment had been made, his father was concealing money wherewith to gratify his insatiable thirst.

During the remainder of the walk John was silent. New thoughts were revolving in his mind, and when the two men reached home, he said, sternly,—

“Father, you have told me a lie. You said you had given up to me all your money, and you have some about you still. Now, give it me at once.”

His father shuffled and protested, and, to cut matters short, John stepped up to him and examined his pockets,—notwithstanding his father's indignation,—and took therefrom all the money which had been retained.

The wretched man offered no resistance when he saw that it would be of no avail, and as he was supplied with all other creature comforts but that of intoxicating liquor—plenty of food and drink and warmth—he made no effort to escape that day. He did not know, however, that John's wife,—brave woman as she was,—had locked the street-door, and put the key in her pocket. Such, nevertheless, was the case, and it was a timorous heart she hid within her bosom whilst John was at work that afternoon. Soon, however, the unhappy man, soothed by the good food he had eaten, fell asleep, and it was in that state John found

him when he returned in the evening. It did not take long to get him up-stairs and in bed. And so this long and weary day ended.

CHAPTER VI.—WATCHED.

DURING the next day John's mind was occupied with the vexing and all-absorbing thought "what was to be done with his father." It was evident that he could not long be kept as it were, under lock and key, as was the case at present, and moreover it would never do for him to remain idle. Work is a great remedial agent in the world, and the difficulties of his salvation would be increased tenfold if he passed his days in laziness and ease. In addition to this the extra expense of keeping him was a great tax upon John's slender income, and of itself formed matter for serious consideration.

John pondered and brooded over these difficulties until his brain grew dizzy, and his heart turned sick; but no plain path opened up before him.

Meantime things went on quietly. His father ate well, and slept well, and daily grew into better health; moreover he seemed in no way disposed to break through the restraints imposed upon him. Doubtless the knowledge that he was absolutely penniless, and had not the means to gratify his thirst, was the principal cause of his better behaviour.

Gradually, however, as he grew stronger, the longing for his old excitement became more fierce. It is not too much to say that his whole soul and body burned with desire for drink, as the one chief delight of his life, to which all other pleasures were tame, and to obtain which everything must give way. The repression which he was obliged to exercise only added fuel to the fire, and he resolved to obtain his freedom at any cost.

"John," he said, one night, as his son was sitting at tea, "John, I shall go out and see if I can't find work."

John started a little, and looked at his father suspiciously, but only for a moment, then he answered somewhat shortly—

"I shall be glad if you can find work, father: I have already inquired in several places, but unsuccessfully."

"Yes, it's no easy matter now-a-days to get work, is it?" his father replied sententiously, rubbing his hands up and down his legs, and apparently gazing in the fire, but in reality glancing out of the corners of his eyes at his son.

After a pause, he continued, "I think, though, I can get some few odd jobs, at least. There are two or three places where I am known." Then he added, more abruptly, "The fact is, my boy, I don't like living on you here in this way. I want to pay you back a little at least of what I cost."

There was some small amount of truth in this statement. He had a vague idea of paying his son a trifle, but it was the vision of clinking glasses, warming spirits, and the mad delight of intoxication that lured him on as the will-o'-the-wisp does the weary traveller.

(*To be continued.*)

OUT OF THE WAY PLACES OF RESORT.

No. 1.—KNOCKNINNEY, LOUGH ERNE, IRELAND.

KNOCKNINNEY is a very unfamiliar name to most English ears—English tourists, however, would be well repaid for their trouble were they to leave the beaten tracks for awhile and seek out the beauties of this unexplored, but wildly romantic corner of Erin's Isle.

Knockninney, or the Hill of S. Ninney, is a magnesian limestone hill, which rises abruptly from the waters of the Upper Lough Erne; it is full of historical and legendary interest, and takes its name from the saint above mentioned, who was the patron of Shishmac saint in Fermanagh. In O'Clear'y Calendar he is commemorated on the 17th January, in the following words:—"Ninnidh, bishop of Irris-muight, saint in Loch Erne." He was a disciple of S. Fininan of Clonard and contemporary of S. Columba. S. Columba and his cairns, crown one of the four peaks of the hill; his memory is revived yearly by a rural festival, when land and water teem with exuberant life. Under the shelter of the hill, and not a hundred yards from the quay, nestles the little Inn, where tourists are always welcomed and made most comfortable in a rustic fashion, and on the most reasonable of terms. About half-a-mile from this, is an ecclesiastical ruin, which under the name of the "Bishop's House," preserves the memory of the Good Bedell, who was bishop of this diocese about the year 1630.

One of the chief features of beauty in Loch Erne seems to be its numerous islands, said to be 365, dotted about in picturesque variety, sufficient to gratify the eye of the most critical artist; many of these islands are inhabited, as may be seen from the graceful clouds of blue smoke which sends its friendly beacon heavenwards, and indicates the presence of warmth and hospitality dwelling in the little thatched cottage, from whose lovely roof it emanates. Another feature which would gladden the eye of the artist, is the wonderful expanse of light and shade, and the glorious reflections which are mirrored in the lake, to say nothing of the gorgeous sun-sets and the magnificent cloud scenery; this interesting neighbourhood abounds too in objects of research for the antiquarian and geologist; the sportsman, too, has not been overlooked; the Grike and many other beautiful foreign ducks blacken the waters in winter; cormorants and herons breed on the islands, bream "school" in the spring, and substantial flat fish, which split and smoked gives the islanders a winter relish. Salmon pass through, but that noble sport must be enjoyed 30 miles lower down the sister lake at Beleek, where they leap 20 feet on their way from the sea. Beleek, however, otherwise deserves a visit on account of its already dimly known china manufactory; an order for viewing it is easily obtained, and this ensures the services of an intelligent guide, who readily explains the various processes of the manufacture. The show rooms contain some marvellously beautiful specimens of the perfection to which the art of glazing the ware has been brought. In visiting this part of Ireland, tourists must be prepared for very primitive accommodation now and then, as the people have been hitherto unspoiled by the modern excursionist, and their simple habits and mode of life afford a striking contrast to the luxurious and self-indulgent

customs of many of their neighbours in the sister isle. The lovers of beautiful scenery would, however, be fully compensated for their temporary lack of "comforts," by the novelty of their surroundings, the delicious air, and the hearty hospitality with which they would be made welcome by these simple and delightful people. There certainly must be something very inspiring and invigorating in the air of this part of Ireland. As one meets with such remarkable instances of longevity, not only in the actual fact of persons living to a great age, but of their retaining all their faculties, and of keeping up with the interests of the day in the most astonishing manner.

Through the indefatigable energy and generous liberality of a gentleman of property in the neighbourhood, a small steamer has been set up, which plies once a week between Knockninney and Enniskillen, a boon not only to the excursionist, but to the various small farmers at the intermediate stations, who, for a very small sum, are thus enabled to carry their produce with them. It is needless to add that this arrangement is not self-supporting, but is dependent mainly upon the money and goodwill of the gentleman above named, who, by his disinterested efforts to promote the well-being of his tenants, has earned for himself the title of a good landlord. It seems a great pity that others should not follow his example, and combine with him to develope the resources of the lake, and to make it really useful as a means of navigable connection with the more distant parts of the country : those, however, who doubt the efficacy of the scheme, cannot do better than make a tour of the lake, and thereby judge whether or not an exaggerated account of its beauties and resources has been given.

DON'T BE SULLEN.

No. don't. Don't keep your fine manners for fine days and fine company. It is so easy to be kind, social, courteous, when the sun shines, when the birds sing, when the roses bloom and all sights and sounds chime in with your cheerful mood ; when the gas lights blaze, the music is merry, and smiles and words of flattery make a holiday for your vanity ; but how easy, too, when nature is cross or sullen with her ; when there are no roses in the garden, no birds in the boughs, no sun in the sky, no gay company in the drawing-room ; when it is dark, and drizzly, and lonely, and all the members of the family are dull and dispirited—is it then the kindly word that leaps first to your lips ? Do your eyes smile of themselves ? Do the little children grow glad and content in the sunshine of your cheer ? Do their games and gleefulness gather inspiration from your presence and sympathetic helpfulness ?—then, indeed, your temper is tenderness itself, and you need no "exhortation" of mine ; for you were born to brighten the day, and your smiles quite outdo the sunshine. How blessed to the world is the boon of your being. But to you who are sullen, and sour, and disagreeable, when you are not amused or flattered, when you are dull or disappointed, when fickle fortune does not favour your whims ; to you whose temper is tart and whose faith frosty, save in the very sunniest exposure, do I say, "mend your manners."



NO WORK ! NOTHING TO FALL BACK ON.

"The man has been out of work this many weeks, and having nothing to fall back on is in deep poverty.

Nothing to fall back on ? no, nothing ; 'tis an evil case. No friend ! no helper !

It's a sad case, the position of thousands ; nothing can be worse than

No bread in the cupboard !
No money in the purse !

Yes, there can be much worse, if there were

No God in heaven !

But to vast numbers it is the same as if there were none, for they do not know Him, and have not got Him to fall back on. Whatever the position

or difficulty, strait or emergency, the man or woman that has God to fall back on, can indeed sing,

"What a friend we have in Jesus."

The cupboard dry, the purse empty, but God in the heart, who has promised "I will never leave thee . . . Call on me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee."

A Christian man should never say he has nothing to fall back on, for he ever has a rich father and faithful friend. The Christless man has indeed no friend, his hopes are a rope of sand, his treasures are fleeting as the bird, shadows and dreams are the pillars of his joys.

Blessed indeed is the one who has God's promises to fall back on.

POVERTY AND DRINK.

It is a matter of indisputable fact, that our working masses are spending now, as they have been spending for several years past, *half a million sterling a day*, for which they receive worse than nothing in return ! Intoxicating liquors and tobacco are demonstrably worse than useless ; and yet half a million sterling daily,—observe, not monthly or weekly, but **DAILY**,—is handed over to a small class of men in return for these worse than useless things. And this vast sum is perfectly independent of all loss of time and wages as the result of intemperance. It is the carefully ascertained money-payment of the masses for liquor and tobacco. Is it difficult to account for these masses being in a state of poverty and moral degradation ?

FOR THE YOUNG—THE BOY AND THE ACORN.

The following is the substance of a story, as told by Mr. Dallas at a public dinner given him in Philadelphia, on his return from Russia in 1838. One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee ; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half-way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pockets. He introduced himself by saying, “ I’ve just come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the emperor.” “ Why do you wish to see him ? ” “ I’ve brought him a present all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him to give it to him with my own hands.” Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, “ It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I’m afraid the emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought ? ” “ An acorn.” “ An acorn ! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn ? ” “ Why, jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension ; and when we was there we thought we’d jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there, and I thought to myself I’d bring it to the emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I’ve brought it, and I want to get at him.” “ My lad, it’s not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the emperor : and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it.” “ I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he’d like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on’t is, I shan’t be easy till I get a talk with the emperor ; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family.” “ Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you, but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it would be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the Vice-Chancellor, and

state your wishes ; he may possibly assist you." " Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days he again appeared, and said, " Well, I've seen the emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I give him the acorn he said he should set a great store by it ; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand ; and he did do it, for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again and see his daughters ; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again, yesterday ; and she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you ; and his daughters are nice gals."

" What did the empress say to you?"

" Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky ! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. ' But then you don't call 'em servants,' said she, ' you call 'em helps.' I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope ? says I ; we had that ere book aboard our ship. The emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. ' You're right, sir,' said he, ' you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning ! ' Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I had sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good-bye all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time ? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig ? " " No, indeed, I did not, my lad : you may well consider yourself lucky ; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction." A few days after he called again, and said, " I guess I shall stay here a spell longer ; I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer came to my room, and told me the emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities ; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses ; and I have been to the theatre and the museum, and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas ? "

It seemed so incredible that a poor ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say. In a short time his strange visitor reappeared. " Well," said he, " I made up my mind to go home ; so I went to thank the emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought I couldn't do less, he'd been so civil. Says he, ' Is there anything else you'd like to see, before you go back to Ameriky ? ' I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow ; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte ; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-bye, and came off. Now what do you guess he did, next morning ? I vow he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and

bring me back again when I've seen all I want to see ! And we're going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now ?" And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his hand-kerchief, and shouting "Good-bye ! good-bye !" Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors. The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a journal which he intended to publish. Now who but a Yankee could have done all this ?—*Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.*

THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

A copy of the following poem was forwarded by the Corsican Association of Virginia to the Ex-empress Eugenie, and was acknowledged by her chamberlain : the poem has not appeared in this country. As our readers will probably remember, Prince Louis Napoleon was killed early in last June in a skirmish with the Zulus. It is stated that the bereaved mother intends soon visiting the spot where the prince fell, and our beloved Queen has ordered a monument to be erected.

Heir of a mighty line—thy youth's bright sun
Ere it had reached the splendor of the noon
By night-like shadows was obscured—too soon !
Alas ! thy race was far too swiftly run.

The solemn majesty of thy great name—
Thy richest dower—enfolds thee grandly yet,
Since on thy tranquil lips the Conq'ror set
The seal of silence. Henceforth praise or blame
Can touch thee not. Of late, what strength and power,
What lofty projects teemed through thy quick brain ;
And now ! for evermore, no joy, no pain,
Could stir thy heart for even one brief hour.

Oh ! in that moment full of dread supreme,
In death ! did'st send one vain, regretful glance
Back to the shores of fair, imperial France !
Did all thy life flash by as in a dream ?

The grand traditions of thy early years—
Thy childhood's home with all its countless charms—
Thy "baptism of fire"—war's fierce alarms—
Thy father's grave—thy widowed mother's tears !

* * * * *

Alas for her ! O women, ye that know
The pain of tears like hers in widowed eyes,
In one great common motherhood arise !
Pray for that stricken soul in her great woe !

* * * * *

Out of the mire of civil strife was torn
The maimed and bleeding form of hapless France,
Then, Phoenix-like, new vigor in her glance,
She up the loftiest heights of Power was borne.

Her royal name which of so late had been
 Stripped of its ancient majesty and pride,
 By one all-powerful hand was purified,
 And wore once more the glories of a queen.
 Napoleon ! the whole wide earth to you
 Was a blank leaf on which your dreaded name
 Should be inscribed in characters of flame—
 Jena, Marengo, and then—Waterloo !

* * * * *

The name alone thou borest a little space,
 The weight of wrecked ambitions was not thine,
 For thee was twined a coronal divine ;
 The fadeless glory of the Father's face.
 No earthly crown will ever shade thy brow,
 No royal cares will weigh thy spirit down,
 Thy kingly head has won a brighter crown,
 Thy fingers clasp a grander sceptre now !

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

THE EYE.—No. 3.

We kept you a long time in our last chapter over the iris, but it will well repay all our study. You remember how it acts—like a Venetian blind, which can be opened or closed as the light requires, and yet like it unable to be opened or closed altogether. The late Dr. George Wilson used to say there was nothing this iris so much resembled as our homely flower the daisy, with its central white “pupil” and yellow “iris” rays. Indeed it means the “day’s eye.”

“That well by reason men call it may
 The *deisie* or else the *eye of day*.”—*Chaucer*.

And we all know how Shakspeare makes the musicians sing before Imogene’s window in the early morn :—

“Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,
 And Phœbus’gins arise,
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes :
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet arise—
 Arise, arise.”

Indeed, so punctual are certain flowers to open with the light that Linneus, the great botanist, by observing the times when different flowers opened and closed made a kind of clock by planting them side by side in their order of opening and shutting, we learnt that the rings of the iris contracting made the pupil smaller, while the rays contracting made it bigger. But the circular fibres are much fewer in number and narrower than the straight (radiating) fibres, and, therefore, more easily tired out. Hence when one is overworked, or poorly, the pupil gets unnaturally large, and does not close with the light, often scarcely acts at all, especially in people who are short-sighted, since their eyes are always overstrained and tired from the very fact of their having to bend over their work for near objects, and strains their eyes to see any-

thing clearly at a distance. And to add to their misfortune spectacles only increase the mischief.

Here is a drawing of the cornea from a section I made from the eye of a pig.

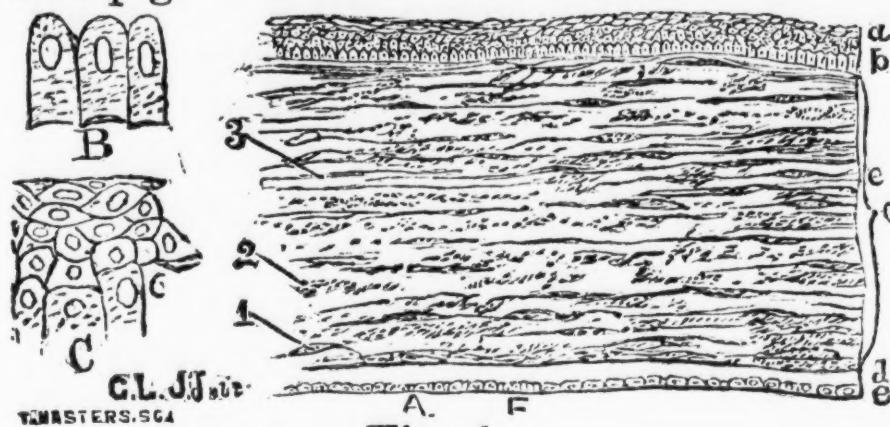


Fig. 4.

As it is very easy to do, and very instructive, I will tell you how you can do it for yourself. Procure a pig's or sheep's eye (any animal will do, as they all resemble our own in their structure), cut it in half; and with a pair of scissors snip out about half

the cornea, cutting of course through its whole thickness. Next get a piece of spermacetti, or paraffin candle, melt it in a cup or ladle over the fire, and add a little lard about one-fourth its quantity (otherwise the paraffin will be too brittle), stir gently to mix them. While it is melting, fold a quarter of a sheet of writing paper to make a little paper box about two inches long by an inch deep and wide. Into this pour the paraffin. When it begins to cool, push a needle through the middle of the piece of cornea, and pin it so that it remains suspended near one end of the wax, being careful to let the flat part of the cornea lie parallel with the bottom of the box, in fact just as you would pin a butterfly on to a card. When *quite cold*, get a very sharp razor, some spirits of wine, and two saucers. Now pour the spirits into one of them. Grasp the box in your left hand as you would a candle, tear off about half an inch of the paper at one end, and, dipping the razor into the spirit, take it carefully out so as to keep as much spirit as you can on the hollow of the razor. With the saucer underneath to catch the droppings, draw the razor with a smart cut on what you suppose to be about a level with the edge of the specimen. If you have mounted it rightly, you will have a smooth square inch of paraffin, with the edge of the cornea looking like the paring of a finger nail in the centre. Now dip your razor in again, and commence this time at the edge of the specimen, which you should sprinkle freely with the spirit, and with a very slow movement cut as thin a shaving as you possibly can. Don't try to cut along the whole of the cornea exposed, because the object is to cut the section thin enough, the size being of no consequence. A section the size of this letter (I) is quite big enough, but you must be sure and cut it so thin that you can "read through it," so to speak, in other words about as thin again as the finest tissue paper made. The reason for this is that all the tissues of the body (and the cornea is no exception) are *entirely* made up of cells and fibres, and therefore unless the cells are cut only one layer deep the cells which are underneath will obstruct the light, and interfere with the distinctness of the upper cells. Now, as all parts of the cornea are the same in structure, it matters very little how long or how little a section you make, provided, of course, that you cut through its whole thickness (as in Fig. 4).

Carefully float the sections as you make them into the saucer with the spirit in, and when you have cut about half a dozen transfer them

with a camel's hair brush to a watch glass in which you have dropped a teaspoonful of the "strong solution of logwood." This can be got at any chemists for a penny or so. Leave them there until they appear faintly stained, which you can ascertain by tilting the logwood in the watch glass on one side and observing the sections (five minutes will generally do). Then with the camel's hair brush remove them back to the spirit, or if you don't want them at once remove them to a phial full of spirit, and cork them up, there they will keep for months.

We will suppose you have got a good compound microscope with a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or $\frac{1}{4}$ in. lens, some glass slides and coverslips. That is the best microscope for general instruction or for scientific purposes.

When describing the method of examining the cornea under the microscope I mentioned nothing about hardening, because the cornea is sufficiently hard to cut at once, but most objects are too soft to cut thin slices off, and they must, therefore, be hardened first. This is done by placing little pieces of them in a large quantity of methylated spirit, say half a pint, and leaving them there for three or four weeks; or, better still, in the following liquid, prepared thus:—

Take of potassium bichromate, 96 grains = 1-8th ounce; sodium sulphate, 48 grains = 1-10th ounce; water, 10 ounces; dissolve, keep in a corked bottle.

The tissue should be kept in this for one or two weeks, and then taken out and mounted for cutting, as we did the cornea.

When a section is to be examined it should be taken out of the alcohol, placed in the middle of a glass slide, a drop of glycerine dropped on it, and then a small thin circle of glass (called a coverslip) should be *very gently* lowered on to the top so that it crushes the drop of glycerine out flat without imprisoning any bubbles; it should be then placed on the stage of the microscope, and the mirror underneath turned so as to direct the light of the lamp or daylight up through the object. Unfortunately the glycerine does not become hard, and so if the object is to be kept permanently it should be taken straight from the alcohol and placed into a watch glass containing a few drops of pure oil of cloves, and left there for a few minutes. If taken from the glycerine the object should be transferred to water first to dissolve off the glycerine before transferring to the clove oil. Then a clean cover-slip being taken, a single drop of Canada balsam should be dropped on to the slide. If this is thick, like treacle, it should be liquified by adding enough turpentine to make it just run freely. The object should be gently lifted, and allowed to sink into the drop of balsam, and the coverslip previously warmed by placing it on a hot slide, should be lifted on to the balsam by a pair of forceps, and very gently lowered down over the object. The whole should be left to dry away from the dust for at least a day. It is then imperishable. The reason why the specimen must be transferred to the clove oil before mounting in the Canada balsam is that the water in the alcohol won't mix with the balsam, but by dipping in the clove oil the water is removed, and the balsam will form a uniform layer all round the section. The clove oil has also the valuable property of rendering the specimen more transparent.

PRACTICAL PAPERS—II.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.—“COMMUNICATED.”

The following is from a Diary dated January, 1874.

January, 1874.

To-day has been a sad one. In the morning I was asked by a respectable working man who has been a member of my congregation for many years to go and visit his son, who was in a consumption. I went, and after a little conversation with the mother, I was ushered into the sick chamber. Here, stretched on his sick bed, propped up with pillows, I saw a pale, emaciated looking man, about 32 years of age.

“You won’t recollect me, sir,” said the sufferer.

“I cannot say that I do,” was my reply, taking his cold, thin hand into mine.

“I remember you, sir, I was a boy in your choir about 14 years ago, and used to attend your church with mother and father.”

“Yes, I am glad to hear that, but you are so altered, I cannot in the least recall your features.”

“Ah! yes, sir, I suppose I am ; but I have led a hard life since those happy days, and that alters a man’s looks, sir. Do you recollect George Harding and William Adams, they were in the choir the same time as me.”

“Yes, I remember them both very well, George is now in India, and William is a prosperous draper.”

“Ah! I wish I had been like them, sir, but I was’nt, and now I’m ruined.”

“Don’t say ruined, my friend. In body, perhaps, you may be ruined ; but the ruin of the body may pioneer the way for the saving of the soul. The body will die, but the soul will live, and miserable and depressed as you may feel, let me tell you that through Christ you may live in the highest state of happiness for millions of ages in the life to come.

“I wish I could feel that, sir. It would so comfort me if I could feel safe about the future. Oh, I feel so afraid to die, sir. Can you help me ?”

“There is one above who can, and who *will* help. Let us ask Him.”

Then we prayed to our Father in Heaven ; I thought it would help him to approach God in prayer if he repeated my words after me. How his voice trembled with emotion ! How real was that poor man’s prayer ! At the close he said that he felt better, he had not prayed to God since he was in my church many years before.

“What was it that led you to leave off going to church ?” I asked.

The question startled him ; it was clear that I had awakened old recollections. He was quiet for a minute, and then he said,

“You wont be offended, sir, if I tell you, will you ?”

“Decidedly not, my friend,” I replied.

“Yet I don’t like to tell you, because you are so kind, and because you have done me good.”

I was puzzled. He did not like to tell me because “I was so kind.”

What a strange reason—I thought—what can he mean? He raised himself up in his bed as if to make a considerable effort. It was evident that something on his mind filled him with emotion.

He said, "One day, about 14 years ago, I was sitting in a coffee house in the Holloway Road, when I took up the — *Chronicle*. In a little corner I read that on the morning of the previous Sunday you had preached at —, 20 miles off, and in the evening you preached at your own church. I was always inclined to be sceptical, and ready to find fault with ministers. I could not reconcile two facts which pressed upon my mind. Sunday after Sunday you used to read to us the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and yet I found that you had been riding in the train on Sunday, breaking the command. I thought if you rode on Sunday there could be no harm in my riding on the Sunday. And the following Sunday I went to Brighton and back, and have never darkened the church doors since, sir. It was, I see now, wrong of me to do so, and don't be offended with me for telling you, sir, but that was the beginning of my downward career."

"My good friend," I exclaimed, "I thank you for telling me this circumstance. I well remember that Sunday. It was one of the most unhappy days I have ever experienced entirely on account of that Sunday journey. I resolved then, never to travel again on Sunday, because I felt that it was inconsistent with the command of the Lord. Forgive me the bad example I then set you. Little did I think at the time how my sin would find me out, and let me strive all I can to undo the evil then done by helping you to place your trust in Jesus, the sinner's friend."

Never shall I forget that interview, never shall I cease to grieve over the injury done to one of my flock by my bad example of travelling on the Lord's Day. I thank God that I was led to break off the evil habit, and determine to do all I can to influence others to do the same.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

THE HIGHEST GOOD.

There is a motto used by the Apostle Paul; it has five words of one syllable. "This one thing I do."—There are *four* things we can all do—Do *one* thing. Do the best thing. Do the best thing in the best way. Do the best thing *now*.

When we say do one thing, we want to tell you that even in earthly matters those generally succeed the best who have a definite purpose set before them. We have read of a lad who was very fond of plants and flowers, he set his heart upon the study of them. Who was he, and what did he be-

come? He was called Linnæus, and afterwards became the great Botanist (see life sketches in January No.) Another lad set to work to make an Electrical Machine; he set his heart upon it; Who was he, and what did he become? He was young Faraday and afterwards became the great Professor Faraday, who lectured before the Royal Institution. These boys said *This one thing I do*; but even their pursuits were not the highest; this could not bring real happiness, for

"If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,

We may be poor, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

so that we are not only to Do one thing, but *Do the best thing*. Be not seekers after things which are of little value—all things earthly are of little value compared with things which are eternal. A peasant boy may climb after a birds nest, and a prince may climb after a kingly crown, but both must fade. Is the thing that you are seeking worth seeking for? Paul was pressing toward the mark—seeking the prize, the crown, and when he said This one thing I do, it was the *best* thing. Alexander sought to conquer the world; and when he had conquered it wept because there were no more to conquer. Cyrus the Persian king was accustomed to say that did men but know the cares he had to sustain he thought no man would wish to wear a crown. Then too, how often it becomes true "The expectation of the wicked shall be cut off." The Catechism says "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever," And Jesus Himself said "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things shall be added unto you." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," But the *best* thing is always done in God's way, therefore *Do the best thing in the best way*, for God's way must be the safest way to Heaven." There is only *one* name given whereby we can be saved, the name of Jesus—

"Do you wish to go to heaven,
Jesus is the only way;
God His Son to you hath given,
Seek Him therefore while you may."

There is a way that seemeth right but the end is death—the way of pride—Humility is the first step to Heaven. Pride says I can save myself, Humility cries God be merciful to me a Sinner for Jesus Christ sake. It has been observed that God's religion has five "cons" in it. Conviction, Contrition, Conversion, Confession, Consolation—that is, a

sense of sin, a sorrow for sin, a turning from sin, a confession of sin—a joy of forgiven sin, the peace that enables you to sing—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done.

I am the Lord's and He is mine."

Its a very simple way to Heaven said a poor man, if people would but take it, only three steps Out of Self—into Christ—into glory. "One day at a Sunday-school where the children had been asking 'What must I do to be saved?' a little boy 9 or 10 years of age slipped into his teachers hand a slip of paper, he had written on it 'I've got to Jesus.' 'I've got to Jesus! Yes, he had taken the step from *Self* to *Jesus*; he had found the sum and substance of the whole Gospel—he had got to Jesus. Have you? This was "doing the best thing in the best way."

How important then for you to *Do the best thing now—not to morrow—* God says to-day. Much depends on your doing this best thing. Time is short; the longest life must end—how much depends on a moment of time.

"This present moment flies,
And bears our life away."

It can never be recalled. Put away all excuses and come to that Saviour now who said "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

In one of the beautiful burying places near London, is a neat little grave stone, on which is cut the name and age of a little girl and the words "Lifted Higher." A little while before her death she had lifted her eyes to the ceiling, saying softly "Lift me Higher." Her mother attempted to raise the pillow, but she said, no, not that, but *there*, looking heavenwards—she took the step into Glory—so her parents *had* put on the grave stone "Lifted Higher." Yes, you all need God's grace to lift you far higher than earthly ambition can lift you, even to be with Christ for ever, and to receive the "crown of life that fadeth not away."

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

THE Siberian exile, in bidding his friends farewell, fully realizes that this parting is equivalent to death. Scarce less surely does the grave close over its dead than that the sentence of banishment, consigning its victim indeed to a living tomb, will be terminated only with his miserable existence. Legion is the name of those whom the Russian government has sent, as it were, out of the world ; two only of them all have ever returned to it. One of these made his escape in the last century, the other in the present. He who made the second successful attempt was a Polish patriot, Rufin Piotrowski. He had already lived an exile in Paris for twelve years before incurring this terrible sentence of banishment to Siberia. But he was unable to bear the enforced absence from his native country, and returning in 1843, under an assumed name, he took up his residence in the town of Kamenitz as a teacher of languages. So well did he act his part, that almost a year passed by before he was suspected by the Russian officials. At length, however, he found that he was watched. He received many private warnings, but felt that to flee at this time would only fasten suspicion upon himself, and perhaps involve others. He could only wait for his doom, meanwhile doing his best to encourage his friends. His final interview with some of those who had aided him is described as being very affecting. The saddened colleagues met in a church at twilight, on the last day of the year. After striving to cheer each other, even though feeling how vain their hope was, they uttered their solemn farewells ; then Piotrowski remained alone to pray for strength to meet his fate.

The next morning at daybreak he was roused by the guards, who had come to seize him. Resistance was useless, and he was taken before the authorities for examination. After several days of inquiry, during which he weighed his words so as to criminate no one, he at last confessed that he was a Pole, that he had emigrated after the revolution of 1831, and that he only returned because he wished to breathe his native air. Nothing more could be gained from him, and he was sent to the fortress of Kiow for a more extended examination.

Piotrowski began his journey at midnight under a strong guard. All night and next day he travelled, and then he was shut up for the succeeding night in prison. The excitement of the arrest, the fatigue occasioned by the rough passage, and a slight concussion of the brain caused by the jolting of the rude vehicle, had well-nigh exhausted him, so much so that a physician ordered him rest. After two days, another start was made, Piotrowski this time being chained hand and foot. Hurrying on headlong, the sleigh upset, and he was dragged along in the snow until he was unconscious, and before he came to himself he had been taken into Kiow, and thrown into a close, dark and filthy cell. Chained, worn out in body and mind, harassed with threats of torture, and guarded unceasingly night and day, the wretched man was almost frantic. And in this miserable situation he lived for about six months, the only improvement in his condition being that his cell was cleaned, he was allowed the use of a Bible, and he was permitted to walk in the

corridor for an hour daily, an officer on each side, with either of whom, however, he was forbidden to speak.

At last he was called to his final examination. Sentence was passed upon him—death, commuted by the intercession of the governor of that section, Prince Bibikoff, to hard labour for life in Siberia. He was degraded from the nobility, and was condemned to make the journey in chains. Immediately the irons were put upon him, and he was placed in a travelling-carriage with his guards, and driven out of the fort. In this vehicle he was to make his journey of two thousand miles over limitless steppes and perpetual snows. The rigour of the government made itself felt even in the conduct of his keepers. They exercised over him a maddening surveillance, they fed him with a spoon for fear of his poisoning himself, and at all the ferries they held him by the arms lest he should attempt suicide by drowning. For three weeks they went on night and day, stopping only to change horses and take their meals. Yet, with all, Piotrowski felt thankful that he did not go in a gang, chained to a convict, nor had been compelled to make the journey on foot.

State severity, however, does not interfere with individual generosity. All along the way, noble and peasant alike treated him with the greatest charity, expressing the most tender sympathy for him in his misfortunes. Many valuable gifts he refused, but he never turned away from the proffered kindnesses of the poor people at the places at which the horses were changed.

Omsk, the residence of Prince Gortchakoff, the governor of Western Siberia, was reached. Here Piotrowski was to wait until it was decided whether he should be sent to the government manufactories, or, far worse, to the mines. But the most deplorable fate was not for him. He was ordered to the distilleries at Ekaterininski-Zavod, a miserable little village of about a hundred houses, two hundred miles farther north, and situated, like Omsk, upon the river Irtysh.

On arriving, he was set to work, with his feet in irons. But owing to the intercession of his countrymen, exiled like himself, these were struck off. Not so easily could be removed from him the terrible, overwhelming degradation of being ordered by a brutal overseer, the brand on whose face showed him to have been a convict of the lowest type. Piotrowski's daily companions were malefactors of the worse class, sentenced for the most atrocious crimes. Day after day his wretched, monotonous existence and his constant apprehension of blows, kept his mind in a state frightful to contemplate. But his exemplary conduct gained him the approbation of those having charge of him, and at the end of the year he was taken into the office of the establishment as a clerk, at a salary of about eight shillings a month. He was now allowed, as was usual with the most meritorious prisoners, to leave the barracks and lodge with one of the private inhabitants of the village, paying, besides his own expenses, those of the soldier who guarded him. Though his conditions was much improved, he never for a moment forgot the one idea which had filled his mind from the first—escape.

(To be concluded in our next.)

“I TELLED BETTY.”

One good man advised a newly-married couple never to be angry both at once. There was wisdom in the suggestion, for when one scatters fire it is quite time the other should start after water. A colored man related to a friend his plan for avoiding family jars, as follows:—

“I telled Betty, when we was wed, dat if she saw me getting angry like, she must go to the bucket and fill her mouth wid water; and if I saw her getting out of herself, I’d go to the bucket and fill my mouth wid water. So we never had any quarrels, for one can’t quarrel alone, and anoder can’t quarrel wid you when his mouth’s full of water.”

“We never had any quarrels.” How many married people can say that? And yet most quarrels proceed from an ungoverned tongue. Of the ten commands which God gave, two are directed against the offences of the tongue; one in the first table, and one in the second. So it appears that an ungoverned tongue wars against God’s glory and against man’s peace. Bridling the tongue is a duty for all, and of him who neglects it, it is said, “that man’s religion is vain.” And if there is no other way to do it, it is better to fill the mouth with water than to open it and give free scope to a tongue which “is a fire,” and which “setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell.”

WORK WITH YOUR HANDS.

“I am afraid that some of us are beginning to think that working with the hands is a thing to be ashamed of, a large number of young men and women are growing up around us with the idea that they ought to be genteel and be ladies and gentlemen, with nice, easy, pleasant occupations.

Girls instead of going out to active service and being trained up to make useful, handy, domesticated women, become “Miss” and ape the airs of the fine lady.

Boys instead of learning honest trades for necessary uses, would rather spend their days dressed in a gentle-

man’s suit and saunter their time away with cigar and cane.

To such we commend the lines:—

“Work! work! be not afraid,
Look labour boldly in the face,
Take up the hammer or the spade
And blush not for your humble place.”

Bear in mind all labour is honourable, if done in an honourable way; when man was told that in the sweat of his face he was to eat his bread, God knew that it was the best and happiest condition in which he could be placed, in the fulfilment of which he would be doing God’s will.”

A RIDDLE FOR CHILDREN.

My first a celebrated Island.
My second a well-known name of a man.
My third a large town in Suffolk.
My fourth a familiar town in Chesire.
My fifth a town in Palestine (where Sanson went to).
Extract the initials, take and you will find
A familiar country to the learned mind.

Ceylon.

Henry.

Ipswich.

Nantwich.

Askelon.

FRANK HARRINGTON.



"I shall go to bed, but let me kiss the child first."—Page 59.

SAVED AS BY FIRE!

OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.

By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

Honest John was pleased at this speech from his father. He was also glad that a conversation upon these topics had been commenced

between them, and especially that it was opened by his parent, and he was determined to take advantage of it, for hitherto he had not referred to any such subject.

John had now finished his tea, and Bess was occupied in their little kitchen, so it was a good opportunity. "Father," he said, cheerily, "I shall be delighted for you to go to work again; it must be bad for you to be here all day with nothing to do; but before I let you, you must promise me again—nay, you must swear most solemnly, never to touch a drop of liquor, and —" (here his tone became more impressive) "and to agree to all my wishes with regard to your earnings. These wishes are very simple,—You must allow me to receive your wages for you, and I will buy what you require, and save the rest. I will give to Bess whatever you think fit for your expenses here. Moreover, you must agree never to have any of your money about your person. If you have not the means to buy drink the temptation will of course be less, for you will scarcely be able to get it."

As John said this, he rose from his seat, and stood upright, with his back to the fire, looking down at his father with a mixture of pleasantness and great determination in his countenance. He would have liked to have spoken more seriously, but felt it was not yet time. His father stared back at him in great displeasure for a moment, and then said, hastily,—

"What *do* you mean, John? I am not a child to be treated in this way!"

John answered,—

"I cannot help it, father. I have stated my decision. Otherwise you will never leave the house except with me."

John said this stoutly, but there was the very bitterness of sorrowful despair in his heart.

His father looked at him keenly for a short time, as if measuring his strength. Had John shown the least sign of flinching, his father would have stormed and blustered, and then whined and cried, hoping to get a reversal of the sentence. But now, face to face with John's stern, uncompromising, but withal loving countenance, the wily man judged it best, or at least easiest, to submit. He gradually lowered his gaze, and then said, shaking his head as if thoughtfully,—

"Well, perhaps it's best, John—perhaps it is best. Aye! but you are a good son to me, and I'm an awful bad father. But oh! John," and now his voice faltered a little and became more earnest, "but oh! John, you don't know what the longing for drink is to me. It's like a fire here," striking his breast; "it's like a hot burning fire here, always raging, and I can't stop it. It seems as though I must drink or be burnt up."

He partly meant what he said. He would like to be better if he could, but he had not the *will*, and it was so much easier to yield than to try and overcome. His shallow nature was constantly being swayed by good and evil impulses, and as the latter were by far the stronger, they usually got the better of him. As he spoke the last words a tear escaped from his bleared eyelids; he began to sob, and in his heart he pitied himself as the victim of an evil fate. He did not yet see how much he alone was to blame for the terrible state he was in.

John was deeply moved. His heart was swelling with love and pity for this poor sin-sick soul who stood in such near relationship to him.

He said presently—in a low tone full of the deepest feeling—“Father, I know what a struggle it must be for you; but you will conquer, never fear, if you do not despair. Every day you live without liquor makes it easier. You shall have every comfort here, and that will help you. You shall have the most generous food we can give you, and we will do anything and everything we can for you. But, after all it depends upon you and God. This is no cant: it is a profound truth. You must pray to Him for power to strengthen your will to resist temptation. Be a man and try to resist. Go to Him and He will help you. He always helps the man who helps himself.

As John uttered these last sentences his form seemed to dilate, his eye flashed with excitement, and his voice became more impressive with the suppression of feeling.

“Yes, yes, I know,” said the older man, uneasily. “I've heard all that before. But I *have* tried, and it's been of no use.”

“Because you have never truly repented, that is, you have never thoroughly changed your mind, and seen that it *is* possible for you to do better, and to be better, than you are now. Ah! if you would only do this,” John added earnestly.

“There, there, that will do, John, that will do. I cannot put up with your queer notions. Anything for a quiet life, *I* say. *You* always make life so confoundedly hard.”

Ah! that was the cause of his ruin. He did not care for anything as long as he was easy and comfortable. He had no serious *wish* to do what was right; so he was “tempted of his *own lust*,” and having no support outside himself, was swept down the stream of sin like an autumn leaf on a swollen torrent. At this juncture Bess came in, and wearily sat down, took the child in her lap, covering her face with her hands. The old man said, abruptly—

“I shall go to bed, but let me kiss the child first.”

His little grandchild seemed to affect him more powerfully than anyone. He would speak to her, and attempt to play with her, when he would not notice anyone beside.

The child, however, was not very happy with him; and Bess was not anxious that she should become so. She, therefore, grudgingly gave her to him to kiss, and he went up-stairs.

But not to sleep. The fever for drink burned fiercer and fiercer in his veins, and he felt that he must have it or die. In this state he might have sought assistance from his son, and found some support, but he did nothing of the kind, for he had not a strong, earnest *wish* to resist.

He began to cast about in his mind for the means wherewith to gratify his desire. Hardly knowing what he did, he stealthily crept into his son's bedroom, and felt in all the pockets of the various clothes that were hanging there.

It was a breathless moment! There was no sound but the muffled conversation between his son and daughter-in-law in the room beneath. Did no feeling of shame make his face hot as he tried to rob them?

No, he only cursed because each pocket seemed empty. Still he searched, led on by his demon thirst and the grinning fiend of evil desire that stalked beside him. At last his fingers clutched a little box that was stowed carefully away in a drawer under a pile of clothing. He trembled with unhallowed joy, for he knew it was the small box in which his daughter-in-law kept her little store of household money. He had watched her use it on several occasions. It was locked. Never mind ; it *should* come open.

Silently, like a spirit of evil, he stole back to his room again, and here he managed to cut a hole in it with his knife (for it was made of soft deal only) large enough to shake out a few of the hard-earned and carefully-hoarded coins which it contained. Then with a triumphant chuckle he glided down-stairs. As he went his excitement increased, and he became bolder and less cautious by reason of his success. He hurried to the door and seized the handle eagerly. But the door was locked, and the key was gone ! He could hardly keep himself from cursing aloud, so great was the revulsion of feeling ; but then, like a flash, there came upon him the thought of another means of exit. To think and to act were almost synonymous in his state of mind, and he opened the door of the adjoining room at once and glided to the window. He unbolted it, threw it open and jumped out, knocking over the plants in his descent. The ground was not far below, and he did not hurt himself ; but, as though he were young again, he rushed down the street with the money tightly clutched in his hand, and an exultant sense of freedom in his heart—" freedom to drink again, freedom to be merry, freedom to laugh and shout and curse with the best of them." So he hurried on.

At last,—it was not far, but it seemed to him an age—at last he saw the welcome swing doors and flaring lights, and eagerly he pushed his way in amongst the crowd that thronged the house.

" A shillingsworth of brandy," he cried aloud, " as hot and strong as you've got it, that I may drink death and damnation to all teetotalers," and he banged his fist on the bar, and laughed uproariously.

The brandy was brought. He lifted it to his parched and cracking lips, but just as the liquid for which he was almost mad touched his burning tongue, the glass was suddenly struck from his hand and dashed to pieces on the floor ! He turned with an oath, and found himself face to face with the white and stern features of his son !

CHAPTER VII.—BAFFLED.

For a moment all was silent in the glittering gin-palace. The foolish clamour which usually prevails in such places was startled into stillness by the suddenness and novelty of the deed.

But it was only for a moment ; then on all sides cries arose protesting against John's right to act as he had done. But he gave no heed. He simply said, in a low voice, that quivered with intensity of power.—

" Father, come with me—quietly if you like—but come you *shall*."

This was not the wisest sentence he could have uttered ; but he was almost beside himself with feeling—his whole soul seemed absorbed in the determination to keep his father from drinking, and it found

expression in the readiest words. Nevertheless, it roused all his parent's latent spirit, already much excited by the fumes of the liquor, the glaring lights, and the voices of those around. He said, fiercely,—

"Hands off, you infernal scoundrel! Hands off, or I'll pound your white-livered face to a mash! You're a fine son, you are, to sneak after your father like this."

John made no reply, but, if possible, his face grew whiter and sterner, his lips more compressed, and his grasp tightened on his father's shoulder. He commenced to drag him to the door.

This movement aroused the bar-keeper. "Here," he cried out, lustily, "you shan't go before you pay for the glass and liquor, and then you may clear out as sharp as you like. I won't have this row in my house."

John put his free hand into his pocket and tossed half-a-crown on the bar. Some of the men who had hitherto only laughed and jeered now threw themselves in his way, exclaiming,—

"Why can't you let the man alone?"

This seemed to alter John's determination somewhat. He remained still, but kept his hold firmly on his father. Then he said, with some passion in his voice, which rose as he proceeded,—

"Look here, my friends, you let me alone, will you. This is no business of yours. I'm resolved my father shall not drink, and he shan't, either, even if fifty thousand devils backed him up. I'd knock 'em all down as flat as I'll knock you down if you meddle!"

As he said this, he presented indeed a noble sight of stern independence. He seemed in his strength to tower above the others like a giant amongst dwarfs, whilst his face became as rigid in its firmness as if carved in marble. His lips were strained together as by opposing forces, and deep lines showed themselves, from the dilated nostrils to the corners of his mouth. His eyes flashed like fire. Rarely indeed, if ever, had the flaring, flaunting, easy-going gin-palace seen resolution like this.

The men stared at him in silence for some moments, then one of them laughed uneasily, and said,—

"Law, bless me, you *are* a rum-un, you are. What a fuss you do make, to be sure. Why on earth can't you let the man have his liquor?"

John did not deign to reply, but commenced again to urge his father to the door. His display of spirit had been productive of a good effect, however, for the men parted on either side and let him pass. His father, too, was considerably cowed, and offered but little resistance. But when they reached the door, he suddenly offered further opposition in a manner more difficult to cope with, for, incredible as it may seem, he invoked the aid of the law.

A policeman happened to be passing at the time, and as soon as John's father saw him, he called to him for assistance. The policeman walked up to them at once.

"I want to give this man in charge," said John's father, stoutly.

"Why so?" said the policeman, eyeing both narrowly.

"For a personal assault," answered the old man, eagerly. "I was about to refresh myself with a glass of drink when he knocked it out of my hand, without any provocation on my part whatever."

"Was this so?" asked the policeman, looking sharply at John's white, stern face.

John had not yet spoken, and the answer was given in the affirmative by a number of the men who had trooped out of the public-house on hearing the altercation outside.

"Is this true?" asked the policeman again, more peremptorily, of John, giving no heed to the cries of those around.

A crowd soon gathers in London streets at any sign of a disturbance, and John's answer was heard by a concourse of people, who, to judge by their appearance, were far more likely to side with his father than with himself.

"It is true," said John, calmly. "I knocked the glass from his hands, and I did it to keep him from drunkenness. He is my father," he continued, by way of explanation, glancing at the pale and agitated countenance of him whom he still held so tightly. "This man is my father, and lives with me, and I am resolved to cure him of his evil habit. I shall be quite ready to go with you to the police-station, but I would advise my father not to press home the charge, or I might inquire too closely into the way in which he obtained the money to buy the liquor."

At this sentence the old man started perceptibly, and shrank back from John's searching gaze.

The policeman noticed this, and then, looking again more narrowly at each face, said, sharply,—

"Seems to me I've seen you before, both of you. I think, mister," shaking the old man's arm roughly, "you wouldn't have called me if you had known who I was. I think I had to lock you up once for being too drunk to know what you was doing; and you," turning to John, "tried to get him off, and paid his fine afterwards, didn't you?"

"I did," said John, whilst his father, at this sudden change in his circumstances, lost the boastful look he had assumed when first he called the policeman, and appeared the coward he really was. He said nothing, but crept nearer to John, whilst the unfeeling crowd now showered their jeers upon him.

There was no further opposition to John's determination, and he led his father away quietly, the policeman dispersing the crowd. When they reached home, John sternly demanded the money which he had taken, and without a word he gave it up at once.

"John, John," he whined, "don't—don't give up your old father to the police, will you? I promise you I won't do it again,—I won't; and if you'll let me live with you, I'll work hard and give you all the money, and—and (sobbing violently) I'll be better, I will."

"Father," said John, solemnly and sadly, whilst his heart was aching with grief, so that it cost him more than might be imagined to speak as calmly as he did; "father, I *do* forgive you, as I hope God will forgive us both our many sins. But, father, it is of no use to go on in this way. I cannot trust you. You *must* submit yourself in every way to my rules. You cannot trust yourself. Whatever you may do, you will find nothing in my treatment of you but love; but remember,"—and here John's voice became more impressive still,—"love is not

always weak, yielding, and tender ; love is strong, and can restrain and punish."

The old man looked at John inquiringly. This indeed was something new. He began to perceive vaguely, that in his son's love there was a mighty power which would strengthen his son's will to compel him to act against his own weakened will. And then,—“love could punish ;” he was uneasy as he thought of that. And, moreover, he was touched by this love for him. What a bad father he had been, and yet John loved him still ! He began to be afraid that this would arouse in him a better love for his son, which would stir him to act against his own desire, and do as his son wished. Oh ! if he could only shake himself free from this embarrassing love ! Why did John care for him so much ! He wished he would not. Why could he not love him just enough to give him food and clothes and house room ? Ah ! how many would welcome the love of God on such terms as these, and thus rid themselves of the angry, irritating sense of God's compelling, restraining, and punishing love ! But this, though he knew it not, was the first step towards his reformation, for it proved, although in but an ungrateful manner, that he was conscious of love.

John continued, after a pause, as though he divined the thoughts in his father's mind,—“And remember, father, that this love of mine is but a faint type of the love of God. You will never escape from that. It is the greatest power in the universe. You *must* give in to it sometime, or it will burn in you like a fire.”

His father trembled at these words, and as he went up to bed, he thought,—“Was he *never* to be let alone to gratify himself as he would ? *Must* he be roused up to act according to some other standard than that of his own desires ? What was this awful sense of a compelling power that he felt closing in around him ? What did God want to love him for ?”

I do not say that these thoughts were clearly defined in his mind ; rather they were vague impressions which he tried to shake off as rapidly as he could. Ah ! it would have been better for himself, and for all concerned, if he had given heed to them ! It would have saved them all many a heart-ache.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

(*Concluded.*)

His thoughts, and plans, and calculations upon the subject were infinite. He had listened to the most revolting confidences of the vilest criminals in the guard-house ; he had absorbed every word of the long stories told by traders who came to the distilleries from all parts of the empire. From morning till night, in the office in which he was employed, and in which these merchants gathered, he pondered over their words, until at last he gained a thorough knowledge of the entire country and its inhabitants, from the borders of Persia and China to the Arctic Ocean. Little by little, overcoming the most agonizing difficulties, he accumulated

money, food, disguise, a dagger, a bludgeon and passports. The last were most difficult of all—but he took the paper from the office, and a counterfeiter in the place forged the formula and signatures for him—one a local pass, the other the passport proper. Besides, he had allowed his hair and beard to grow, and studied the phraseology of the native Siberian. At the end of six months of preparation, he nearly lost all by making two false starts. The first time he got into a little boat which was often forgotten, and began to row away, when suddenly the moon broke through the clouds, and at the same time he heard the voice of the inspector on the bank. The second time a dense fog obscured his way, so that all night he was unable to see a yard before him or reach the shore. On both occasions he was fortunate enough to get back unperceived. At last he decided to go north, cross the Ural Mountains, and reaching Archangel, a thousand miles distant, try to secure a passage upon an American ship. Finally, in February, 1846, he set out on foot, dressed as a commercial traveller might be, expecting to mingle with the crowds travelling from every quarter to the annual fair at Irbite.

He had scarcely crossed the Irtysh upon the ice, when he was accosted by a peasant in a sleigh, who instead of challenging him as he had expected, offered to give him a lift, which helped him over eight miles of his journey. Next he bargained for horses at the fair, and he soon had them. But it began to snow, the driver lost his way, and Piotrowski spent a horrible night of suspense in a forest, being not yet twelve miles from the distilleries. But at daybreak the road was found, and having changed horses several times, he was soon many leagues away. At the end of the second evening, however, as he went into a tavern to make change to pay his driver, a drunken crowd hustled him, and his pocket-book was snatched away from him. Almost heart-broken at his loss, he still felt that he dared not falter now. On he went, walking with the many troops of travellers. The third evening found him, notwithstanding his enforced delay, at the gates of Irbite, six hundred miles from Ekaterininski-Zavod.

The sentinel demanded his passport. Tremblingly he felt for it, fearing that it could not deceive an official. Suddenly the soldier whispered: "Twenty kopecks, and go in." Fortunately, he had not placed all his money in his lost purse, and he handed out the sum demanded and went in. He slept at Irbite all night, and got out the next morning through an opposite gate unchallenged. And now began his long and weary journey on foot.

The winter of 1846 was one of unparalleled severity in Siberia. The deep snows covered the roads, and even crushed houses under their weight. Encumbered by his clothes, he plunged through the huge drifts, sinking often to his neck, and expecting every moment to be buried alive. As he went, he tried to satisfy his hunger by morsels of frozen bread, and to quench his thirst by melted snow, as he dare not go into the villages. At night he would creep into a forest, and dig a hole in the snow in which to sleep, frightened often by the howling of the wolves. His feet became frozen, and only by the greatest of exertions did he succeed in curing them. One night, almost overcome by cold and hunger, he asked shelter in a little hut in which were two women.

Dried, warmed and fed, he stretched himself out on a bench behind the stove to sleep. But he was soon awakened by three men, who roughly demanded of him who he was, and insisted on seeing his passport. With wonderful presence of mind, he asked by what right they interrogated him thus. Discovering that they were not officials, he showed them the local pass, now quite worthless, but which satisfied them. After this he was more prudent, and had advanced far into the Ural Mountains before he again asked lodging.

On he went, often turning many miles out of his way to avoid the towns. At length, as he was descending the mountain-slopes, he missed his way. His provisions were exhausted, a blinding snowstorm arose, and he sank down, as he believed, to die. Rapidly was he losing consciousness, when he was roused by a trapper. The Good Samaritan urged him to get up and walk, which he did. Assisted by the kind friend so providentially sent, he staggered on to an inn, fainting at the threshold. But after a deep sleep of twenty-four hours, restored by warmth, rest and nourishment, he set out again.

At the beginning of his journey, Piotrowski had taken the part of a commercial traveller, then a workman seeking employment, and now a pilgrim to the convent of Solovetsk, near to Archangel. Easter was approaching, and he fell in with bands of travellers bound thither. It was now about the middle of April, and he had been journeying for two months. He was detained a month longer at Veliki-Oustiog, waiting for the frozen Dwina to open, passing the time, like all the pilgrims, in manifold acts of devotion. At length the river was free, and he was enabled to replenish his scanty purse by taking an oar. Among the many, the irregularity of his passport escaped notice, and two weeks later he had reached Archangel.

But, alas, it seemed to him that he had accomplished his thousand miles of suffering only to be baffled at last. Flags of every nation floated in the harbour, but a Russian sentinel stood on every wharf, and another on the deck of every vessel. Vainly he tried to speak in French and German to the groups of sailors in the streets ; vainly, despite the icy coldness of the water, he swam in the bay, trying to attract the attention of some captain. After three days of despairing endeavour, he was forced to realize that he could not escape from Archangel.

Piotrowski walked on, along the shores of the White Sea, through limitless swamps and desolate sands, reaching Onega after many days. Hardly knowing whither he went, he started southward along the river. It was now midsummer, so that he had not the intense cold to contend with ; nevertheless, his failing hope and his physical exhaustion told on him to a fearful degree. Once he nearly betrayed himself by his ignorance of a national dish. At another time he stopped at the hut of an old man who treated him kindly. His host belonged to a sect of dissenters, and in the course of a long conversation dealt pathetically upon the religious persecutions to which these people were exposed ; then, exhorting Piotrowski to secrecy, the old man showed him an antique bronze figure, representing our Saviour in the act of blessing with only two fingers raised, as was the custom among this class of Christians.

After several hundred miles more of aimless travelling, Piotrowski

found himself at Vytegra, on the Lake Onega. Here he fell in with a peasant who was going to St. Petersburg, and who offered him a passage on condition of his taking an oar. He consented, and commenced his long voyage upon the Lakes Onega and Ladoga and the river Neva, to the very head-quarters of his country's enemy. Many poor people going into the city took passage upon the boat, among them a woman, to whom he showed some little kindnesses, winning her gratitude. On his arrival, this woman expressed her thankfulness by finding him some cheap lodgings in a retired quarter. Here he could exhibit his passport in safety, for the people in the house could not read. The next day he met the pilot of a steamer bound to Riga, who offered to take him for a very moderate fare. This man, too, demanded to see his passport, but, fortunately, as had been his lot so far, the sailor glanced at it carelessly, expressing no suspicion.

From Riga, Piotrowski had to make his way on foot to the Prussian frontier, assuming this time the character of a dealer in hog's bristles. Conquering every yearning to speak his native tongue, and make himself known to his fellow-countrymen, he passed over his own soil. When he reached the border, he had the greatest difficulty in learning how it was guarded, but at length discovered that there were no sentinels on the Prussian side. He stood at last on the ramparts, and seizing a moment when the two soldiers on duty had turned their backs, he jumped down into one of the ditches which marked the boundaries. Shots were fired at him, but he leaped and clambered until all three were crossed, and then sank down panting in a little wood. There he lay hidden for hours, until he was satisfied that there was no pursuit, and then he shaved himself completely and made a final change in his costume. When night came on, he started again, and passed on safely over two hundred miles of Prussian soil, reaching Königsburg without interruption. But here, so near freedom, and after all his perils, he was taken. Falling asleep on a heap of stones in the street, he was awakened by the patrol. Suspicions were aroused, his confused story deceived no one, and he was held in prison a month. He demanded a private interview with two government functionaries—one Prussian, the other a naturalized Frenchman—to whom he told the whole truth. Overwhelmed with amazement and sorrow, they broke out into expressions of the deepest sympathy, but declared that they could do nothing, the international treaty compelling them to send him back. A higher official was appealed to; but he, though uttering the kindest regrets, felt himself helpless. Meanwhile, poor Piotrowski's story got out, and excited the greatest commiseration among the townspeople, one of them, M. Kamke, an entire stranger, offering to go bail for him. The bail was effected with difficulty, and he spent a week in the family of his benefactor, who treated him with the utmost generosity. At the end of that time he was again summoned before the authorities, who told him sadly that they had been ordered to send him back to Russia, and that they could only give him time to escape at his own risk, praying God for his safety. A plan for his flight was at once concerted; and well furnished with all essentials by his good friends at Königsberg, he crossed Germany safely, and found himself in Paris on the 22nd of September, 1846.



APRIL SHOWERS.

“GENTLY falls the vernal shower,
Spring is paying April's dower,
Diamonds flashing in the sun,
Glittering drops of gold and dun.

Glorious sunshine, blessed rain,
Both are cheering hill and plain,
Teeming life and glowing light
In transparency unite.

Buds expanding, opening leaves,
Gladly own what each receives ;
“ Welcome, genial rain ! ” they cry ;
“ Welcome ! without rain we die.”
And the hedgerows’ wild-flower-bloom
Breathes out thankful its perfume,
While the earliest virgin rose
Rich in new-blown beauty blows.

Now again the showers descend,
Rain and sunshine softly blend ;
Bleating sheep and lowing herds
Join the choral song of birds.
All in grateful homage join
For the benefit divine,
April sunshine—April showers,
Seal the joy of harvest ours ! ”

PLAIN WORDS TO WOMEN.—No. II.

A HELP OR A HINDRANCE.

EVERY British workwoman knows the truth handed down was in the inspired Word of God that a wife should be a help-meet for her husband, and yet it is only too true that many wives are a hindrance, instead of being a help, to their husbands.

In spiritual matters it is so often. A woman is earnestly endeavouring to lead a Christian life, and she feels that her husband is not doing so, that he is still living without God in the world. She prays for him, talks to him and tries to win him, and yet all her efforts are counteracted by her example. She forgets that example is better than precept and that whilst she gives way to her temper, or is careless and inconsistent, she is contradicting in her life her words to him. Thus she is a hindrance to her husband ; instead of which he might be won, by the “ conversation ” or walk of the wife. Then, also, taking it for granted that a man is in the right way, with his face set heavenward. Should not his wife *help* him in every way ? Should she not *make* the time for joining together in family prayers instead of having her hands busy just at the time when they might have them ? It may have cost the man a good deal to begin the practice, and the wife, by ever so small a hindrance, may do much harm, especially if her husband is at all a stiff or reserved man.

In other matters, too, a woman is often a hindrance to her husband. If she made the home bright and happy as she could possibly make it, she would, at least, offer some inducement for her husband to forsake the public-house and remain at home in the evenings. By an untidy, dull home she is hindering him, and even driving him to seek comfort and amusement elsewhere.

Then, too, if your husband is fond of reading, encourage him to bring home good books and to read to you as you sit at work, and don’t say you have no time to listen. If you don’t take an interest in his books he will try and find some others who will, or, what is far more likely, give them up for some other occupation which may not conduce so well to his happiness or yours.

If your husband is fond of trying to rear flowers, don’t throw cold water on his endeavours, calling it waste of time, and saying that potatoes in the garden are more useful and that flowers are no use. Nothing that helps to raise and refine anyone is useless, and flowers can be used to that end. It is a good sign in any-one, man or woman, when they are fond of flowers.

If your husband is fond of trying a little painting or wood carving or anything that he takes up as a hobby, encourage him and do not be a hindrance to him. We read in that book on "self help," which some of you, perhaps, do not know, of two instances which well illustrate what I am telling you about.

Sir Richard Arkwright was born of poor parents, and at one time, after much struggling and poverty, he being something of a mechanician, made some models which his wife considered to be waste of time. One day in sudden anger she took these models and destroyed them, but her husband being an enthusiast and a very stubborn man never forgave her, and he was separated from her.

Sir Richard Arkwright, as you may remember, was the inventor of the spinning-jenny and the founder of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain. His wife had hindered him and it is to be hoped she many a time regretted her folly.

On the other hand, in the account given of the life of James Sharples, the working blacksmith of Blackburn, who rose to be a painter, there is mention made of his wife as a help to him.

During the time when he was engraving his great work of the "Forge," which occupied his leisure evening hours for five years, he says, "I had been married seven years, and during that time my greatest pleasure, after I have finished my daily labour at the foundry, has been to resume my pencil or graver, frequently until a late hour of the evening, my wife meanwhile sitting by my side and reading to me from some interesting book." This picture of the hardworking man who rose to fame helped on and cheered by the companionship of his wife is a very pleasant one. Let a woman distinctly see her position as a wife, and let her prayerfully and earnestly strive to be a help-meet for her husband, and so she will indeed be fulfilling her duty as God would have her do.

L. E. D.

FOR THE YOUNG—THE TWO ENEMIES.

There was once a little boy who had everything his heart could desire: a large house, a beautiful garden, a pony, and a dog, and many playthings. He had an indulgent mother and two nurses, and they all tried to please him. If he asked for sweetmeats, they were given him; if he wished for coffee and cake for breakfast, instead of bread and milk, he had them. In the winter he did not walk out when it was too cold, nor in the summer when it was too hot; and yet in the evening he would look as tired as if he had broken stones all day.

When he was twelve years old his mother grew alarmed, for every day he seemed to have a new form of illness. She took him to the cleverest doctors, but the medicines were of no

use, for he threw them into the corner, as he had done his lesson-books and his slate.

At length his mother took him to a very clever physician in a neighbouring town. The physician quickly found out what ailed the little boy, and he promised to send a prescription that would cure him. The next morning this letter came:—

"DEAR SIR,—You have two poisonous serpents within you that are consuming your vital powers daily and hourly. I cannot cure you unless you come and live an hour's distance from my house. Every morning before breakfast you must walk to my house, and then I will give you a powder which, with a lotion in the afternoon, will kill the serpents. But the pow-

der will be of no avail unless you go to school two hours after it ; and the lotion will require a long walk before taking it. If you do not take my medicines, you will not hear the birds sing next spring."

The mother of the little boy and the nurses were very angry, but the physician said that if they would not follow his prescription, they might go to another doctor. Then the mother took her sick little boy to some lodgings an hour's distance from the physician's house.

The first morning the little fellow could scarcely creep along. The mother and the two nurses drove in a carriage behind him, to pick him up if he should grow too tired.

"The cruel physician!" said the nurses.

The next morning the boy was very tired, but the third and fourth day he began to think the air very sweet and balmy ; and the fifth day he even

relished the bread and milk in which the powder was mixed.

Thus for six weeks he walked, and went to school every day. His cheeks grew rosy, and his eyes bright, and he no longer pushed his bread and milk away, and he slept soundly all through the night. His mother was going to take him home, but the physician said,—

"The serpents may be killed, but they may have left young ones. Unless you give him bread and milk for breakfast, and send him to school, and give him no sweetmeats, they will grow and kill him."

The mother gave the physician a large fee, and took her little boy home. But when he was grown up, and had become a tall, strong man, he called on the physician to thank him for his prescription, for he had learned the names of the two poisonous serpents : they were **LAZINESS** and **GREEDINESS** !

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

THE EYE.—No. 4.

If you refer back to Fig. 2 you will notice a muscle (C. F.) which goes right round the eye like the iris, though of course in the section you only see the piece at each side. Like the iris the muscle is composed of two sets of fibres—1st, a layer of central circular fibres which run close round the edge of the lens, and which, therefore, when contracting, squeeze it, in the same way and for the same reason that the circular fibres of the iris when contracting make the pupil smaller. For if you were to imagine the pupil to be a lens capable of bulging from before backways, and so getting thicker, you could easily understand how, if the iris contracted, it would effect it by diminishing the size of its circumference and so making it thicker instead.

The other set of fibres are radiating (Fig. 2) as in the iris, but these instead of acting in opposition to the circular ones, as is the case in the iris, pull on the capsule, which normally always presses a little on the lens, and therefore tends to keep it flat, and so by lifting it a little off allows the lens through its elasticity to thicken, and as soon as the muscle is relaxed to fall back again to its old place.

Make a cut into the lens with a razor, see the coats peel off readily, leaving a harder nucleus in the middle which does not peel away like the rest. Take the other half of the boiled lens and place it directly into the paraffin box as you did the cornea. Make some sections with the razor. Place a very thin morsel in the logwood and mount in glycerine. Notice what an infinite number of bars there are

—long narrow strips placed side by side, like the planks on the deck of a man-of-war. Tease them out with a needle; you can separate them.

Bury the other half the same way, only let the surface and not the edge of the lens present for cutting. Mount as before. Note the six-sided arrangement of the lens (like a honeycomb). This shows that the long bars are six-sided, which as you know is the most convenient arrangement for packing where strength and economy of space are the two requisites. The lens then is not merely, as would at first sight appear, a dense lump of semi-solidified jelly, but a highly organised complex aggregation of transparent cells which, in process of development have been lengthened out into long leashes or rods and moulded into a six-sided form by pressure. But more than that, these cell fibres are arranged in a most scientific manner. The refraction or power of bending the rays of light is increased to a great degree by making the nucleus of greater density than the outside part, and also readily overcomes what was the great problem and difficulty of the last generation of opticians—a means of getting rid of the play of colours—like a narrow rainbow ring, which is so common in badly made telescopes and glasses. The whole of this great bundle of fibres are kept together by a delicate capsule or bag which envelopes the whole and appears on section as a white line round the edge. (Fig. 5 A.)

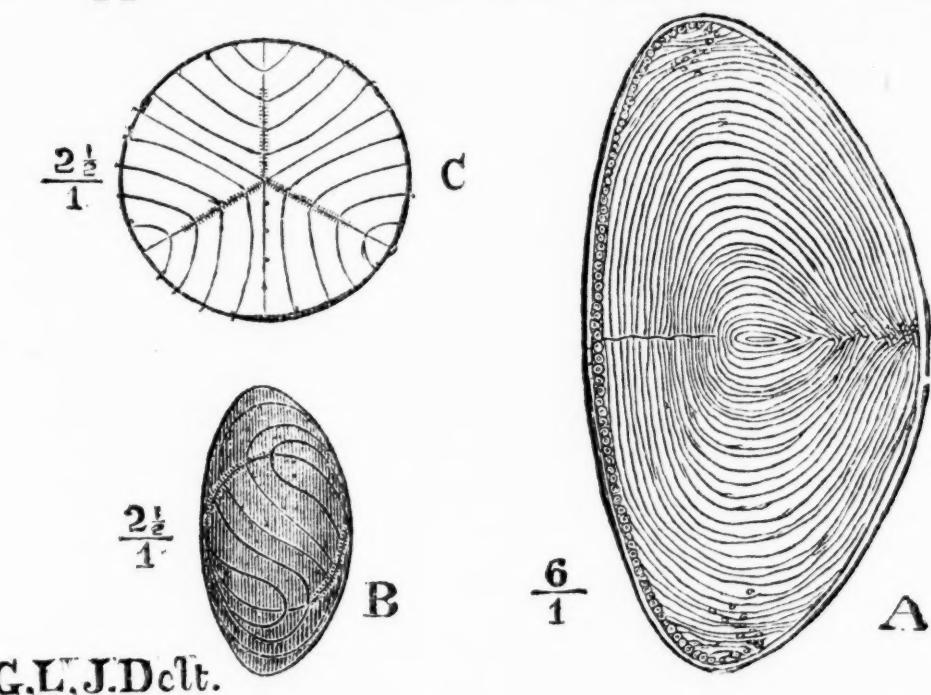


FIG. 5.

The lines drawn are not really seen but merely indicate the way the fibres would separate if dissected carefully.

Fig. 6 A shows a cross section of the fibres, and Fig. B shows how the fibre cells themselves are not merely six-sided rods, but are made up of a vast number of thin discs as seen on the right hand side of the drawing just as would be made if you were to make a rod by glueing a long pile of six-sided pieces of money together (Fig. D). I have written so fully about the lens because I want you to grasp the truth, how marvellously constructed it must be. Indeed, there is nothing more wonderfully constructed in the body than this. And what makes it even more wonderful is, that though it cannot move yet it is actually alive and has to be fed with nourishment just as we have. Though ordinary tissues can easily be fed by means of the blood in the blood vessels, but here are no blood vessels and no blood. For blood is

Fig 5 A gives a very good view how the lens, would appear if a thin section were made through its axis. Fig. 5 B shows the spiral way the fibres run, and Fig. 5 C is a diagram intended to show the form the fibres take in a horizontal section differing from A in the section being made through the circumference of the lens.

red and blood vessels are opaque, and therefore they would prevent the light from passing through. How it is nourished is still a puzzle to physiologists, but nourished it is we know well, for if anything interferes with its nourishment the transparent lens fibres become gradually opaque and chalky, and forms what is called a "cataract."

Now the lens is elastic and we can make it thicker in two ways. First by squeezing the edge all round the circumference or by pulling the capsule forwards.

Now nature makes use of both these ways in order to alter the form of the lens so as to make us see near and distant objects equally distinctly. You know if you look through an opera-glass or telescope at anything only a few feet off, you have to pull out the tube as far it will go, but if you look away at an object a mile away you will have to push the tube in a long way to see it clearly. Now the eye is a ready-made telescope, and I will show you how you can prove it. Hold one finger at arms length and the other only a foot away. Fix your eye on the distant finger, you see it distinctly, but although you see the near finger also it looks double and indistinct. Now keeping the fingers as before, glance from the far finger to the near one. You are conscious of an effort in doing it, but now the near finger is clear and single and the distant one hazy and double. Hence we infer that it is impossible to see the near and the far object at the same moment equally distinctly. Behind the beautiful curtain which we have all long ago learnt to know as the iris, is the lens. We are most familiar with this as a hard chalky white ball as it appears on the fishes cheek when we indulge in boiled fish for dinner. You can see it better still if you put a sheep's eye into boiling water for a couple of minutes, or you can take the lens out and watch the process of the change from a colourless glass bead into a pure white ball. Remove it from the water and examine it. Notice its shape. It is nearly flat in front but very convex (bowed) behind. Moreover if you look carefully you will see three lines radiating from the centre like the three lines of a Y. They are of the same length, and at an equal distance from each other. The lens is divided into three equal segments. Now turn it over and examine the opposite surface. You can just make out three lines again, but curiously they are in reverse direction, any one of the lines corresponds to the angle of the

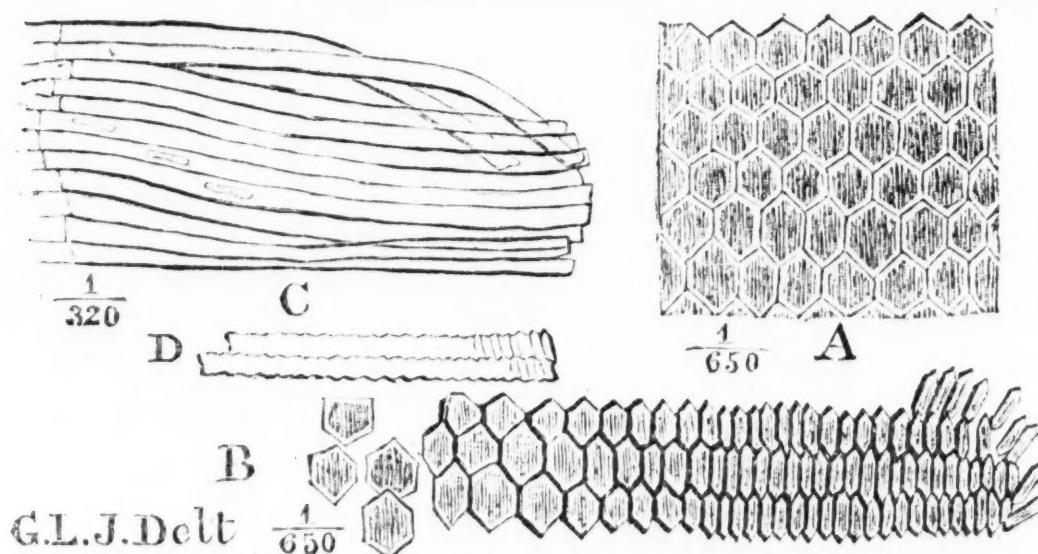


FIG. 6. Drawn from the Author's own Specimens.

Now when we want to look at a near object we want the lens thickened, because the thicker the lens the more it will bend the rays of

the other side, so that if you could see both at once you would find the lines on one side form a Y and on the other a Y. Now with a pair of tweezers or a needle gently scrape off the outer layer. They peel off like the coats of an onion.

light and the sooner bring them to a focus or point. For it is impossible to see anything correctly unless the rays of light from the object are not only brought to a point, but brought to a point exactly on the retina, *i.e.*, neither behind or in front of it.

Let me warn our readers against those colossal "images of polished brass and ratchwork" sold as microscopes in nearly every opticians shop in London. I do not refer here to the truly *magnificent* instruments of Ross, Powell, and Leland, Crouch or Browning—but these to be worth anything costs upwards of £20 to begin with, and for *general purposes* are inferior to the cheap and handy instruments made on the continental model. This last is by far the most practical form, and I may say without fear of contradiction that Hartnack's students microscope (which is the type of all the others) is the microscope par excellence which has won by their use the greatest discoveries in anatomy. A Hartnack's microscope stand with a No. 3 eye-piece and two object glasses (1in. and $\frac{1}{4}$ in.), a lince box, a pair of *steel* spring tweezers, a pair of fine camel's hair brushes, and a couple of sewing needles mounted in handles form the entire apparatus necessary for general use. The great advantage of a Hartnack's model over the usual brass ratchwork stands is that it is perfectly fixed and steady, very portable, and requires no fixing to put together, so that even when packed it is always ready for use at a moment's notice. I can particularly recommend the microscopes of Hartnack, of Berlin, or Nchet, of Paris, which can be obtained of C. Baker, optician, High Holborn, and of English makers of the continental model, especially John Browning, of 63, Strand, and Crouch, also of London. I do not think there is much to choose between any of them. The cost of an instrument with the lenses as mentioned above comes to about five guineas. The great expense of all good microscopes lies in the lenses. Many microscopes are sold for about three guineas, and guaranteed to have lenses of an inch, half inch, and quarter—but the higher powers are almost invariably formed by severing two or three lenses on the top of the first power. These are from their very nature bad and useless for good vision. Each object to be useful should be complete in itself and require nothing adding to it. If a higher power be wanted this must be purchased separate, and should always be kept in a little brass box, which in good lenses is always sold with it.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

What though born a peasant's son ?
 Make your mark !
Good by poor men can be done :
 Make your mark !
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold ;
 Peasants' words may calm a fear ;
Better far than hoarding gold
 Is the drying of a tear ;
 Make your mark !

THE USES OF NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
 Along on the highway of life ;
You'll meet with a thousand tempta-
 tions.
 Each city with evil is rife.
The world is a stage of excitement ;
 There's danger wherever you go ;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No.

THE NETTLE OF AUSTRALIA.

The most remarkable nettle of this country is the *Urtica gigas*, or rough nettle tree. This tree has a large leaf, something like a sunflower leaf, hirsute beneath, and every bristle has a most painful sting. Some gentlemen who had been in Illawara collecting specimens of trees for the Paris Exhibition told me that they had measured one of these wonderful trees, which was 32 feet round, and, I think, 140 feet high. Such is the potency of the virus of this tree, that horses which are driven rapidly through the forests where they abound, if they come in contact with their leaves, die in convulsions. I have seen a statement of the actual death in convulsions of his horse by a traveller through these parts; and one of the gentlemen of the Exhibition committee told me that as they were riding in the Illawara forest, a young man who had lately arrived, and was ignorant of the nature of the tree, breaking off a twig as he rode along, had his hand instantly paralysed by it. His fingers were pressed firmly together, and were as rigid as stone. Fortunately, a stockman who was near, observing it, came up and said, "I see what is amiss, and will soon set all right." He gathered a species of arum, which grew near, for nature has planted the bane and antidote together, in the low grounds, and rubbing the hand with it, it very soon relaxed, and resumed its natural pliancy. This is precisely the process used by the children in England. When stung, they rub the place with a bruised dockleaf, saying all the while "Nettle go on, dock go in."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

DRINKS FOR FEVER PATIENTS.—Drinks made of fresh or preserved fruit are sometimes useful in fevers. Rhubarb tea is a very simple and refreshing spring beverage. Slice about two pounds of rhubarb, and boil it for a quarter of an hour in a quart of water; strain the liquor into a jug, adding a small quantity of lemon-peel, and some sugar to taste. When cold it is fit for use. Apple-water may be made in the same manner. The apples should be previously peeled and cored. Sugar should not be added to either of the above until after the liquor is removed from the fire. In the absence of fresh fruits, a pleasant beverage may be prepared by stirring sufficient raspberry jam or currant jelly into the required quantity of water, straining the liquor before offering it to the patient.

TO MAKE COFFEE ON A LARGE SCALE.—To make coffee for a large party of persons it is necessary to have a tin or copper vessel with a tap fitted to it, about three inches from the bottom. One pound of coffee to a gallon of water will be sufficient. The ground coffee should be put into the vessel, and boiling water added to it immediately. It must then boil for one minute, and two or three pints should be drawn off by the tap and put in at the top. The whole should then be taken from the fire and allowed to stand five minutes. It may now be drawn off clear at the tap. Boiled milk should be served separate; but for schools, in order to save time and trouble, the milk may be added to the coffee in the vessel, also sugar.

JOHNNIE MILLER.

PART I.

Come, Johnnie Miller, tak' these
doggies
Down to the burn and drown them
a' ;
Step careful o'er the slippery pathway,
And mind ye dinna fa'."

So spake the mistress : Johnnie Miller,
Reluctant, rose to do her will,
And as he gathers up his burden,
The tears his bonnie blue eyes fill.

Out of the house, across the meadows,
The little seven - years' laddie
passed ;
And slower still he walked, and
slower,
Until he reached the stream at last.

Down on the stones he sat, and
opened
His plaidie where the puppies lay,
And tearful watched their helpless
tottering
And stroked their glossy coats of
grey.

And when, with quaint, black, wrinkled
forheads
His hands they licked, and piteous
cried,
Seized with a sudden purpose, Johnnie
Rose up and left the river side.

He hugged the puppies to his bosom,
Wrapped in his mantle soft and
warm,
And fast across the meadows hurried,
Till far behind he left the farm.

Down to the stream his mistress
hastened,
And searched in terror all around ;
Along the brook, across the meadows,
No traces of the boy she found.

On, on he went ; the air grew chilly,
And lower sank the setting sun ;
Then twilight came, his feet grew
weary,
The toilsome march was nearly
done.

More fields he traversed ; then a
glimmer
Broke through the darkness—welcome sight,

For 'twas the cottage of his mother,
And that red glow her evening
light.

Joyfully at the door he rattled ;
Surprised, his mother opened wide ;
" My Bairn," she cried, " what brings
thee hither ? "
And drew him to the warm fireside.

He sobbed aloud : " Oh, mither,
mither,"
And spread his load before her
view—
" I couldna' drown the little doggies,
So I hae brought them hame to
you ! "

PART II.

It was a stormy winter evening,
The moon above shone bright and
clear ;
A ship, impatient, rode the waters,
That swept against the slippery
pier.

" Ready, my men ? " the captain
shouted
A sailor from the pier-head threw
The stiffened hawser—slipped—and
staggering,
Fell down into the death-gulf
blue.

No time for parley ; quick the captain
Threw off his jacket rough, and
leapt
Over the ship's tall side ; to seaward
Captain and man together swept.

He sank, then rose ; the drowning
sailor
He grasped ; wild waves swept o'er
the twain,
And for a space all hope was ended ;
Then the strong swimmer rose
again.

Bold stroke on stroke he backwards
struggled,
Perils behind him and before ;
All held their breath with fear and
wonder,
Until he touched the pier once
more.

Then holding fast his prize, the swimmer
Was safely landed ; cheer on cheer
Broke through the night ; hurrah,
brave captain,
Fearless of death and tempest
drear !

PLEASANT

A MARRIED gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, exclaimed—" You are right, she is an impudent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

EXPLAINING TO THE CHILDREN.—A gentleman on board a steam-boat with his family, was asked by his children " What made the boat go ? " when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles in the following words :—' You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens the jigmaree, and that connects with the crinkum-crankum ; and then that man, he's the engineer, you know, kind o' stirs up the what-do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes a-head."

POLITENESS.—Somebody says that politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

NAPOLEON I. AND THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.—At the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, Napoleon had the audacity to exclaim, in a burst of fury, to Lord Whitworth, then our ambassador, " I will make an attack on England ! " " That is your affair, sir," was the ambassador's retort. " I will annihilate you ! " roared the

The bravest heart has kindest pulses,
By gentle souls great deeds are
done ;
The tender-hearted Scottish laddie
And the brave mariner were one.

LOUISA BIGG.

JOTTINGS.

First Consul. " Ah, sir, that is *our* affair," was the clever reply.

A KANGAROO TALE.—" I will tell you about a little adventure that Agnes (my wife's sister) had with a kangaroo last summer. She was coming from the dam after watering the horses, of course sitting on Punch's back. The dogs were away after some kangaroos, with the exception of a little terrier. When about a mile from home, coming through a bit of pine scrub, she found herself clasped round the chest by two strong claws, and the mouth of the fellow at her ear (what he whispered she doesn't remember). Punch gave a jump, and Agnes came down with the kangaroo, her dress torn to pieces. The little dog did his best to injure the intruder's hind quarters. How the fight would have ended, I don't know, if two kangaroo dogs and their owners had not come up just in time. They were in hot pursuit. The gentlemen said they had followed him for miles, and that it was the largest they had ever killed out of some thousands. I don't think the dogs would have despatched him quickly, but in the fall he tore Agnes' skirt off, and got entangled in it. You can imagine the size of him—as high as Agnes on horseback. She got off pretty well with a few scratches, and the back of her head bruised."

The undersigned can answer for the truthfulness of the above.

Query.—Did the kangaroo look to the lady for protection ?

THOMSON SHARP.

The St. Gothard Tunnel boring being now completed, a medal will be presented to every one of the men engaged in the work. The medal is being struck at Geneva, bears on one side the arms of Germania, Helvetia, and Italia, with words *Viribus unitis*, and on the obverse, in German and Italian, " To the men of the Gothard Tunnel."



MYSTERIES OF A BEE-HIVE.

A life-time might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodian plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallized, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of saccharine food presented to them; and if light were allowed access to the syrup it would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

SAVED AS BY FIRE!
 OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.
 By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SHAMELESS SLAVE.

For a few days things went on more quietly. John's father offered no opposition to the rules of the little household, and apparently fell in with all the arrangements more comfortably than before.

He took but little interest in the lives of those about him. His mind and his feelings seemed to have slipped back into a "sudden state" like his body, and only capable of being partially aroused by the sight of liquor.

Practically, his will seemed entirely gone, and his acts were the results of motiveless impulses. Gradually, however, there began to arise within him a more definite feeling which overwhelmed the few better thoughts that had recently stirred in his mind. It was prompted by his intense craving for drink, and increased by the manifest determination on the part of those about him to prevent him from obtaining it. It was a feeling of sullen anger because he could not continue in his easy self-indulgence, and gratify his evil desire, mingled with a dogged determination to discover the means of doing so as speedily as possible. Long he pondered over the latter difficulty, if indeed his gloomy broodings could be called pondering. He would sit for hours brooding over his troubles as he called them to himself, and yet no plan opened out before his bemuddled brain.

It was in this state of mind that one day, not long after the event narrated in the last chapter, he was slouching along a by-street prosecuting his lazy and unsuccessful search after work. He was truly a despicable object; clad in old, ragged, and greasy garments, unwashed and uncombed, with his countenance marred and scarred by the traces of the grossest sins. He looked, indeed, the very picture of old and shameless vice, a sight at which devils laugh and angels weep. Presently he stopped before a half-opened swing-door, as abruptly as though a chasm had suddenly yawned at his feet. He excitedly sniffed the fumes of the liquor that met his nostrils, and muttering an oath turned back step or two and plunged into a dirty doorway which had three dingy gilt balls hanging over it.

He said hastily, in a low thick voice, "Here, young man, give me something for this, will you," and at the same time he tore off his coat with trembling eagerness and pushed it across the counter.

The smart thick-lipped shopman standing in his shirt-sleeves behind the barrier looked at him and his coat for a moment in playful disgust, and then taking up the greasy garment with a pair of tongs which stood near he handed it airily back to the old man saying, in a sarcastic tone, and with a contemptuous sneer,—

"No, thank you; not to-day, my worthy friend. We really have not enough ready money in the house to lend on such an expensive article.

The old man raised his hands deprecatingly and catching the coat as it fell from the tongs, pushed it back again over the counter and muttered entreatingly, in an indistinct voice, "Yes, yes. Give me only

the price of a glass, only the price of a glass," and then he added with what sounds strangely like blasphemy, "Heaven will bless you for it."

"Come, now, none o' this," said the pawnbroker in an altered tone, seeing that he was likely to have some trouble with this customer, "clear out quick. I tell you we don't do such business here."

And then, observing that the old man was about to persist, he caught up the coat and flung it violently into the street, adding, with a loud scornful laugh, "Now follow it sharp, or I'll serve you in the same way."

The old man shuffled out, and picking up his despised garment, hobbled away, cursing. But the craving for the drink was rendered stronger than ever by this unexpected delay in its gratification, and as he pursued his way homewards, he racked what was left of his poor mind to discover the means of obviating the difficulty.

Before to-day, he would have pawned his son's furniture or robbed him again of his money, if it had been practicable, but the watch upon him had been so strict since the previous occasion on which he had endeavoured to do so, that he had not yet found another opportunity. besides this, as we have seen, he had a wholesome fear of his son's power.

Now, however, as he shuffled along he suddenly resolved to try again, whatever might be the opposition. It was an erratic impulse, born no one could tell how, coming from no one could tell where, one of those blind impulses, the disastrous results of which we see so often around us. To *feel* the impulse and to *yield* to it were simultaneous in such a weak ill-ordered mind. Of his son he was afraid, but he regarded his daughter-in-law with little of such feeling, and the present excitement had scattered that little to the winds.

He determined to hasten home at once, and then again his trembling fingers might clutch the glittering glass, and his parched tongue taste the fiery draught.

As soon as he had reached the door he pulled the bell violently, and then with eager anxiety awaited its opening.

His son's wife soon came, and, at sight of him, the faintest flicker of a smile played on her countenance as she welcomed him in. It was very difficult for her, but she was trying bravely to carry out her husband's wishes, to love and carefully tend this miserable man. He pushed past her and made his way to the little back room.

He remembered having seen a handsome clock there; surely that would be just the thing for his purpose. Oh! soon now, he thought, he would drink once more; soon he would feel the fiery liquor warming his veins and exciting his poor, wretched life into something like happiness.

Maddened by this thought, he rushed up to the mantelshelf and seized the clock with feverish eagerness. When his fingers closed over it he uttered a yell of delight, and a fiendish smile rendered his poor countenance yet more horrible.

He turned to hasten back, but at the room door he met his son's wife. She saw the whole position at a glance, and, with a scream, darted at him, and endeavoured to prevent his escape.

This resistance served but to heighten his frenzy. He swore fearfully and kicked her cruelly: but still she clung to him, and placed herself before him, pushing him back.

At last he made a sudden movement with his hands, and shifting the clock, thrust it full into her face. The glass shade broke and cut her terribly, and at the same moment he twisted his foot between her ankles and threw her down!

Down she fell, heavily, and her head struck the corner of the lowest stair, which was just opposite the doorway of the room.

Not casting a glance behind him, but the fire of unholy excitement burning in his cheeks and eyes, he rushed out of the house at once. Had he looked at the fallen figure, even, he might have been startled to see the death-like pallor which so quickly spread over her face, contrasting so weirdly with the streaks of red blood which ran over it; even he might have been alarmed at the unearthly silence which suddenly seemed to have descended upon the happy little home, like a pall!

CHAPTER IX.—PEGG AND HIS HOME.

“JOHN!” said one of Broadmead’s fellow-workmen that evening, as the bell rang for stopping work; “John! I wish you would step round and look at my little girl.”

“Why? What’s the matter with her?” said John, pausing in the act of putting on his coat after washing his hands.

“Well, I don’t exactly know,” answered his friend, slowly; “but she seems queer-like, dull and tired, and she’s got no appetite.”

“But I don’t see that I can do any good,” said John, hesitatingly. “The fact is, my wife will wonder where I am, if I don’t turn up at home at the right time; she will get fidgety, and expect all sorts of horrors.”

“Oh! not for once!” persisted his friend, illogically, “especially if you’re not late. I never saw such a fellow as you,” he continued, “you always go straight home.”

“Well, wherever else should I go? I know that I’m wanted there, and I may not be anywhere else.”

“Ah! but we want you to-night, if you would be so good as to come. You can tell us if we ought to send for a doctor. ‘Pon my word, I’m rather afraid she’s going to be very ill. And besides, it’s nice to have a friend to come home with one now and then, and you always brighten us up so. Come along! Your wife won’t trouble; she may think you’re working late, you know.”

And so, John, ever ready to do a good turn when he could, yielded to the solicitations of his fellow-workman and went. Thus, for the first time during many months, he failed to return home at his usual hour, and this, too, on the very night on which he was most required there.

Singular, that these strange coincidences should be of such frequent occurrence, and more singular still, that the majority of men should persist in regarding them as coincidences merely, and not see in them evidences of the great truth that

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

The name of the man who had persuaded John to accompany him to his home on this particular evening was Pegg. He was a little man,

rather stout and "podgy," and of a simple and harmless nature. His face was uninteresting, the lips being somewhat too sensuous (very different from his companion's firm mouth), his eyes of a dull brown, and his cheeks large and "flabby." And this striking contrast between the two men did not end here: their characters were vastly different; John being, as we have seen, energetic, intelligent, and gifted with a powerful will, while Pegg was lethargic, dull of comprehension, and careless. Happily for him, however, there was this good point about him,—that his desires were in the main of a harmless character, and that he kept them so. Perhaps this is saying a great deal for him. At all events, if only it could be written of us all, England would be a far better country than it is now; but positive and energetic goodness is wanted as well as negative.

The two men did not converse much as they walked towards Pegg's home. There was little in common between them, and that little was soon disposed of. Remarks concerning the business and the most prominent events of the day formed the sum-total of their conversation.

After an hour's walk they reached their destination. Pegg's dwelling-place was in one of those streets of numerous small houses, which may be found in London on every side, and of which the only striking attribute is their excessive dulness. There was no greenery to enliven the dead monotony of the brown stucco walls, and level lines of plain windows, and the only sounds were the faint roar of London noise, and the melancholy wails of a street organ. Had the time of year been spring or summer instead of autumn, there would have been an assemblage of somewhat ragged children, footing it merrily and strangely in time, to those discordant strains.

Pegg led John to a house in the centre of the street, and producing a key, opened the door softly.

The house smelt close, and John involuntarily puckered up his face and drew back, but remembering in time his duty of courtesy as a visitor, he repressed the expression of his feelings, and walked in with as pleasant a countenance as he could assume.

Pegg led the way without ceremony into the back room, where his wife had prepared the tea. John was not expected, however, and a slight shade passed over her face as she remembered the muddled appearance which the room presented. It was in a muddle, truly. No tea-tray was on the table, but two or three dirty plates, one of which contained a pile of thick bread-and-butter, that looked as though it had been cut since the morning, together with a small tea-pot on the hob, constituted the preparations for the evening meal. Side by side with the plates lay needlework and a baby's rattle. A chair was overturned in one corner, the windows were dirty, the wall-paper stained and soiled, whilst on the mantel-shelf was a most heterogeneous collection of little articles.

After saluting Mrs. Pegg, who rose at his entrance, his attention was instantly drawn to the little invalid. She lay on a couch, in the far corner of the room, made of two chairs put close together, and covered with shawls and blankets. It was evident by the unnatural brightness of her eyes, and the burning flush upon her cheeks that her father's fear

as to her being in the incipient stage of a severe illness, was but too well founded.

Broadmead saw this at once, and without further delay, walked up to the child, and said:—"I should strongly advise you to send for the club doctor at once, Pegg."

Thus addressed, Pegg, who had followed his friend, now looked up into his face helplessly; the large and pasty-coloured cheeks suddenly assumed a paler hue than was natural to them, and something like an expression of trouble found its way into the dull eyes as he answered,—

"Why, John, what's the matter; do you think it is anything serious?"

"Well," replied John, as he took the little fevered hand in his and stroked the hot cheek, "I do not wish to alarm you, but she seems to me to be very unwell. It may be the beginning of a severe cold, you know."

"I think Mr. Broadmead is right, Pegg," said his wife, who, having smoothed her hair when John's back was turned, was now engaged in washing the plates and surreptitiously making the room more tidy. "I think we ought to have the doctor to her, poor little lamb; she's been lyin' there all the afternoon, takin' no interest in anything, just as she is now."

Mrs. Pegg had hard features, and a harsh voice; she was one of the most ordinary matter-of-fact women possible, and only viewed life in its most prosaic and material aspect. In her way she was fond of her husband, although she seldom gave him or anybody else any proof of affection. She often acted towards him on the supposition that he was, when out of her sight, somewhat disposed to be "gay," whereas we have seen that he was, really, one of the quietest and most lethargic of men. Perhaps with the keen perception or rather intuition with which most women are gifted, she saw that the guiding principles of his life were simply his desires, and consequently she feared that at times they might exceed the bound of moderation which was at present their limit.

Pegg gave no answer to his wife's remark, but silently gazed at John, who had taken up the sick child upon his knee and was speaking to her tenderly, and trying to obtain some clearer indication of the symptoms of her illness. But she lay languidly upon his breast, and took no heed of what he said.

Seeing this, he urged that Mrs. Pegg should put the child to bed at once, and that the doctor should be fetched immediately. The husband and wife seemed to be almost stupefied by the serious view which John took of the case, and it was with some difficulty that he prevailed upon the latter to do as he suggested. But at last she retired upstairs, and then the two men set forth, notwithstanding the worthy woman's entreaties not to do so until they had been "warmed up" (as she phrased it) by having tea.

This, however, John wished to avoid; the preparations for that cheerful meal not promising much comfort, and the extreme gravity of the case urging him to lose no time in bringing the doctor. Ah! little did the good man know, while thus he was ministering to others, how much his own dear ones needed his assistance! Little did he know that his own baby's cry was sounding piteously through his darksome house, and that his wife's blood was curdling on the floor.

(*To be continued.*)

MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN.

Moscow, with its three hundred and seventy churches, thirty-two of which are within the walls of the Kremlin, is, indeed, to the worshipper of the Greek Church, almost what Mecca is to the Mohammedan. To the latter, Mecca is his Jerusalem ; to the former, Moscow is only inferior to the city toward which the eyes of all Christians, in all ages, have turned with longing. And it does not seem strange that to a semi-barbarous, semi-Oriental people, the centre of their early civilization and their early Christianity, the place of their most precious, most sacred relics and trophies, the scene of the baptisms, and coronations, and marriages and burials of their czars, and the theatre of the most famous events in their history, should receive from them such reverence.

To the western eye, Moscow appears like a gorgeous, dazzling, fairy city, with its white walls, its green roofs, its brilliantly-coloured towers, its gilded domes, its large, beautiful gardens, a glittering panorama seen for the first time perhaps through a pure, clear atmosphere, outlined against a peculiar, rosy sky.

Within the city the traveller will find that, as everywhere else, there is no perfection under the sun. For, beside the most magnificent palace, he will behold the meanest hovel, crossing and recrossing each other, and opening from one into the other are the handsomest thoroughfares and the dingiest courts. Squalor and elegance abound in close proximity, the one rendering the other still more painful, more gorgeous.

We all remember learning at school that, "Moscow is a noted city. It is noted for its Kremlin." We recall vividly the picture in our Geography of a river, a bridge, a high wall, with battlements and towers, beyond which appear clustering domes and spires. But it is doubtful if very many of us have more than a vague idea of what this famous Kremlin is.

First of all, it is the ancient citadel, so, as might be expected, it occupies the principal elevation near the centre of the old town, and is a quarter walled off from the rest. It is a special feature in the plan of the city. From it the principal streets run out, like the spokes of a wheel, while at a distance of a mile and a mile and a half respectively, are two broad boulevards parallel with its walls. Along the south side of the Kremlin winds the River Moskwa.

Up to 1340 the only fortifications were palisades of oak. These proving insufficient to resist the attacks of the Tartar hordes, they were removed and replaced by walls of stone, under the direction of Dimitri Douski. In 1485, Ivan III. erected the present massive structures, in a style never before attempted. They are from twenty-eight to fifty feet in height, and inclose an area of a mile and a half. All along is a series of battlements, with towers of an infinite variety of shapes, some round, others square, these slender as minarets, those massive as bastions, with retreating stories, square-sided roofs, open galleries, lanterns, spires, scale-work, ribs—all conceivable methods of coifing a tower. At each corner of the wall is one taller than the others. Ancient as these are, repaired as they have often been, their

solidity and strength remain undiminished. Perhaps some of us would expect to see marks of age. But the Russians believe in a frequent, unlimited supply of whitewash, paint, and gilding, so these fabrics, several centuries old, appear as fresh and glittering as though finished but yesterday.

The Kremlin is entered by five gates, the principal of which are the Spasskoi, or Redeemer's Gate, the Nikolskoi, or Nicholas Gate, and the Troitzkoi, or Trinity Gate. Each of these has its own story and receives its own degree of veneration. The Redeemer's Gate is overhung, at its entrance, by a sacred picture, the Redeemer of Smolenski, and is a long, tunnel-like passage through an enormous square tower. This tower is three stories in height, each story retreating, and is surmounted by a spire resting on open arches. It is lavishly adorned with gilding, and is terminated by the double-headed Russian eagle, holding a globe in its claws. Through this gate no one, not even the emperor himself, is allowed to pass with his head uncovered. To do so would be esteemed sacrilege, and tradition says that this custom dates from the time of the wooden walls of the old Kremlin. The greatest care is taken to prevent dogs from passing under this venerated archway.

It was by the Nicholas Gate that the French attempted to enter. Failing to do so, they determined to blow up the tower, against which hangs the picture of St. Nicholas. But for a long time they found it impossible to ignite the powder in their cannon. At length they made a fire of coals over the touch-hole, when the gun exploded, killing several of the artillerymen, but leaving the gate and picture uninjured. As the "plundering Gauls" retreated they acknowledged that a miracle had been wrought.

Within the Kremlin are thirty-two churches, with monasteries, palaces, public buildings and monuments. Of these the principal are the Cathedrals of the Assumption, of the Archangel Michael, of the Annunciation, and of the Redeemer in the Wood, the Miracle Monastery and Ascension Convent, the palace of Nicholas, the Arsenal, the Senate House and the Tower of Ivan the Terrible.

This last is the principal object noticed on emerging from the Redeemer's Gate. It is a massive, pure white, octagon-shaped tower, five stories in height, each story retreating from the one below, the whole surmounted by a gilt dome and a Greek cross three hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground. The many arches in the different stories disclose the sides of thirty-four immense bells, the largest of which weighs sixty tons. This in itself would be enough to apprise the traveller of the Muscovite passion for bells, were he not destined to be further astonished by the famous Great Bell, whose colossal proportions appear to his surprised eyes at the base of Ivan's Tower. Like an enormous bronze tent it seems, resting on the ground as it has done for years. A large piece has fallen from it, and lies beside it, leaving a door by which the tallest man can enter without bending his head. An idea of its dimensions may be gained from the fact that this monster bell has been used as a chapel, more than twenty persons being able to engage in divine service within it. It is the growth of centuries. It was cast first in 1553, when it weighed thirty-six thou-

sand pounds. After falling in a fire, it was recast in 1654, when its weight was increased to two-hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds. Again it fell in a fire, and in 1733, it was recast for the second time, when its weight was increased to four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds, and its thickness to two feet. It is majestic in outline and is adorned with pictures of the Emperor and Empress, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary and the Twelve Apostles.

Perhaps the fondness of the Russians for bells may be better understood when we learn that the bell to them is what the organ is to us—not a mere call to worship, but the principal voice of praise. So the beloved bells are tempered with abundance of silver and gold, and adorned with every conceivable beautiful device, and at sunset and Sabbath service, they pour out a swelling chorus of sweet notes, at the sound of which the devout engage in prayer, and the shoeless pilgrims on the plains without sink on their knees in gratitude that they have been permitted to hear the tones of thanksgiving arise from the Holy City.

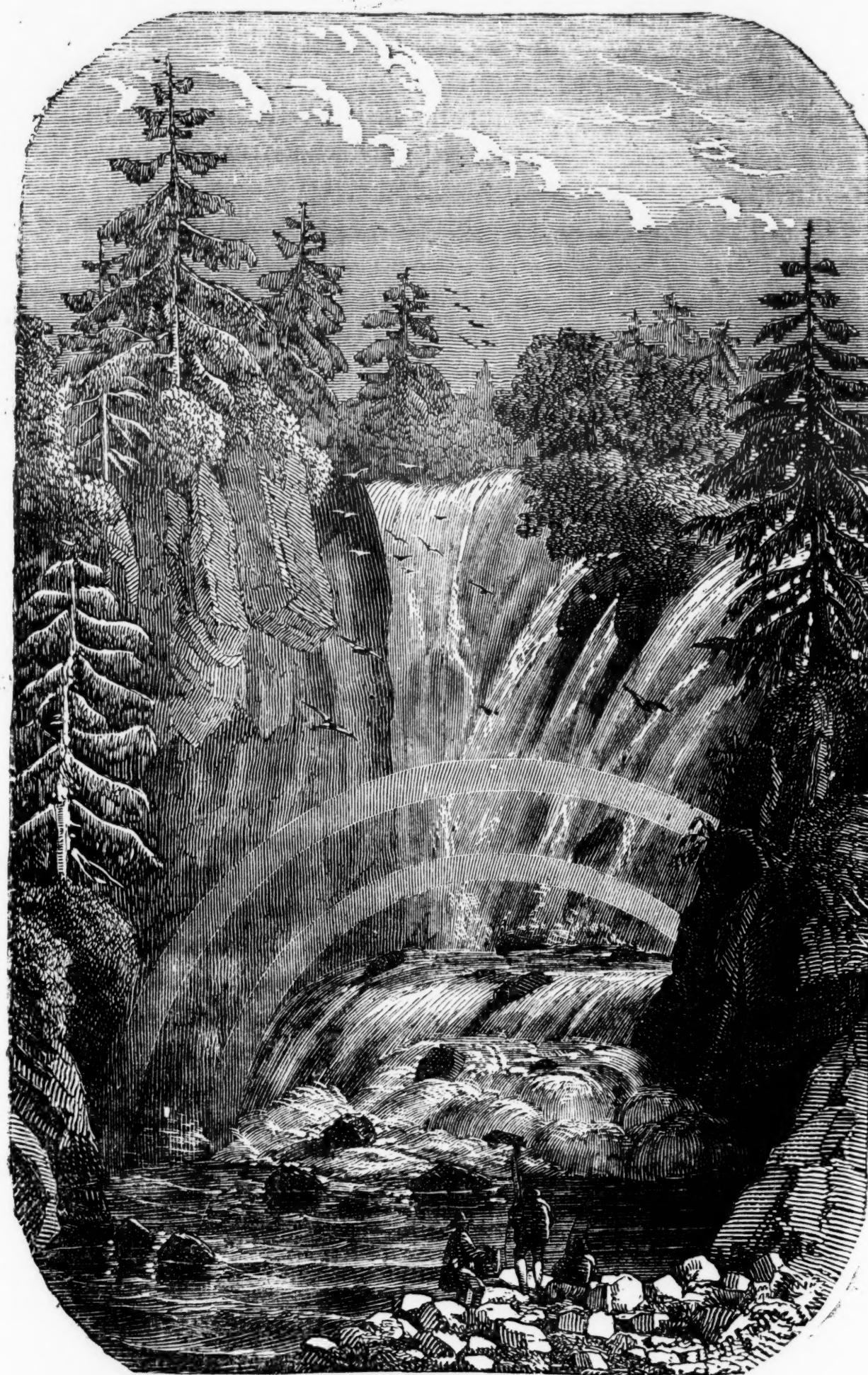
(To be concluded in our next.)

OUT OF THE WAY PLACES OF RESORT.

IN our little sketch of Knockninney, under the head of "Out of the way places of resort" in March, we omitted to mention one great point of interest at Lisbellaw, in County Fermanagh, viz., the Woollen Manufactory, which was established, originally, by the same benevolent gentleman we have already alluded to,—for the employment of the people of Lisbellaw,—it was begun on a small scale; but it has been attended with so successful a result that it has been found necessary to build a new manufactory, containing all the modern appliances of machinery to facilitate the work; it is interesting to watch the various stages through which the wool passes, from the time it leaves the sheep's back until the period when, having arrived at its perfected state, under the name of "Irish Frieze." It is eagerly sought for by those who have proved its goodness in bearing the hard wear of men, women and children's attire. The mill is situated in the midst of very picturesque scenery at the mouth of the ford, from which the town seems to have derived its name. According to Joyce, Lios-bel-atha was the ancient way of writing it, and means the 'lis' of the ford-mouth—'lis' means enclosure, and from the same authority we learn that in Pagan times it was the custom to erect high mounds of earth or entrenchments around their habitations, and history shows us that many of the early Saints followed the example of their pagan ancestors in this respect by surrounding their dwelling places with circular "lisses," as these entrenchments were called. We have wandered away from the mill, however, before doing so we should have said that it is under the management of a firm of Scotchmen, who appear justly to have earned the respect of the little colony amongst whom they dwell. It is quite refreshing to see the well-built and neatly-kept cottages which seem to have sprung up under their influ-

ence ; but here as elsewhere one sees the difference between the thrifty housewife and the unthrifty one, their respective husbands earning the same wages, and surrounded with similar advantages. In the case of the one the atmosphere of the little home is that of perpetual moral sunshine, the children radiant with health and cleanliness are sent to school where they are early taught their duty to God and each other ; in the other case the home is wretched, not a tidy corner to be seen, not a chair fit to sit upon until it is relieved from the various articles with which it is laden—a custom too frequently adopted in defiance of the good old-fashioned maxim of “a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.” Here all is dust, dirt and confusion, the wife complaining and discontented, the children miserable, cross and neglected, and nothing ready when the husband and bread winner comes in. Certainly the fault lies not in the cottage, but in the mistress of it, who has never tried the secret power of thrift.

In Summer, after the labours of the day are ended, the mill hands may be seen wending their way to the Lake (Lough Erne), of which they are justly proud, and stepping into the “cots,” as the large flat-bottomed boats are called, they row off to one of the islands, and have a chat with some of their friends—the islanders. We spoke in our last number of some of the beauties of Lough Erne ; perhaps it may interest a few of our readers to hear a little account of the origin of this lake. According to Grialdus Cambrensis, “This part of Ireland was formerly inhabited by a race of people who became so wicked and incorrigible, that the ‘Judge of the earth’ decided that a land so defiled should be covered with a flood, and this, according to the above-named historian, is the way in which His vengeance was executed. ‘A certain well lay in one of its central valleys, concerning which there was a prophetical decree that if at any time it was left uncovered the waters would overflow and drown the whole district, so of course a good, strong lid was attached to it, not omitting a hoop and padlock ; however, it so happened that one day a woman came to the well to draw water, and just as she had filled the vessel she heard her child cry at a distance, and fearing it might be attacked by a wolf she ran towards the place from which the sound came, and forgot to close the well. Out rushed the waters of destiny in overwhelming tides, that not only the woman and child, but all the people and cattle in the district were drowned.’” So much for the tradition attached to the origin of Lough Erne and its curse ; but S. Columbkill took the curse off, not that it was granted him to disperse the waters by his especial blessing and prayers, but he obtained for it a peculiar fecundity of fish ; and the salmon, according to the legend of the salmon leap at Beleek, to which we alluded to last month, is likewise indebted to S. Columbkill, for it seems that “seeing the salmon tiring themselves in trying to bounce up the Falls of Beleek he frayed away many feet of the precipice down which the water rolls, and from that day the salmon found, what was before cruelly laborious, now a very pleasant exercise for their fins and tails.” Before our next paper we hope to visit other “out-of-the-way places,” and on our way may cull such fragments of history or tradition concerning them as may amuse or interest our friends at home.



NATURE'S MUSIC.

The mountain's torrent, and the rill
 That bubbles o'er its pebbly bed,
 Make music which can soothe and still
 The aching heart and weary head ;
 For Nature's simple minstrelsy
 Proffers a thousand charms for me.

The ruthless gale that Autumn brings,
 The lisplings of the Summer breeze,
 And Winter's wildest murmurings,
 Have each a sovereign power to
 please,

And minister untold delight
 To fancy in her vagrant flight.
 When midnight tempests loudly ring,
 And from their crazy thrones on
 high,
 Around the moon's faint glimmering,
 The stars are watching trem-
 blingly,—
 A calm amidst the storm I find,
 And quiet in the wailing wind.

BIBLE LYRICS.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS LITTLE ONES.

VICTOR HUGO, who has written so many beautiful books for France, has two little grandchildren, Jeanne and Georges, who hear his stories from his own lips. The little boy, when he is ill, will not go to sleep unless his grandfather sits beside his bed and talks to him. The child who is sick or in pain is always his pet, and the deep tones of his voice soften, and his eyes shine with the tenderest love when he speaks of his "little ones."

When the terrible siege of Paris was going on, a foreign army at the gates, and famine and tumults within, the little Jeanne was ill, and, they supposed, dying ; but she is now rosy and well. Her grandfather wrote some exquisite lines to her, which were translated, I think, by Miss Hooper.

In his book called "Ninety-three," Victor Hugo beautifully describes the little children in the midst of a great war, doubtless inspired by the innocent sweetness and pretty sayings of his own grandchildren. As a touching contrast to the horrors of battle, he tells of some little ones who have heard the cannon for the first time. One rosy little creature sits up in her crib, and putting her dimpled hand to her lips, tries to mimic the unusual noise, "*Boom, boom.*" So these infant souls, "always in the presence of a Heavenly Father," live in a spiritual atmosphere of play and delight, and no idea of harm or evil enters to disturb them.

Among the children in Victor Hugo's books, there is a sketch of one little boy which shows his keen interest and deep tenderness wherever a child's life is concerned. It was a little street-boy—a *gamin*—from Paris, called Gavroche. This little fellow had no father or mother to shield him from privation ; he slept upon boxes and doorsteps, he learned only what he could catch from others here and there, and often went dinnerless and supperless. But the unfailing merriment of the child's heart is unclouded, making ever

"Sunshine in a shady place."

Little Gavroche sang like a bird, and mixed together in his *repertoire* all the gay tunes he heard on the streets, and the chirping and the whistling of the birds in the gardens. Victor Hugo paints exquisitely the innate freshness of the little heart under its dirty exterior. The ragged clothes, the pert answers, the slang and the profane words, do not keep the child from love of the laburnum flowers blooming over the high wall, or make him careless or selfish to two other children—mites of humanity—smaller and weaker than he is, whom he calls "My children," with a comic air of patronage, and with whom he shares his dinner and his bed.

Around this childish life the tumults and clamours of revolutionary Paris darken and increase ; the troops have fired on the people, the streets were blocked with barricades and unsafe with flying missiles. In the midst of it was Gavroche, singing and chirping with a young voice as clear as a silver bugle. He was not afraid ; he wanted a gun, poor little fellow, to help the people. After awhile the cartridges were exhausted behind the barricade, and the daring child sprung lightly into

the street where the smoke is scarcely cleared away from the last volley, to get the cartridges from the cartridge-boxes of the dead soldiers. He was seen by the soldiers, and another volley clouded the air; but above all rang the singing of the sweet, clear voice as the wind blew back the hair from his childish brow. Another shot and another; then the voice was hushed. "This time he lay with his face on the pavement, and did not stir again. This *little great soul* had fled away."

Equally as touching, though less dramatic, is Victor Hugo's story of the little girl, Cosette, with her unkind mistress, who will not allow her even to touch the doll which her own daughter plays with and caresses. The affection of the child for the doll is so earnest, and even reverent, in its fear of injury, and its yearning after some weaker thing that may be petted and protected, is so strongly drawn, that one recognizes in every word the heart of a great artist, who sympathizes with every living creature's delight and pain. Nothing could be more vivid than the description of the little girl sent to the spring at night for water, and passing through the shadowy woods, which seem all alive and astir with crackling twigs, and rustling leaves, and swaying boughs, and all the soft, mysterious noises of insect life that become so distinct in the stillness and darkness. The whole forest seems to palpitate with life, and vague, moving shadows appear to hover on the outskirts of the darker recesses of the thickets.

It is a very striking trait in our modern literature that our greatest minds delight so thoroughly in the descriptions of child-life, and enter so vividly into their ignorance, and wonder, and surprised delight. The circle of human thought grows fuller and tenderer as it includes the little ones, who in their innocence are so near Heaven. We see that French literature is not altogether sensational or superficial, while it contains such fresh and idyllic sketches; and to one who knows Victor Hugo's history and home, behind these children, who are creations of his intellect and imagination, the real and familiar faces of little Georges and Jeanne appear. Companionship with them, and the continual care for their amusements and entertainment, must have endowed the sympathetic mind of the great author with a most subtle and quick insight into the nature and heart of childhood everywhere for "love is ever the beginning of wisdom, as fire is of light."

E. F. MOSBY.

A PROFESSIONAL WAKER-UP OF SLEEPY CHURCH-GOERS.

THE practice of entrusting to a beadle, or some other official, the duty of awakening sleepy members of a congregation seems to have prevailed in America more than two centuries ago. In 1646 the Rev. Dr. Samuel Whiting was minister of Lynn, Massachusetts. One Obadiah Turner kept a journal at that time, the following extract from which is published by the *Springfield Republican*:—"1646, June ye 3rd. Allen Brydges hath bin chose to wake ye sleepers in meeting, and being much proud of his place must needs have a fox taile fixed to the

end of a long staff wherewith he may brush the faces of them yt wil have naps in time of discourse ; likewise a sharp thorne to prick such as be most sounde. On ye last Lord his day, as he strutted about ye meeting house, he did spy Mr. Tomkins sleeping with much comfort, his head kept steadie by being in ye corner, and his hand grasping ye rail. And soe Allen did quickly thrust his staff behind Dame Ballard, to give him a grievous prick upon ye hand. Whereupon Mr. Tomkins did spring up much above ye floor, and with terrible force strike his hand against ye wall, and also to ye great wonder of all prophainlie exclaim in a loud voice, "Cuss the woodchuck !" he dreaming, as it seemed, yt a woodchuck had seized and bit his hand. But on comeing to know where he was, and ye great scandall he had committed, he seemed much abashed, but did not speake. And I think he will not soone againe go to sleep in meeting: Ye women may sometimes sleep and none know it by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whiting doth pleasantly say yt from the pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw with men jotting here and there among them."

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

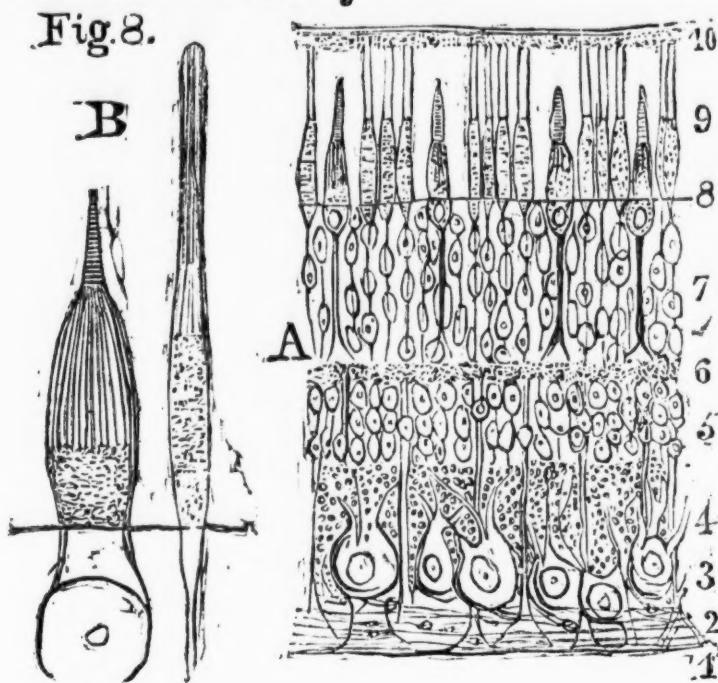
THE EYE.—No. 5.

WE have now only the retina to consider and our examination of the eye is complete. Then we shall be in a position to understand its workings.

If you refer back to fig. 1, you will notice the retina spreading like a thin skin over the back of the eye just inside the sclerotic and choroid. We said in a former chapter that it was nothing more or less than the optic nerve flattened and spread out into a kind of dome, so as to receive the rays of light on its surface. It is unquestionably by far the most important part of the eye; indeed, I might say with truth that it and the optic nerve are the only parts necessary for vision, all the other parts being merely accessory to it. The sclerotic keeps the domelike shape of the retina and protects it—the choroid forms a bed of warm bloodvessels to nourish it—the vitreous and aqueous humours merely fill up the interior of the globe—the lens concentrates and arranges the rays of light, so that they may come to a focus on its surface—the iris regulates the amount of light, while the cornea closes up the dome and keeps the fluids in. So you see that if it were possible, a man could see perfectly if he had the whole of the eye removed excepting the optic nerve and retina, by merely holding a lens in front of it, provided, of course, that the retina could be made to retain its shape, and at the same time be nourished with blood. Unfortunately human skill entirely fails in supplying these two requisites; so that, as you will see in a future number, a person may often become nearly blind, notwithstanding that his optic nerve and retina are healthy; and you know well that it is owing to the inability of surgeons to alter the shape of the eye in the least that nearly everyone at some period of their lives is obliged to wear glasses, while if the blood supply is interfered with,

in nine cases out of ten he will become quite blind, however healthy the rest of the eye is.

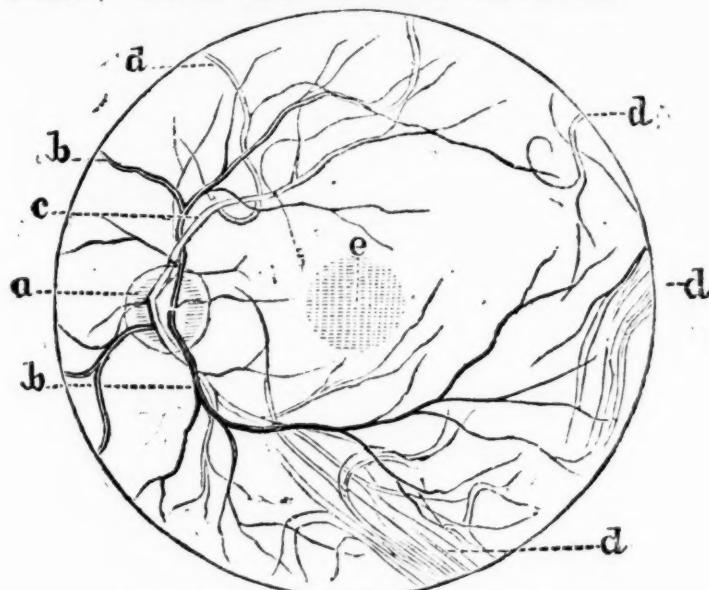
Fig. 8.



A. Highly magnified view of the layers of the Retina.

1. Internal Membrane.
2. Layer of Optic Nerve Fibres.
3. Layer of Ganglion Cells.
4. Layer of Molecules.
5. Layer of Nuclei.
6. Outer Layer of Molecules.
7. Outer Layer of Nuclei.
8. External Membrane.
9. Layer of Rods and Cones.
10. Layer next the Choroid.

B. A Rod and a Cone very highly magnified. From the Author's collection.



G.L.J.Delt Fig. 7.

View of the back of the eye as seen through the ophthalmoscope. Magnified 4 times. Drawn from Nature by the Author.

- a. Optic Nerve.
- b. Arteries of the Retina.
- c. Veins of the Retina.
- d. Veins of the Choroid.
- e. Position of the Yellow Spot.

tion of the retina or choroid of a patient's eye. Now the retina, in health, is perfectly transparent, so that you can see nothing of it at all—I say *in health*, because if diseased it often gets more or less opaque, or so altered that it can readily be seen.

But what, you may say, can you see in a healthy eye, if you see nothing of the retina except in disease—you can see a great deal. In

The retina, then, is a thin skin of wonderfully complicated nerve fibres, cells, bloodvessels, and tissue. Fig. 8 gives a very good view of this membrane magnified about 450 times. Although in the Fig. it appears magnified to a couple of inches thick, in reality it is only about twice as thick as the paper you are reading.

Fig. 7 shows the appearance of the retina when seen in a living person's eye by means of the ophthalmoscope. This is merely a small round mirror having a minute hole in the centre which the observer looks through, so that by reflecting the light of a candle with the mirror into the patient's eye, he can see the whole of the inside and back part lighted up. The reason for having the hole in the middle of the mirror is, that if you reflect the light of a candle into an eye, it is impossible to see the back of the eye illuminated unless your own eye is placed in the path of the rays which go into or come out of the eye. Now the rays which go into the eye follow the same course that the rays which come out from it do, hence the only way in which you can contrive to see those rays without obstructing the light from entering the eye (as you would do if you look with your own eye in front of the mirror), is to place your eye immediately behind the mirror, which has a hole made in it to look through. This is the instrument, in its simplest form, that every oculist in the world uses when he wants to see the condition of the retina or choroid of a patient's eye.

the first place the blood vessels of the choroid are not transparent, and these are so numerous that they give the back of the eye a bright, dazzling, orange-red appearance. Some of them may be seen curled up in curious shapes (Fig. 7. d. d.). Again the optic nerve itself is not transparent, and it looks like a pink disc (Fig. 7a). Then the retinal vessels, both arteries and veins, are necessarily opaque (being full of red blood) and they can be seen even more distinctly than those of the choroid (for the simple reason that they are nearer the inside surface than those of the choroid, which you will see if you look at Fig. 1 that they must be. The arteries you can tell by their having a white stripe down the middle (b). The veins run close beside the arteries (c). Lastly, you will see the yellow spot—I ought rather to say you will not see it—I don't know why anatomists called it yellow, for as far as I can make out it is indistinguishable from the rest of the eye, except by the microscope. It is often visible when it is diseased, or when one of the little bloodvessels burst close to it as they sometimes do. I have shaded it (e) in the drawing to show you where it ought to be rather than as it actually appears. Now although, as I said, we cannot readily see it is the only part of our eyes that we can see *perfectly* with. We can see with the rest of the eye as far as ordinary objects are concerned, but if we want to see fine print, we cannot read it unless our yellow spot is perfectly healthy, and what is more remarkable is that although a great many animals have eyes in nearly all other particulars like ours, it is in only two or three species that any yellow spots exist. Hence it would be impossible to teach a parrot to read, however well he might talk, because he could not "see his letters" correctly. You must take care of these pictures, as we shall want to refer to them again in our next chapter.

G. L. J.

A MISSIONARY DOG.

AT a missionary meeting at a place in Cheshire, among the names of those who had collected for the good cause was "Master Jowler," and the sum he had collected was £1 13s. A stranger who was present inquired who Master Jowler was, and found he was a small white bull terrier belonging to a person in that place, and that for several years he had been collecting annually for missions. *How* he was taught to do it I cannot tell you; but this is the way he manages,—he has a basket given him with a slit in the cover; this he takes in his mouth; and his knock and bark are well known by the people in the village. As soon as the door is opened Jowler gives a bark and wags his tail, and the people say there is no getting rid of the dog until some sort of money is put into his basket. So he certainly feels an interest in his work, though he is not conscious of the end for which he labours, and he was not likely (if present) to be puffed up by the loud clapping and cheers that were given him by the meeting.

Now, dear reader, I think that "Master Jowler" sets us a very good example, and I am sure whoever took the pains to teach him to be so clever will feel quite repaid, if you who may read this are roused to do what you can to help the Missionary Society. E. A. E.

PILGRIM, REST AWHILE.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. PETTIBONE.

1. Lord, the way is cold and dreary, Scarce a beam of light I see;
 Let me plead thy gracious promise, Let me find re - pose in thee.
 Faint beneath my heavy bur-den, Cheer me with thy ten-der smile;
 I am wea-ry, O my Fa-ther, Let the pilgrim rest a while.

2. Shield me till the night is over,
 And the gathering storm is past,
 Till the morning sun arising,
 Fills my soul with joy at last.
 Shining through my tears of sorrow,
 Let me view thy loving smile;
 Lead me to thy cross, my Father,
 Let the pilgrim rest awhile.

3. Thou canst turn my grief to gladness;
 Thou canst make the desert bloom;
 Thou canst light the gloomy portals
 Of the dark and silent tomb.
 May I rest with thee forever,
 When the toils of life are o'er;
 From the spring of joy eternal
 May I drink and thirst no more.

MAY DAY.

“Welcome ever radiant May,
 Lovely in thy bright array,
 Flowers bespangled—dew besprent,
 Youth and peerless beauty blent,
 Gentlest tenderness benign,
 Glowing, living charms are thine;
 All Creation owns thy sway,
 Welcome ever radiant May.”

Ring the joy bells, raise the song,
 Welcome leaps from every tongue,
 Children, shout! for May day hours
 Weave your garlandry of flowers;
 Sing, O birds! in chorus sing,
 Keep the Carnival of Spring
 Fleecy cloud, and sunny ray,
 Welcome ever radiant May.”

WHAT ABOUT JOHN BROWN.

Who is John Brown, and what are the allusions to him ? for when he passed down Parliament Street, the crowd recognised him beyond others in the Queen's retinue ? "People have a very mistaken notion about John Brown," replied Miss Ken. "He is really a superior personage, and one who ought to be respected. The Queen's regard for him may be termed maudlin, if you like, but the affection for a deceased husband, whether by sovereign or by subjects, ought to be respected, and the regard the Queen entertains for John Brown is based upon the friendship Prince Albert showed to this individual. There is a romance connected with his history which is not generally known. The Queen purchased an estate in Scotland—Balmoral ; one of the first gillies recommended to Her Majesty was John Brown. Be it understood that 'gilly,' in Scotland, means a man who can act as guide over mountain heights or through deep forests, can direct to places of interest, or show where sport is to be found. Perhaps John Brown would never have had a prominent position had it not been from a mere accident of a falling branch from a tree, which was descending upon the head of the Queen, attracting the gilly's attention, who warned Her Majesty in time for escape. This gilly—John Brown—was promoted. Prince Albert found he was an educated man, could speak German, was a good draughtsman, a man of mind. He became a great favourite of the late Prince Consort. When the Queen visited Balmoral he attended His Royal Highness in all his excursions in the Highlands, pointing out the finest places for sketching landscapes, &c. Then came the sudden death of the Prince, and the inconsolable Royal widow made an early visit to Balmoral. She sought out John Brown, and asked him to walk over the ground that her husband last visited ; she sat on the seat where Prince Albert made his last sketch ; she heard with quivering heart the observations he had made ; she viewed the scenery which had attracted his special attention ; and over and over again she asked John Brown to relate to her additional incidents in the life of Prince Albert. It was the love of a woman for her lost husband that prompted the Queen to make a confidant of John Brown. She exalted the man and made him her chief servant ; he attends her wherever she goes, opens the carriage door for her, and with cap in hand, and dressed in Highland costume, he is ever near to see Her Majesty safe in her carriage. He is a grey-headed man now, but still the stalwart Scotchman, intent upon his duties, and endeavouring with patriotic zeal to fulfil them properly. Such is John Brown, and people who do not know his history make comments that are neither just nor honourable."—*Table Talk in the Family Dress-maker.*

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

A FEW days before Mahomet's death he went up into the pulpit and said, "If I have wronged any man, let him now speak ; if I owe aught, let it now be told : better now than at the judgment." A man cried out that he owed him three drachms. They were paid, and with

thanks. The angel of death found him reclining on the ground. Mahomet lifted his eyes to heaven, and, as a man truly hoping after his own paradise, uttered in broken sentences these words, and fell asleep : "Oh, Allak !—pardon my sins—yes—I come—among my fellow citizens on high."

LOUIS XV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best-bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the King. He then asked Lord Stair to take an airing with him, and as soon as the door of the coach was opened bade him pass and go in. Lord Stair bowed and obeyed. The King said, "The world is right in the character it gives; another person would have troubled me with ceremony." Ill breeding and elaborate ceremony too often go hand in hand.

PETER HEIN, a Dutchman, from a cabin-boy, rose to the rank of an admiral. He was killed in an action at the moment his fleet triumphed over that of the Spaniards. A deputation waited upon his mother at Delft to condole with her on the loss of her son. This simple old woman, who had still remained in her original obscurity, thus answered the deputies :—"I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was. He loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly."

A worthy clergyman, about to preach on the text of the Samaritan woman, after reading it, said, "Do not wonder, my friends, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."

A king of France, on one occasion, returned the bow of a chimney-sweeper; a courtier, astonished at the condescension, and doubtless imagining it had proceeded from inadvertence, asked his Majesty if he was aware to whom he had bowed. "Yes," replied the king, "do you think I would be outdone in politeness by a chimney-sweeper."

A countryman, who had occasion to provide himself with a pair of new shoes, took the measure of his foot to a nicety, intending to send a boy to the shoemaker's, about three miles distant to fetch him the shoes. Something, however, occurred to prevent the boy from going, and the man resolved to go himself. He accordingly set off for the shoemaker's, and was about half-way on the road when he suddenly stopped short, scratched his head, and muttered to himself, "Confound it ! I've forgot the measure." Back he went to procure it, and then proceeded to his original destination, where he learned with astonishment from the man of awls that his foot would answer better than the measure.

A traveller, passing over a miserable road, a wheel of his carriage stuck fast in a deep rut. He laboured with all his might to extricate it, but in vain. Presently one passing said to him, "You are in an awkward position, sir ; pray how did the accident happen ?" Another came up, "Dear ! dear ! what is the matter ? Well, what a good thing your neck was not broken ! But this road ought to be indicted ; there are continual accidents of one kind or another." A third addressed him, "I'm really sorry to see you so much heated and fatigued, sir ; I fear, too, your horse and carriage are injured ; I am very sorry." "Come, then," replied the unfortunate traveller, "if you really are

sorry, be so good as to put a shoulder to the wheel; a grain of help is worth a bushel of pity."

Honest old Isaak Walton relates that he knew a man who had health and riches, and several houses, all beautifully furnished, and would be frequently troubling himself and his family to remove from one of them to the other. On being asked by a friend why he removed from house to house so much, he replied that it was in order to find content in some of them. But his friend, knowing his temper, told him that "if he did not find content in any of his houses he must leave himself behind, for content can never dwell but with a meek and quiet spirit."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

DROWNING A FISH.—The ravenous nature and great strength of the shark are well known, yet the divers in the East Indian pearl fisheries think little of entering the lists against him, armed with a strong piece of wood sharpened at both ends. Awaiting the opening of his enormous mouth, they thrust in their arm, holding the wood perpendicularly, and his mouth being thus kept extended, he drowns.—"Manuscript Journal of a Voyage of Discovery."

THE SUNDAY STONE.—In an Oxford museum may be seen a strange stone. It is composed of carbonate of lime, and was taken from a pipe which carries off drain water in a colliery. The stone consists of alternate layers of black and white, so that it

has a striped appearance. This was caused in the following way:—When the miners were at work the water which ran through the pipe contained a good deal of coal dust, and so left a black deposit in the pipe. But when no work was going on—as, for instance in the night—the water was clear, and so a white layer was formed. In time these deposits quite filled the pipe, and so it was taken up. Then it was found that the black and white layers formed quite a calendar. Small streaks alternately black and white, show a week, and then came a white streak of twice the usual size. This was Sunday, during which there was, of course, no work for twenty-four hours. For this reason it was called the Sunday Stone.—"Christian Herald."

To hold book-knowledge, as we have it to-day, in contempt, is as absurd as it would be for a man to avail himself only of his own eyes and ears, and to aim at nothing which could not be performed exclusively by his own arms; for that experience, which in exclusion of all other knowledge has been derived from one man's life, is in the present day scarcely worthy of the name—at least for those who are to act in the higher and wider spheres of duty.—
SIR ALEXANDER BALL.

EDITOR'S REMARKS ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

"*The Wonders of Redeeming Grace; the life of John Woolridge;*" by Rev. John Hammond. A most remarkable life, well worth reading. Very prettily bound, and has a portrait of the Evangelist.

"*Can Nothing be Done; the Story of Robert Raikes;*" by Rev. Charles Bullock, *Home Words* Publishing Office. This is a history of Christian effort, and a very interesting account of Robert Raikes, who first started Sunday Schools. A very interesting book.



THE CHILDRENS' PRAYERS.

I look on the silent meadows
Of night, where the gold drops lie,

| The daisied meadows of darkness
That blossom against the sky;

And I think of the weary pilgrims
 Whose battles are fought and won,
 Who went through the daisied
 meadows
 To rest, when the day was done.
 Long, long have their feet been
 walking
 The rough and the stony roads ;
 Long, long have they borne with
 patience
 Life's sorrowful, heavy loads ;
 But now it is done forever !
 And up in the mansions blest,
 Far over the shining meadows,
 I know they are safe at rest !
 What messages went to heaven
 From ways which they humbly
 trod !
 Will prayers of such holy incense
 Rise ever again to God ?

Then I think of the little children
 Who kneel at the evening prayer—
 The thousands of pure, white faces,
 The thousands of spirits fair—

All over the world's wide darkness !
 What beautiful things they say !
 They know He will keep them truly
 In answer to what they pray !

And sweet are their baby murmurs,
 Then sweet is their sinless sleep—
 O God ! in our troubled spirits
 Plant confidence half so deep !

For who, in the silent moments,
 When death is abroad to slay,
 May know but the power which stays
 him
 Is prayers which the children pray ?

ROSE GERANIUM.

SAVED AS BY FIRE !

OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.

By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER X.—THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

John and Pegg walked rapidly away from the house. It was a calm, still night—a night when the silent stars shining so peacefully in the blue depths of heaven, speak to the heart that can understand their voiceless language, of those eternal realities which surround our little lives like a sea.

How often has this calm and changeless midnight sky strengthened the wearied sons of men by its soothing power, reminding them that although mists and storm clouds obscure its light for a season yet above and beyond them all, it still remains unchanged and unchangeable, beautiful as when fresh from the hand of God, a fit emblem of the eternal goodness and power which is ever above and around us although we may see and feel it not.

It was with thoughts, something like these, but very dimly perceived in the one case at least, that the two men pursued their way. Both had been, in a measure, subdued by the scenes through which they had just passed and this circumstance together with the quietude and beauty of the night rendered them more reflective than usual.

Presently, however, these feelings wore off and Pegg broke the silence by questioning John more closely than he had yet done about his child's illness. This trouble seemed completely to have upset him and he appeared as helpless as an infant.

John answered his questions as well as he was able, although he found it somewhat difficult to say "how she had caught the fever (if indeed it should prove to be such), how long she was likely to be ill, and what were the best remedies." There was one point however on which John

could give him advice. Keep your windows open Pegg, said he, never be afraid of fresh air; there is nothing fosters diseases so much as the close and impure atmosphere of a living room, the windows of which are constantly kept shut.

This was quite a new idea to Pegg, and after John had explained the difference between producing a draught and simply purifying the air of a room he lapsed into a thoughtful silence.

It was an extraordinary thing for the Peggs to have a window open in their house; unless the weather were very sultry they always kept them religiously closed, thinking in this way, I suppose to avoid cold.

This appears to be an invariable rule with the class of people to which they belong. They seem to regard fresh air with a most righteous horror and to shrink from it as from pain itself. Why this should be so is a mystery unless it is that ignorance in the cause. Perhaps in that golden age to which it is sometimes said our world is tending the ideas of ministers and teachers will broaden, and one of the results will be a dissemination of the truth concerning God's gospel for the body as well as God's gospel for the soul.

After a short time John said again:—

“The wisest course for you now to pursue will be to follow the doctor's instructions implicitly and trust to God for the rest.”

“Ah!” said Pegg gravely, “that beats me, that does. How do you trust in God?”

“Believe that He is ordering all your affairs wisely, and then act every day as though you felt He knew what you were doing.”

“How can I believe He has ordered my affairs wisely when my little girl is so ill?”

“My good friend” answered John in a tone of remonstrance, “how can you tell what is wise when you cannot see the effects of it. Moreover it is quite possible you have not kept His laws of health. If the drains of your house are not in good order and you will have impure air in your room, you must not be surprised if you have ill health in your family. God rules the universe by rigid laws which we break at our peril, and we must not expect Him to be constantly working miracles to save us from the consequences of our misdeeds. We have to “cease to do evil and learn to do well” in physical as well as spiritual and moral matters!”

“Well I don't know about that,” grumbled Pegg. “I only know it's a great trouble that she should be ill. The fact is, I don't believe in God at all. I believe everything is fated, that's what I believe. Oh! I've seen it often, he continued, shaking his head dogmatically and preventing John from speaking; things are fated I tell you. I've seen it often. Why, when Johnny Tomkins fell down the lift at our place and smashed himself to pieces and left a wife and four children quite helpless—what was that but fate. It could not have been a wise God to order a thing like that.”

“But, Pegg,” argued John, “as I said before you do not know the consequences. That event turned the whole current of their lives. What will come in the future for them must now be quite different from what would have been.”

“I don't see that it was a wise way of improving their position,”

persisted Pegg. "If there is a God who is so wise, surely He might have brought it about in a better way."

"You cannot tell that," answered John again, "why, if God exists at all, He must be possessed of infinite wisdom, and therefore, how could we pretend to criticise His acts or know what are the best ways of doing things? I remember reading the other night a poem in which my feelings towards God are well expressed.

—“But what am I?

An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.”

Such indeed are we compared with God.

Pegg vouchsafed no reply to this.

"The fact is, Pegg," continued John energetically "you have never seriously thought about the matter. You dimly perceive that if there is a God you must arouse yourself to take up some relationship to Him, and you do not want to do so. You are too lazy, and so you prefer to look at things as the results of a blind fate. Now I regard what you call blind fate as a loving and all powerful, and all wise God, who because He is my Creator rightfully demands my loving obedience and trust; think over this Pegg and tell me by and bye which is the most comforting view to take of life, to say nothing of which is the *truthful* view."

The conversation was here interrupted by their arrival at the doctor's house.

Pegg looked more thoughtful than John had ever before seen him as he placed his hand in his companion's and thanked him, and bade him "good night!"

Then he disappeared in the doctor's house, and John pursued his way alone, his mind fully occupied by thoughts of his late conversation.

At last he reached his own house and hastened to open the door. He felt now more light-hearted than he had done for some days, and he was counting upon the delayed meeting with his wife and pictured to himself how interested she would be in hearing all that had passed, and what a comfortable meal she would have prepared for him.

But as he crossed the threshold, a revulsion of feeling passed through him.

Why was this darkness? Why was there no loving greeting awaiting him? What horrible heart-sickness was this creeping over him as his baby's piteous lonely cry, echoing through the empty house, struck upon his ear?

He stopped for a moment, overcome with the suddenness of the change, and in that moment his busy mind pictured a thousand terrible scenes in the gloom around. But it was only for a moment. Then he walked manfully forward, carefully feeling his way at every step. Suddenly his foot struck a soft yielding object, and he shuddered. His instinct told him it was a human body. He paused trembling as though struck with a palsy. Then bracing his nerves, he stooped. It was a woman's dress that met his touch. Moving his hand he came to the face. Oh, merciful Father! it was his wife's, he knew it well, but what

was the moisture with which it was wet? A groan escaped his lips! For he knew that in this horrible darkness he was dabbling his fingers in his wife's blood.

Ha! ha! ha! jarred upon his ear from the doorway, like the mocking laughter of a fiend, and at the same moment his father, reckless with drink, lurched into the house, laughing and singing in maudlin mirth.

CHAPTER XI.—THE BILLOWS OF AFFLICTION.

THESE last sounds, however, aroused John to immediate action. Without effort his mind was at once in communication with the great Source of all strength. Truly it was a position which might well tax the strength and ingenuity of any man. Before him, in a dark and gloomy house his wife lay senseless and injured, he knew not how severely; his baby was crying for help, and his father, whom he looked upon as the cause of the disaster, was intensifying his troubles by his drunken frolics, and in his present state it was impossible to say what mischief he might not work.

Without pausing to think, however, he lovingly lifted his wife's apparently lifeless form from the ground, and bore her hurriedly upstairs to their bedroom and kindled a light. Then he hastened below, and when he reached the back room he found to his dismay that he had not arrived a moment too soon—for his father, guided by the child's cries, had taken it from the cradle and was trying to quiet it, by reeling about the room with it in his arms, and at the same time endeavouring to force brandy into its mouth from a bottle he had taken from his pocket. The child, frightened beyond measure at his grandfather's roughness, was crying lustily.

John snatched it hastily from his father's grasp, and pressing it to his breast with one arm, dashed the bottle from his father's hands, and seizing him by the coat-collar forced him upstairs. In his present excited and nervous state he seemed possessed of double strength.

The old man offered no resistance. At the first sight of his son his manner had changed, and John found but little difficulty in compelling him to enter the room he occupied. Pushing him inside he shut the door, and locked it, thus disposing of him for that night at least.

Placing the child on the bed beside his wife he proceeded to examine her condition, and found to his unspeakable relief that the heart was still beating, though feebly, and that the blood had ceased flowing. He discovered that it proceeded from various cuts in the face, and also from a deep gash on the forehead near the temple. Had this latter been half an inch more to the left it must have caused death!

As he bathed her face and hands with cold water and wiped the blood from the dear discoloured lips, he thought that verily here was another proof that no blind fate, but indeed a wise Providence, must have directed where that blow should fall.

But this thought only came like a lightning flash, for he was absorbed in the work of obtaining her recovery. Before long he was rewarded by seeing a gleam of returning consciousness. A heavy sigh burst from her lips, her eyes opened and shut convulsively, and a shudder passed through her frame. Then, after a minute, as though some painful memory had suddenly awakened within her, she started up and extend-

ing her hand, cried out excitedly, "Stop him! stop him! he's taking it away!" Her husband, unaware of what had taken place, felt a thrill of horror pass through him. What if the shock had been too severe, and she had lost her reason! He spoke to her soothing, endearing words. She turned at the sound of his voice, and recognising him at once threw her arms about his neck and wept freely. John did not restrain her. He hoped that this outburst of tears would relieve her feelings, and accelerate her recovery. And he was right; for after a time she raised her head, and putting her hand to her forehead, said feebly, "Oh! John, I am so glad you are here. Your father came this afternoon, and tried to take away the clock, and when I endeavoured to stop him, he pushed the glass shade into my face and threw me down." Then with a weary sigh her head drooped on to his breast, and she groaned with pain.

John saw it all now, and his heart was sore within him. He could have borne anything but this; that his wife, whom he loved far better than his life, should thus be compelled to suffer so severely because of his father's misconduct. Then, whispering words of comfort, he rushed out to procure the aid of a surgeon. He perceived her state was more serious than he had at first thought.

It was well that they returned quickly, for Bess had fainted again. The severe shock her system had sustained, combined with the extreme pain she suffered, sadly sapped her strength. Notwithstanding this, the maternal instinct was strong within her, and before she had become insensible she had gathered her baby to her bosom, and there he lay with his mother's unconscious arms about it, smiling in his sleep.

Under the doctor's skilful treatment, Bess soon revived, and then he carefully examined her wounds. A long time it seemed to John as he watched the doctor—a long weary time! The death-like pallor of his beloved wife's face rendered yet more ghastly by the dim candle light haunted him for days after. Yet the patience with which she bore her suffering endeared her to him (if possible) tenfold. He sat beside her, holding her hand, and comforting her as well as he could. Yet it was a weary time for ever present with him was the dreadful thought, "My father caused it." But it was over at last and the doctor departed, leaving words of guidance and encouragement behind him, and left John alone; and in very truth he felt alone. When his wife slept as she soon did, for the doctor gave her a sleeping draught, he laid himself on the bed beside her, but he could not rest. His mind was racked with many thoughts, many doubts, many fears. The billows of affliction rolled over him. Out of the depths he cried unto God "Help! help!" and no help seemed to come! Was it for this he had trusted God! Was it for this he had striven to do the right? What was right? Who was God? Where was God?

Ah! it is a fearful hour when the soul is shaken to its depths, and, in the darkness of despair, cries out for God, questioning whether there is a God to hear its cry!

Fearfully he battled for his faith in the darkness, and his mental agony far surpassed his wife's physical pain. And then there came gently stealing across his consciousness the thought of Christ on the

cross. How in that supremest hour of agony and distress—when, having spent His whole life in His Father's cause, it seemed as though His Father had forsaken Him in the very time of need, and His life-work momentarily appeared a failure, how in that hour, although His faith seemed to fail, for He cried, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”—yet He triumphed and rose again, and His work, so far from being a failure, became the greatest triumph in the universe. And John thought to himself, “This is the way the Master trod; shall not the servant tread it still? I will trust, even though I cannot trace.”

(*To be continued.*)

PLAIN WORDS FOR WOMEN.—HUMILITY.

THERE is something stirring and grand in the title “British Work-woman.” It is one which woman however high in earthly rank or exalted in intellectual power may be glad to claim as her own. It is a great thing to feel that the King has called you to be His servant, and that in your daily life you may, you can, work for Him.

Well, that must be borne in mind constantly. I mean the fact that the title is not an empty sounding one, but the true hearted woman feels that there *is* work to do, and work that can be done for God.

But one grand principle ought to be remembered and that is humility.

It is a most lovely Christian grace and every British Workwoman ought to possess it, if she desires to follow him “who humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.”

There is a charm about humility that commends itself to the eyes of all. It is not a mean, cringing servility, and it does not involve changing about to please everyone, that weakminded persons who have no settled principles lay themselves open to.

It is the humble teachable childlike spirit which looks up to God in all its weakness, and yet feels strong in the promised strength. It is the sure trust in His grace that will be sufficient day by day to help the soul in its onward course, it is the entire dependence on Him whose strength is “made perfect in weakness.” Humility will lead you to accept from God's hand whatever He should see right to send you. It may be joy or sorrow, it may be difficulty and trial and perplexing circumstances. Had you the choice in your own hands, you would have chosen otherwise, yet in all humility you can still thank God, remembering that He knows best.

Humility will lead you to watch carefully for the finding of the Holy Spirit rather than trust to your own judgment. You will then not settle your plans, make your arrangements and *then* pray about them, but you will pray first, that all your doings may be “ordered by His governance” and so you may be led to do in everything that which is righteous in His sight.

Humility will teach you to be charitable in your thoughts and words concerning others. When you see a fault in any one, instead of

ing her hand, cried out excitedly, "Stop him! stop him! he's taking it away!" Her husband, unaware of what had taken place, felt a thrill of horror pass through him. What if the shock had been too severe, and she had lost her reason! He spoke to her soothing, endearing words. She turned at the sound of his voice, and recognising him at once threw her arms about his neck and wept freely. John did not restrain her. He hoped that this outburst of tears would relieve her feelings, and accelerate her recovery. And he was right; for after a time she raised her head, and putting her hand to her forehead, said feebly, "Oh! John, I am so glad you are here. Your father came this afternoon, and tried to take away the clock, and when I endeavoured to stop him, he pushed the glass shade into my face and threw me down." Then with a weary sigh her head drooped on to his breast, and she groaned with pain.

John saw it all now, and his heart was sore within him. He could have borne anything but this; that his wife, whom he loved far better than his life, should thus be compelled to suffer so severely because of his father's misconduct. Then, whispering words of comfort, he rushed out to procure the aid of a surgeon. He perceived her state was more serious than he had at first thought.

It was well that they returned quickly, for Bess had fainted again. The severe shock her system had sustained, combined with the extreme pain she suffered, sadly sapped her strength. Notwithstanding this, the maternal instinct was strong within her, and before she had become insensible she had gathered her baby to her bosom, and there he lay with his mother's unconscious arms about it, smiling in his sleep.

Under the doctor's skilful treatment, Bess soon revived, and then he carefully examined her wounds. A long time it seemed to John as he watched the doctor—a long weary time! The death-like pallor of his beloved wife's face rendered yet more ghastly by the dim candle light haunted him for days after. Yet the patience with which she bore her suffering endeared her to him (if possible) tenfold. He sat beside her, holding her hand, and comforting her as well as he could. Yet it was a weary time for ever present with him was the dreadful thought, "My father caused it." But it was over at last and the doctor departed, leaving words of guidance and encouragement behind him, and left John alone; and in very truth he felt alone. When his wife slept as she soon did, for the doctor gave her a sleeping draught, he laid himself on the bed beside her, but he could not rest. His mind was racked with many thoughts, many doubts, many fears. The billows of affliction rolled over him. Out of the depths he cried unto God "Help! help!" and no help seemed to come! Was it for this he had trusted God! Was it for this he had striven to do the right? What was right? Who was God? Where was God?

Ah! it is a fearful hour when the soul is shaken to its depths, and, in the darkness of despair, cries out for God, questioning whether there is a God to hear its cry!

Fearfully he battled for his faith in the darkness, and his mental agony far surpassed his wife's physical pain. And then there came gently stealing across his consciousness the thought of Christ on the

cross. How in that supremest hour of agony and distress—when, having spent His whole life in His Father's cause, it seemed as though His Father had forsaken Him in the very time of need, and His life-work momentarily appeared a failure, how in that hour, although His faith seemed to fail, for He cried, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”—yet He triumphed and rose again, and His work, so far from being a failure, became the greatest triumph in the universe. And John thought to himself, “This is the way the Master trod; shall not the servant tread it still? I will trust, even though I cannot trace.”

(*To be continued.*)

PLAIN WORDS FOR WOMEN.—HUMILITY.

THERE is something stirring and grand in the title “British Work-woman.” It is one which woman however high in earthly rank or exalted in intellectual power may be glad to claim as her own. It is a great thing to feel that the King has called you to be His servant, and that in your daily life you may, you can, work for Him.

Well, that must be borne in mind constantly. I mean the fact that the title is not an empty sounding one, but the true hearted woman feels that there *is* work to do, and work that can be done for God.

But one grand principle ought to be remembered and that is humility.

It is a most lovely Christian grace and every British Workwoman ought to possess it, if she desires to follow him “who humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.”

There is a charm about humility that commends itself to the eyes of all. It is not a mean, cringing servility, and it does not involve changing about to please everyone, that weakminded persons who have no settled principles lay themselves open to.

It is the humble teachable childlike spirit which looks up to God in all its weakness, and yet feels strong in the promised strength. It is the sure trust in His grace that will be sufficient day by day to help the soul in its onward course, it is the entire dependence on Him whose strength is “made perfect in weakness.” Humility will lead you to accept from God's hand whatever He should see right to send you. It may be joy or sorrow, it may be difficulty and trial and perplexing circumstances. Had you the choice in your own hands, you would have chosen otherwise, yet in all humility you can still thank God, remembering that He knows best.

Humility will lead you to watch carefully for the finding of the Holy Spirit rather than trust to your own judgment. You will then not settle your plans, make your arrangements and *then* pray about them, but you will pray first, that all your doings may be “ordered by His governance” and so you may be led to do in everything that which is righteous in His sight.

Humility will teach you to be charitable in your thoughts and words concerning others. When you see a fault in any one, instead of

immediately priding yourself that *you* have never given way to that particular fault, you will temper your judgment with mercy, and search to see whether in the hidden depths of your own heart, there may not lurk fruits and sins as deadly as the one. You would otherwise have condemned, perchance the very same fault unknown to yourself until then! Humility will make you severe to yourself, lenient with others, and as you exercise that grace more and more you will grow in it until its sweetness will shed a fragrance over your lives.

Some one has said "The more humble we are the more kindly we shall talk, the more kindly we talk the more humble shall we grow." It is not always easy to be kind and gentle to others, and to keep humble when you have much to mortify you. There is something that rises up and asserts itself and makes you declare you will "hold your own."

"Hold your own" by all means, and if your principles are firm and sound don't let them be shaken, only ever remember humility is needful here as everywhere else. There is great comfort in the thought that God giveth grace to the humble, let that strengthen you whilst you keep ever stedfast in the paths of humility. The words of the writer I quoted just now again recur to me. With them I close these few lines:—

"O let us fall in love with sweet humility, let us keep ourselves low, and nestle in the thought of our own unworthiness: let us wonder God should bear with us at all, and so learn sweet manners to bear with the waywardness of others."

L. E. D.

"ONLY A JOKE."

IT was Christmas Eve, the especial night in every year when our indulgent parents permitted the young folks, as we were called, to invite as many friends suited to our age as we chose. Hugh, the eldest, aged twenty-five, myself (Jack), twenty-three, and Ida, a blooming girl of twenty, constituting the "we."

The festivity which was to take place on the evening of which I am speaking was a particular occasion, as within a few months Hugh was to take unto himself a wife, preparatory to sailing for India, where he had obtained a government appointment.

For days previously we had been occupied in giving directions and assisting in the preparations for the coming event, which was to be on a grander scale than it had ever been before.

Ah! what a running up and down stairs there had been, at least so said our poor dear mother, who lifted up her hands in dismay, and declared that we had turned the house and its contents topsy-turvy.

But at half-past five, on the 24th of December, when all arrangements were completed, and Hugh and I contemplated the results of our united labour, the aspect of the apartments well repaid us for our former trouble and the discomfort to which we all had been subjected during the temporary disorder.

The bright illuminations, on which were mottoes suited to the season; the red holly berries, ingeniously made up into rosettes; the glistening

ivy leaves, circling the chandeliers ; all combined to give the rooms a cheerful enlivening appearance.

But time was hastening on, so having examined every little detail to see that our most minute directions had been carried out, Hugh and I, arm-in-arm, ascended the wide old staircase to our respective bed-rooms, to make ourselves presentable before the arrival of our expected guests.

Having finished a rather elaborate toilet, I turned into Hugh's room, but found him, to my surprise, not nearly dressed.

A camelia, for a button-hole, was in a glass of water on the dressing table, while with the greatest precision he was striving to arrange in glossy curls his abundant dark hair. He was anything but a fop, as a rule, so I could not resist the temptation of giving him the benefit of a little banter.

"Why, Hugh!" I exclaimed, "whom do you expect to-night that is to fall a slave to your captivating beauty? My dear fellow, you will break all the young ladies' hearts, pray have pity."

He laughed as turning to me he said, "No good that, old boy, you forget that my heart has gone already. I'm no sport, you know, you're the mark, now."

"Oh! so all this immense preparation is for Effie's benefit ; she ought to feel flattered I'm sure," and so saying I left the room, whistling some popular air.

Having listlessly stalked through all the brilliantly lighted rooms, a welcome knock at the door announced a visitor ; so hastily going into the hall to receive whoever it might be, and giving a whistle for Hugh, I discovered that the early arrival was Effie Woodville, my brother's future bride, a pretty, piquant girl of eighteen.

"Halloo, Effie, so it is you, is it! What, come alone?"

"Yes, Jack, aunt is not very well, or else cross, and so would not bring me. I'm very early, I know, but that is auntie's fault, she would persist in ordering the carriage at six instead of seven o'clock, although I told her I should be the first."

"Never mind, all the better. But now I must call Ida to take you to her room. But, I say, how stunning you look!"

It was no wonder that I made this remark, for as the light of the hall lamp fell on her just uncloaked figure she certainly did look lovely. I'm no hand at descriptions of ladies' dresses, so I only know that it was all white glossy stuff, silk, I suppose, looped up with small crimson rose-buds, a breast-knot of the same, and a wreath of similar flowers on her fair brown hair.

She laughed lightly at my out-spoken compliment, and coquettishly holding up her finger, said,

"Hush! Jack, I must admonish you, for using slang in speaking to a lady. What would my esteemed aunt say if she had heard you?"

"Why, she would have said that I had no business to make you vainer than you already are, you pert little puss ; but here is Ida at last, and, dear me, no wonder she was so long dressing, for is she not got up regardless of expense? Oh! the pride and frivolity of the feminine sex."

"We do not mind him, Ida, do we," interposed Effie, "he is an impudent boy and does not know any better. Good-bye, sir, until I see you

again, and mind, you are to give me a dance this evening," and with a parting laugh she disappeared with my sister.

Left to my own devices, I went into the front drawing-room, and with my elbow leaning against the mantel-piece, was staring vacantly at the fire, when a tap at the low french window attracted my attention; on crossing the room and opening it, who should stand there, laughing heartily at the surprise depicted on my face, but Charlie Oaklands, a fine young officer, and my dearest friend.

"I've come betimes, haven't I Jack?" he said, stepping into the room, and giving me a sounding slap on my back, "and how are you old fellow?"

"Very jolly, thanks, but come near the fire, it's freezing cold outside, I should think."

"Rather," returned my friend, as he spread out his hands to warm before the blazing fire.

"Where's Hugh?"

"Oh! he is not finished dressing yet. I say. Charlie," I continued in a confidential whisper, "he's coming out regularly splendid, he'll quite eclipse you and me."

Charlie laughed, "For whose benefit, anybody in particular?"

"What a question, Oaklands, when you know that in three or four months he is to be married."

"Oh! to be sure, I ought to have remembered that, for since he has been an engaged man he has not been the same fellow, quite spoilt in fact."

"Now was this not too bad, Jack? Only a few days ago, when you were away in London, Will Browning and I met him on the High Road, so I asked him to come and dine with us at the Blue Dragon Hotel. (we expected four or five more just his stamp) He said he was very sorry but he had a previous engagement. And where do you think it was to. We found out afterwards; why to drink tea at Miss Grahamn's, his intended's maiden aunt, and to spend the evening spooning with his lady love; now you know, he might have done that at any time?"

I could not help smiling at the annoyance expressed on Charlie's usually good-humoured sunny countenance.

"He dances over there two or three times a week," I returned.

"Does he really? Well! he used to be one of the finest fellows going, with the exception of yourself, Jack; we used always try to get your brother to our little affairs, as he was the very life of the evening. But I heard him tell one of my comrades the other day, that he could not afford to go to those sort of things now, as necessarily he must give them in return, and he wanted all his spare cash for the future. What is she like, this Miss Woodville?"

"Oh! a nice girl, very pretty, but an awful little flirt, or rather she was; I think since she has been engaged to Hugh, she has turned over a new leaf."

"I say, Jack," exclaimed my friend, as though a sudden thought had struck him, "do you feel up to a lark this evening?"

(*To be Continued.*)



THE CAMEL.

A DERVISH was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

“You have lost a camel,” said he to the merchants.

“Indeed we have,” they replied.

“Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?” said the dervish.

“He was,” replied the merchants.

“Had he lost a front tooth?” said the dervish.

“He had,” rejoined the merchants.

“And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?”

“Most certainly he was,” they replied; “and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us to him.”

“My friends,” said the dervish, “I have never seen your camel, or ever heard of him but from you.”

“A pretty story, truly!” said the merchants; “but where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?”

“I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels,” repeated the dervish.

On this they seized him, and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court: “I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I

saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."—

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

THE EYE.—No. 6.

At first sight it would appear impossible to penetrate the intense blackness of the pupil, and see the choroid and retina illuminated inside. But that it can be done is evident, for in the last number we saw a picture of it just as I drew it from a living eye. I do not think it is worth your while to purchase an ophthalmoscope for that purpose, as it requires considerable skill and practice to be able to see the detail of the "fundus," as we call the back of the eye when lit up by the mirror. But I can give you a much readier method by which you will see not only the retinal vessels, but the yellow spot itself, which as I told you in our last paper, was not to be seen with the ophthalmoscope at all in a healthy eye.

Go into a dark room or passage, and taking a lighted candle hold it close to the side of your face, and move it somewhat quickly up and down, and from side to side, but do not bring the flame so far forward as to come right in front of the eye. As you do it fix your eye vacantly on the wall of the room, but not on anything in particular. Suddenly you will see a number of bluish or reddish purple veins appear in front of you about a foot off. Look at them. You can trace them and observe them branching out in all directions like the veins of a leaf. The field of veins looks as big round as a soup plate. Now in the very centre of the field of veins you will observe a peculiar mottled cuplike elevation—the size of a large pea,—looking for all the world like one of the large craters as seen in the moon through a telescope. Observe the shadows it casts, a large one outside and a smaller one inside the depression. Now observe a little on the *right* of the yellow spot (if you are looking at the image of your *right* eye) the vessels are no longer visible. That is the entrance of the optic nerve, in other words the optic disc." We cannot see it, but just outside it all round we can see the vessels becoming clearer.

The reason we see them is that the light of the candle being in front of the retinal vessels their shadows are cast on to the "seeing" part of the retina, which must, therefore, lie behind them, i.e., nearer the choroid, and the image of these shadows forms the picture which you see in the air in front of the eye.

It is a well acknowledged fact, though at first sight almost incredi-

ble, that the image of every object as seen in the eye is really upside down. You would at once say how can we see objects in their right position without standing on our heads? The only answer to this is that every object must be inverted the same way, so that although they are upside down they are all right relatively to each other. Now although an image is thrown into the retina it is only the vibrations of each ray of light, and not the picture that travels along the optic nerve fibres to the brain. And when these vibrations arrive at their seat in the brain they are mentally referred to their upright position. Mr. G. H. Lewes, a well-known physiologist, used to say that it was impossible for the retina to receive an image any more than a piece of window glass because it was transparent. But he forgot that the plate of a photographer is also equally transparent, and yet very soon receives an image when exposed to the light in a camera. And this leads me to talk about an absurd, but marvellously prevalent notion that the picture of the last thing seen in life can be seen in the eye when exposed after death. Indeed I read in one of the public papers only a few months ago of a police officer of some rank in Liverpool making use of this method to obtain the portrait of an unknown murderer. It is needless to add that he did not succeed in catching the slightest glimpse of the culprit's features, nor should I have ventured to have introduced such nonsense into these pages but for one fact which, though by no means allowing even the *possibility* of such a method, nevertheless, shows that there is just a slight basis of truth in the statement. When in the Laboratory of Heidelberg some two or three years ago Professor Kühne showed me some most interesting experiments referring to this point. In one of them a rabbit kept in a dark hutch for some twelve hours previously was placed on a table with its eyes bandaged with a black cloth. The room, a shed out of doors, had the roof purposely made very low; and nearly touching the table was a shaft like a square oblong box made of four planks knocked together with the small ends taken off, and opening above to the sky. The only light therefore which entered the room came down this square tube, which was about three feet long. At the bottom was a piece of frosted glass on which some broad black paper stripes were arranged in a very simple pattern. The animal was now held quite still with its eye immediately under the tube, and held open so that the instant the cloth was removed it was exposed to the full glare of the light streaming down the tube. It was exposed for about thirty seconds, and at a given signal the cloth was again thrown over its eyes, the tube shut up, and by the light of a sodium flame (i.e. a spirit flame with the circle soaked in common salt). The animal was quickly killed, its eye removed, cut in half across its axis, and the retina partly detached with a pair of fine tweezers, and lifted out of the eye and placed in a "fixing" solution of alum. This was kept in the dark, and next morning on removing the retina, which was like a cup in shape (as you would expect), a picture of the pattern placed on the plate glass was visible. Unfortunately, none of the details of the picture were to be seen, and the most that could be made out was a bleached pic-

ture of the bars of the pattern on the natural pink back ground of the retina. Unfortunately the picture could only be seen in the presence of the sodium light, for on exposing the retina to bright daylight the picture gradually faded away before our eyes, and in two or three minutes all was gone, nor could it be brought back again by any process, though it could originally be kept for any length of time in the dark without its fading. Still notwithstanding the exceedingly, imperfect picture formed, even under the most favourable conditions and with every possible precaution to insure success, yet the fact remains that a picture is formed, and if we have time I shall be able to show you in a future number how it may afford a clue as to the way in which colours are perceived by the eye.

G. L. J.

"REACH ME THY HAND."

W. H. DOANE.



Reach me thy hand my child,



Help - less and lone - ly; Thro' the drear and de - sert



wild, Tis I and I on - ly, Can



safe - ly con - duct thee, Can safe - ly con - duct thee.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS WITH THE CHILDREN.

NEHEMIAH.

I wish to talk to you about Nehemiah, what he was, and what he did.

In the 20th year of the reign of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, (surnamed Longimanus, his right hand being longer than his left) Nehemiah was at Shushan the palace, whither came his brother Hanani and some other Jews, and from them he learned the sad condition of his countrymen at Jerusalem, which city he had never seen, for he was born at Babylon, and at Babylon he had remained.

Jew and captive as he was, Nehemiah had yet the distinguished honour to be cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, and being thus in constant attendance on the king, he could often say a word on behalf of his brethren, for Nehemiah was himself no mean man, and his office made him still more influential.

Four months after his interview with Hanani and his companions, Nehemiah obtained a commission from the king to go to Jerusalem as governor, with authority to rebuild the walls, and to provide for the welfare of his people.

So to Jerusalem he went without any retinue, and after keeping in the strictest retirement for three days, those to whom he divulged his business, said, "Let us arise and build." Envious enemies opposed, but, strong in God, he scouted opposition. "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build." And in spite of all hostile attempts the city wall was rebuilt in about two months (fifty-two days is the figure in the text), much to the displeasure of the unfriendly. "They were much cast down in their own eyes, for they perceived that this work was wrought of our God."

Hard to bear must have been the troubles and hindrances Nehemiah encountered from his own people. There were the great men practising cruel exactions and oppressions. "Will ye even sell your brethren?" (this to

the nobles and the rulers.) "It is not good that ye do: ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God because of the reproach of the heathens our enemies? I likewise, and my brethren, and my servants, might exact money of them. Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their lands, their vineyards, their oliveyards, and their houses."

Thus did he show himself the people's friend. "The former governors that had been before me were chargeable unto the people, and had taken of them bread and wine, beside forty shekels of silver [some £1,800 sterling a year]; but so did not I, because of the fear of God. Yea, also I continued in the work of this wall, and all my servants were gathered thither unto the work. Moreover there were at my table an hundred and fifty of the Jews and rulers, beside those that came unto us from among the heathen that are about us. Now that which was prepared for me daily was one ox and six choice sheep; also fowls were prepared for me, and once in ten days store of all sorts of wine: yet for all this required not I the bread of the governor, because the bondage was heavy upon this people."

Having completed the building of the wall, it is supposed that Nehemiah returned to the Persian court for his word's sake ("It pleased the king to send me, and I set him a time,") and that he soon after came to Jerusalem again.

Nehemiah's first care on his return was to appoint officers over Jerusalem. One of them was his before-mentioned brother Hanani, and another was Hananiah, the ruler of the palace, of whom it is added, "For he was a faithful man, and feared God above many."

Nehemiah was governor twelve years, from the 20th to the 32nd year of Artaxerxes, which was from 444 to 432 B.C. These dates it may be easier to remember if we connect them with well known contemporaneous

events. We find censors at Rome instituted 443 B.C., while the Peloponnesian war occurred 431 B.C.; the former falling just within the beginning, the latter just outside the close of the twelve years referred to.

Nehemiah sought in various ways to excite the people to more zeal and interest in religion; as, for instance, by the reading and expounding of the law, by a grand celebration of the feast of tabernacles and the observance of a national fast, and by inducing the people to enter into a solemn covenant "to walk in God's law," especially by avoiding inter-marriages with the heathen, duly observing the sabbath, and contributing to the support of the temple.

We read, "Now the city was great and large, but the people were few therein, and the houses were not builded," so there was not much inducement to settle there; consequently "the people blessed all the men that willingly offered themselves to dwell at Jerusalem;" for how can a city with a handful of inhabitants flourish?

In addition to these volunteers, choice was made by lot of a tenth of the rural population, that they should dwell there. From this time the city became very populous, and continued so till it was destroyed by the Romans.

In the year 432 B.C., Nehemiah returned to Babylon. He afterwards went back to Jerusalem, and exerted himself to promote the further reformation of his countrymen, particularly by correcting abuses that had crept in during his absence. His whole administration probably lasted about thirty-six years.

It is written, "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence." Nehemiah exemplified this. "Should such a man as I flee."

And again it is written, "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil." This, too, Nehemiah exemplified. The governors before him had practised extortion, he tells us, "but so did not I, because of the fear of God."

THOMSON SHARP.

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

A French paper gives an incident that lately happened to a celebrated artist, who was extremely neglectful of his toilet. Leaving his study one day, and walking along the street rather absently, he heard a call from a female voice behind him.

"Here, my man," said a lady, beckoning to him, "can you carry a bundle a little way for me?"

The artist looked at the lady for a moment, saw that she was very handsome, and instead of explaining as he was about to do, he said, "Willingly, madam!" and followed her into a shop.

The bundle was large and heavy, but he lifted it with some effort upon his shoulder, and followed after the lady. She mounted at last to the second story of a house, with the tired porter close at her heels, and began to fumble in her pocket to find the money to pay him. As she did so,

the artist looked well at her face, and found it to be one of the most peculiar in its style of beauty, as well as one of the finest he had ever seen.

"Pardon me," he said, as she offered him the money; "I am not a porter; I am an artist, and instead of money will ask a favor of you—to allow me to make a copy of your face. The package was heavy, and the compliment you paid to my dress was not very gratifying; but I shall be well paid if I can send your portrait to the next exhibition of the Academy."

And so a great artist came by the original of one of the most exquisite pictures which his pencil has put upon canvas.

Napoleon, when travelling in Holland, after he had subdued it, visited the house of a peasant. The emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-

camp, when the following dialogue took place:

AIDE-DE-CAMP.—Here comes the emperor (addressing himself to the Dutchman).

PEASANT.—What's that to me?

NAPOLEON (entering the house).—Good-morning, my good man.

P. (taking his hat off, but retaining his seat).—Good-morning.

E.—I am the emperor.

P.—You?

E.—Yes, I.

P.—I am glad of it.

E.—I will make your fortune.

P.—I do not want for anything.

E.—Have you any daughters?

P.—Yes, two.

E.—I will provide husbands for them.

P.—No, I will do that myself.

The conqueror of Marengo was so chagrined at this uncourteous reception, that he turned quickly on his heel and left the house.

In Cannes, France, at a boot-maker's shop, the English tourist may find the following inscription, in his own language: "Repairs hung with stage-coach." After long and anxious thought, he may arrive at the cobbler's meaning, who only wished to inform his patrons that "repairs are executed with diligence."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

KING ALFRED'S PALACE.—The excavations in King's Court Garden, Mudgley, near Wedmore, under the management of the Rev. S. Hervey, are on the eve of being closed. Mr. Hervey has not only been busily engaged of late in taking up the stones, taking down the mounds, filling up the pits, and levelling the ground fit to be sown, but he has followed the large causeway towards the centre of the building, and has come across some very curious foundations in various parts of the field, so that the ground plan of the palace will be far more perfect than it was at the suspension of the works at the fall of last year. The vicar has had the satisfaction of opening and bringing to light the foundation of a building, for its day, one of the largest in England, and of no mean origin, for it is supposed to have been graced with the presence of several of the West Saxon Kings in Wessex, and was the house and property of King Alfred the Great. Various objects of interest have been found, which doubtless the Archæological Society will be pleased to inspect. What will be done with the foundation stones of King Alfred's Palace remains to be seen.

CORNISH SUPERSTITION.—An extraordinary but well authenticated

instance of belief in witchcraft comes from St. Blazey, Cornwall. A woman named Keam, who died the other day, was believed by her neighbours to be a witch, and great difficulty was experienced in getting any one to bear her to her last resting place. It was feared, in fact, that the funeral would have to be postponed; but at the last moment several bricklayers, who happened to be at work in the neighbourhood, were induced to lay down their tools and carry the coffin to church in their shirt-sleeves. After the service a like difficulty was experienced in getting the coffin to the grave, and that duty had at length to be done in a very irregular way. The decease of the witch, it is said, had apparently lifted a weight from the minds of many weak persons, one cripple asserting that he shall now recover, and should never have been a cripple had she not ill-wished him. — *Exeter Gazette.*

ETCHING ON IVORY.—Dr. Ure gives the following directions for etching on ivory:—"A ground for etching is procured by applying the following material to the polished surface. (The process of polishing is generally effected with pumice-stone and tripoli-powder; or it can be polished with chalk and water or oil, applied with a

piece of leather, and afterwards rubbed hard with a piece of dry leather. The better the quality of the ivory, the higher is the polish it will receive.) Take of pure white wax and transparent tears of mastich each one ounce; asphalt, half an ounce. The mastich and asphalt having been separately reduced to fine powder, and the wax being melted in an earthenware vessel in the fire, the mastich is to be first slowly strewed in, and dissolved by stirring, and then the asphalt in like manner. This compound is to be poured out into lukewarm water, well kneaded by the hand, as it cools, into rolls or balls about an inch in diameter, and then kept wrapped up in taffety. If white resin be substituted for the mastich, a cheaper composition may be obtained which answers nearly as well: 2oz. asphalt, 1oz. resin, and half an ounce of white wax being good proportions.

The ground being applied to the ivory, the figured design is to be traced through it in the usual way, a ledge of wax is to be applied, and the surface is then to be covered with strong sulphuric acid. The effect comes out better with the aid of a little heat, and by replacing the acid as it becomes dilute by absorption of moisture, with concentrated acid. If an acid solution of silver or gold be used for etching, the design will become purple or black on exposure to sunshine. The wax may be washed away with oil of turpentine. Acid nitrate of silver affords the easiest means of tracing permanent block lines on ivory.—

Uses &c. of Ivory.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF THE LATE ROBERT CHARLTON OF BRISTOL.—It has been estimated that the barley consumed annually in malting and

distillation in this country is equal to the produce of 2,000,000 acres: this is equivalent to a tract of land 120 miles long and 24 broad or thereabouts. It would reach from Bristol to London, and include the whole of Middlesex and Berkshire, and a great part of several other counties. Imagine one vast field of these dimensions covered with a rich harvest of grain, and then suppose the whole of this to be set on fire; such a calamity as this, dreadful as it would be, would still be light indeed when compared with what is annually inflicted on this country through the manufacture of intoxicating liquors; for, in the former case, it would be simply the destruction of so much wholesome and nutritious food; whilst, in the latter, it is the conversion of that food into a noxious poison, which is filling our land with poverty, disease, and crime, and sending our fellow-countrymen by thousands to the drunkard's grave and the place of the lost.

A RELIC OF THE DRUIDS.—A correspondent writes:—"A stone axe has been found at Glendarragh, in Marown, lying buried at the foot of a tree. It will be remembered that this was the last place in the Isle of Man (and even in the British Isles) where the druidical priests made human sacrifices. They used to make large cages of wicker-work and crowd prisoners into them. When they had crowded as many as it would hold, they set fire to it, and as the flames burst forth and scorched their victims they would leap about and shriek loud enough to drown the pitiful cries and groans of the poor creatures they had entrapped. Such was the kind of religion in this island before King Orry's time."—*Isle of Man Times.*

THELWALL, says Coleridge, thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he: "it is covered with weeds." "Oh!" I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries."



ALONG THE COUNTRY LANES.

Let others sing of stately towers
 And glittering palace halls,
 My heart's love is in rural bowers
 Amongst the song-birds and the
 flowers,
 Where the lone ringdove calls.
 When Evening's smiles my care
 beguiles,
 And sunlight softly wanes,
 Come forth and see, and rove with me,
 Along the country lanes.
 Sweet country lanes and hedgerows
 bright,
 With blossoms wild and free,
 The honeysuckle and the rose
 Entwine in fragrance and repose,

And gracefully agree ;
 The whitethorn bloom shakes out
 perfume,
 And hallowed silence reigns,
 Come find pure joy without alloy
 Along the country lanes.
 Clad in innumerable hues,
 With opening flowers bespangled,
 Each bank and knoll, and brake
 renews,
 The rich variety of views,
 Of grass and flowers entangled,
 With foliage bright in summer light,
 O'er pastures, hills and plains,
 While breezes calm intone their psalm,
 Along the country lanes.

Hark, how the birds in concert sing,
With yonder village chime!
And cuckoos skim with fluttering wing
And nightingales and thrushes ring
Their harmonies of rhyme;
From every bush melodious gush
Creation's vesper-strains—
Of high delight for ear and sight
Along the country lanes.

Come then and meditate of love,
Love freed from earthly leaven,
Come, hear soft whispers from above,
Echoes of angel songs, and prove
How near thou art to heaven;
With heart refined and buoyant mind
Come kindle heavenly strains.
The daisied sod shall preach of God
Along the country lanes.

B. GOUGH.

SAVED AS BY FIRE!
OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.
By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER XII.—WHERE?

When Pegg returned home with the doctor he found his little girl much worse. Her pulse was beating high, her cheeks were hotly flushed, and her eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy. There could be no mistake now; fever had declared itself without doubt.

The parents watched the doctor's face anxiously whilst he examined the little patient. He was a quiet, grave man, by no means given to much talking, or expression of any kind. No one could tell by his face or voice if he considered a case serious or slight. And his manner invited no questioning.

His examination of the child was very short, and his directions shorter still. They were uttered in a sharp, peremptory tone, which admitted of no dispute, and caused them to be impressed at once upon the minds of his hearers.

His visit being thus quickly brought to a close, he bade Mrs. Pegg good evening, and turned to descend the stairs. Pegg followed him with a trembling heart. He wished to know the worst and yet feared to ask.

At last, just as the doctor was on the point of leaving, he mustered up courage and said, with a very dejected voice, and wistful face, "Is she very bad, doctor?"

The doctor turned his keen eye upon him, and then answered—

"Bad, no; has a slight attack of fever, that's all!"

"But—"

"But nothing, my friend, do as I tell you and trust to Providence; I'll come to-morrow. Good night."

"Trust to Providence!" muttered Pegg, "that's queer, too. That's what they all say. I wonder what it's like, and how it's done, this trusting to Providence."

With this he returned upstairs thoughtfully.

It is likely enough that the doctor only gave utterance to the words as an unfeigned proverbialism, but, nevertheless, they had their effect.

The troubled parents took turns in watching that night, and in the long dark weary hours whilst Pegg sat face to face with his strange sorrow, new and indefinite feelings took possession of his soul—feelings too vague to be expressed in words, dim ideas that round about this

life there stretched great mysteries. He thought—"where would his child go to if she died. Her body would be buried in the ground, but was that all; would that be an end to his little darling, whom somehow he seemed to love now even more than he had before? Was nothing beyond this earth? And then by and by when he too died, what would become of him? Somehow he could not imagine himself as *not* living? He *must* be in existence somewhere. Where?"

Ah! that is the question of the world Pegg "Where?"

"Who is he that knows?

From the great deep, to the great deep he goes."

So sings the Laureate and truly, for how can the finite "grasp" the infinite; unhappy indeed must he be who in that great "deep" of eternity cannot or rather does not trust himself to God!

In a dim way Pegg began to feel something of this. It was the first time he had, as it were, faced the future and it made him uncomfortable. He could not get away from it, for here he was in his child's sick room, and the fact was ever before him. Oh! the sad sick room is a great teacher! To the watchers there, whilst the lamp burns low, and only the sufferer breaks the solemn silence by his restless tossings, and feeble mutterings, or worse still sinks noiselessly to death—strange thoughts and lessons come, we are brought and kept face to face with the great realities of life and death. Yes, the earth would be worse than it is but for the sick room and its solemn experiences.

The night passed, and on the morrow as Pegg walked to his place of work he determined to seek more the society of John Broadmead and get into conversation with him and see if he could solve some of his difficulties. This in itself was a wise resolution, and shewed more than perhaps the reader will think a change in his character, for it was doing something. It was the sign of his awakening to a better life.

When Pegg saw John's face, however, he forgot for the time to speak of his own troubles. It was not so much that his friend appeared worried as that he seemed *ill*, exhausted both in mind and body. His face was wofully pale and bore the marks of great suffering.

The severe strain to which he had been subjected was beginning to tell upon him in a very marked manner.

Pegg was startled by this change, and secretly pondered over the matter during the morning, but could arrive at no definite conclusion. He had no opportunity for converse while work was in progress, but at the dinner hour he sought John out and anxiously enquired the cause.

John at first evaded the question by asking after his little girl.

He did not like to reveal the sad state of things now existing at his home, and consequently acknowledge his father's intemperate habits.

"But," said Pegg, after talking a little on his own affairs, "I can see from your looks that something serious must have happened. If you could tell me what it is perhaps I might be able to help you.

Ah! Pegg, you are beginning to discover already, and without knowing it, what trusting in providence is—"Whosoever will do my will shall know of the doctrine," said Christ, and Pegg from learning to take an interest in his fellow man will be led not only to "take an interest" but to know and trust, and love the Maker of all men. Feeling is to many a quicker if not a surer guide than reason.

John was a little softened by this unusual expression of feeling on the part of his companion, and by degrees he made him acquainted with the prominent details of his trouble.

Pegg listened with the most sympathetic attention. The interest with which he now regarded John, and which had arisen because of the kindness John had shown him was fast ripening into friendship. And now this friend was in grievous trouble, and the question arose how could he help him.

"But, said he, how did you manage this morning, who is with your wife now?" "No one, I'm afraid," said John sorrowfully. "I got up early and gave her breakfast, and placed those things which I thought she would require within her reach, and asked a neighbour to look in occasionally, and that seemed all I could do. As for my father he was sleeping heavily, so I left some food in his room and then locked his door. So he is safe enough for the present."

"What shall you do with him," asked Pegg. "I don't know" said John shaking his head wearily. That is the difficulty. I do *not* know what to do with him.

"I'll tell you," said Pegg energetically. "Let him come here and work with me. An old fellow is wanted to assist in our part of the shop, and if you agree to it I think the overseer will give him a turn if we ask. Then either you or I could see after him when he comes and goes, and when he's having his dinner. That's a great thing, I've heard say, to see that he has his dinner without drink and in good company. And I'll tell you more, added he impetuously, I'll become a teetotaller myself. We'll see if we can't make a man of him yet."

John smiled feebly as he heard his companion's hearty words, and something like a gleam of hope stole into his eyes as he thanked him and agreed to his plan. In fact it was the very thing for which he had been seeking. Now he could have his father entirely under his supervision and control his purse as well. The latter he was more than ever resolved upon after the recent occurrences.

That afternoon he went about his work with happier feelings than he had experienced in the morning. The sympathy of a friend is always comforting, and how much more so when it is unexpected, and especially when it takes a practical shape.

Little did Pegg think how much good he had done John that day.

It may be thought that this was too sudden a change in Pegg and that his impulsiveness was out of keeping with his character as previously described. It must be remembered however that John had aroused in him feelings of the liveliest gratitude, and the illness of his child with its concurrent circumstances had thoroughly shaken him from his lethargy. Moreover he never had been a really bad man and now half unconsciously he had begun to seek God. It is through the created that we are able to reach the Creator; it is by practising Christ's precepts (*even if unconsciously at first*) that we find Christ. That night both Pegg and John walked to their respective homes with slightly lighter hearts than they had borne with them in the morning.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PAINS OF HELL.

THE following week was an anxious one for John Broadmead. His

wife kept her bed, and it was not until several days had passed that the doctor pronounced her out of danger. Even then it was some time before she ventured down-stairs.

During the whole of this time John was most assiduous in his attentions to her. He asked for, and obtained, a longer "dinner-hour" in order that he might hasten home and cheer her by his presence in the middle of the day. In the evening he sat for hours beside her bed, sometimes far on into the night, talking pleasantly, or reading from some entertaining book. Quietly he moved about the room when necessary, neat-handed and gentle as a woman, and order and cleanliness reigned supreme.

As Bess lay thus in bed, watching his deft movements, she felt she could be almost thankful for this illness, inasmuch as it revealed to her the surpassing tenderness and depth of her husband's love. Having this, she felt as though she could bear anything.

And so, John, acting under the doctor's directions, nursed his wife back into health once more.

The first day that she came down-stairs was one of those quiet, beautiful days which sometimes, but rarely, brighten November. The sunshine, scarcely warm, stole through the leafless plants and creepers outside the window and cast a pale red light upon the carpet in the well-known sitting room; and the little garden behind, albeit flowerless and damp, looked pleasant and almost cheerful in the mild radiance. To-day Bess had no fear of her dreaded father-in-law. Every morning he walked to work with his son, had dinner with him, or with Pegg, (who nobly aided John in his difficult task), and then returned at evening in the same company; and John never allowed him to go out alone afterwards. By these means he had been kept sober ever since that dreadful night.

Up to this present time nothing had been said to him about that sad occurrence. John had been too much occupied to bring the subject forward in the way he would have liked, and, moreover, had deemed it best to be silent, at least for the present. Real love never upbraids, and John, sorrowful and righteously angry, dared not trust himself to speak.

This silence on the part of his son began to touch the wretched man's heart. He knew that he had been the cause of his daughter-in-law's illness, although he was not able to recollect exactly what had occurred, and this quiet way of treating him,—this practical forgiveness from the man whom he had so grievously wronged, kindled a spark of shame in his seared bosom.

Moreover, he felt startled at what he had done. To such a length he had never gone before, and in the quiet, steady life he was now forced to lead, the sin was constantly before him, frightening him with ever increasing terror. He could not drown it as in the old days.

The thirst for liquor came strongly upon him, as before, but there was now no opportunity to gratify it, and, moreover, he was somewhat afraid to do so, for had it not caused him to commit this terrible crime, and who should tell what worse thing might not come upon him in the future! He trembled as he thought of it. True, this fear would not

have sobered him long if he had had the opportunity of drinking, and thus drowning it; but as he was now situated, it grew upon him daily.

Added to this was the wish, of which we have before spoken, that God did not love him. This was increasing in intensity, and he now wished more strongly than ever that he could rid himself of the idea of His existence. He felt convinced of sin in His holy sight; for He was so good and like Milton's angel he felt "how awful goodness is."

But do what he would, he could not free himself from the thought. It had taken full possession of his mind. He had an angry irritating sense of being watched by Some One, more mighty than he who some day could and would punish.

It is a good sign when once a sinner earnestly wishes that there was no God. It will not be long before he bows his will to Him and acknowledges the constraining power of His love, for it is clear from the man's wish that he begins to seriously recognize the great fact of God's existence and of God's claims upon *him*. It is a step onward from that state of perfect indifference, which is described and denounced in Scripture language as being neither "cold nor hot." Christ ever prefers a man's opposition to his indifference, "I would thou wert either cold or hot," He says, "but because thou art neither cold or hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

And as we have seen this thought of God's love was brought before him in two or three ways. The Spirit of God is ever around us like the air we breathe, striving to enter our souls by any little chink, and I think in this case the principal "chink" was his son's life. This man, so full of goodness and power and to whom he owed so much was for the time being the impersonation of the love that could punish, compel and restrain. Thus, filled with fears of punishment, tortured with remorse for what he had done, gnashing his teeth because of what he was, and what he might have become, and yet ever thirsting to return to his old life; afraid to live for he was frightened at his raging lust, and yet dreading to die for he was frightened at the unknown hereafter and the God whom he feared to meet;—his mind thus in a raging turmoil his was indeed a pitiable condition. Truly the "pains of hell had gat hold upon him!" If heaven—a state of perfect rest and happiness—sometimes commences for men below—so also does hell—raging unrest and remorse.

This was the state of things when Mrs. Broadmead was so far recovered as to come downstairs again. She moved about her work singing softly to herself, and anon playing with the baby who laughed and crowded in her face at the renewal of his mother's loving caresses.

Busying herself thus about her household duties Bess was meditating upon her illness, and the events which had led to it, and thinking how good her husband had been during the whole of that trying time. She was picturing the happy meeting in the evening and speculating on the future, for she had heard how sobered her father-in-law had become, when suddenly she was startled by a hasty rap at the door. She hurried to it with nervousness and dread. On opening it she was still more startled by the appearance of a woman poorly dressed, with the signs of great grief marking her face, who asked hurriedly if she could tell her the nearest way to the place at which Mr. Broadmead worked.

(*To be Continued.*)

PLAIN WORDS FOR WOMEN.—DO NOT DECEIVE THE LITTLE ONES.

“A YOUNG mother sat during a three-hours’ ride in the train the other day, and in her arms she held her beautiful baby. The little fellow was very noble-looking; somewhere near his second birthday, sturdy and strong, with great blue eyes, little white teeth, and rosy cheeks that kept dimpling into smiles. Naturally the confinement of his position made him restless. He grew tired of sitting still on his mother’s lap; the cakes and apples she gave him lost their charm; and the bright flowers he kept begging with the prettiest pleading from the stranger by his side at last grew wearisome. Baby wanted to take a turn on the floor, and mamma was afraid to let him. What do you think she did?

Why, she looked her little wide-awake boy straight in his innocent face, and said, gravely—

“Harry, if you don’t sit still, I’ll throw you out of the window!”

In the plainest manner possible she gave her child a lesson in lying. No earthly power would have made her throw him out, and nothing would have been strong enough to tear him from her had danger menaced him; but she wanted to keep him quiet, and so she rushed to the resort of the weak—deception. If two or three years hence Harry should tell her a lie, she will be exceedingly shocked and pained, and will grieve at his deficiency of moral sense, quite oblivious of the fact that as she has sown so she is beginning to reap.

The fact is, that half the babies are trained to tell falsehoods before they are able to walk and talk. The thousands of poor little unfortunates who are dressed in muslin and lace, and given over to the care and companionship of servants, are so practised upon, and deceived and frightened, and, in short, lied to, that it is a wonder that, after all, most of them grow up tolerably truthful. But servants are not the only nor the chief offenders. We charge mothers and fathers with being very culpable and wicked in their sins of commission in this regard.

“I have never deceived *my* child,” says the mother. When you pretended the other day, that you were not going out when you were, and when you tip-toed off with your bonnet hidden behind you lest baby should cry to go, what were you doing but deceiving him? When you pretended that the abominably tasting stuff you were about to give him was good, smacking your lips as though you enjoyed it, what were you doing but acting a lie?

Children have very quick perceptions. Very young children learn to see through the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain of their foolish elder companions. Still, as we look into their soft eyes, we seem to hear the solemn words that fell from the tenderest lips that ever spoke to man; “Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones.”

POCKET MONEY.

As soon as they can possibly understand it, children should be made familiar with the use and value of money. Mothers should consider instruction in this a valuable branch

of education. Many parents, either from the idea that it is good economy, or from a desire to keep their children in subjection, choose to retain the sole management of expenditure

in their own hands, purchasing every-
thing needful for the family, and
supplying the children with all neces-
sary articles, but never with money.
This is neither good economy nor
sound education. It is very necessary
that children should learn, when
young, the value and the use of
money; they should be taught to
spend it, as well as to save it. For
this purpose, at any early age, children
should have a fixed allowance, pro-
portioned to their years, and to the
means of their parents. This should
be given to them monthly, and at the
end of each month they should be
required to produce an exact account
of the expenditure of the money. By
this plan the parents will have an
opportunity of advising, reproofing or
commending the mode in which the
allowance has been used. The children
have the pleasure of following their

own tastes and judgments, restrained
by the prudence their limited means
will enforce. The charitable will
learn self-denial; the thoughtful will
be trained to reflect, and the extra-
vagant will learn economy. But when
a judicious mother looks over these
monthly accounts, it must be in a
conscientious endeavour to improve
the opportunity for the benefit of the
child. She must give her admonitions
and counsels with gentleness and dis-
cretion; giving, too, example as well
as precept, for if the child sees in-
judicious and extravagant expenditure
with economical advice, the latter will
be naturally attributed to meanness.
Frugality and generosity combined
form a beautiful basis for the youthful
expenditure of pocket money, but
extravagance in personal matters will
lead soon to really mean saving, when
benevolence is in question.

THE COMPARATIVE INFLUENCE OF ATHEISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

“THE fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. They are corrupt; they have done abominable works; there is none that doeth good.”
Ps. xiv. 1. The natural influence of Atheism is to contract and render grovelling the views; to corrupt the character, and deform the life of man.

God is the only acknowledged source of moral obligation, but Atheists say, there is no God, and therefore no such obligation.

Conformity to God’s laws is the only rectitude, but to these men there are no such laws and therefore no rectitude.

Passion and appetite dictate the conduct of such, as was plainly seen in the histories of Caligula, Nero, Heliogabalus, and more recently of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre; who could be willing to see such a tissue of cruelty, misery and horror woven again?

But how glorious is the Christian’s view as from the promises of his Creator he learns that his body sown here in corruption, and dishonour, shall be raised beyond the grave, in incorruption, power and glory; a spiritual body, enrolled among the noblest and best beings in the heavenly universe, a child, a Priest, and King in the house of his heavenly Father, his endless destination to know, love, serve, and enjoy God, to interchange the best affections and offices with his glorious companions; and to advance in wisdom, virtue, and happiness for ever. Such persons are necessarily the subject of virtuous affections, are fitted to admire and adore, to glorify and enjoy the Creator, and being disposed voluntarily to fill up this existence with doing good, and increasing individual happiness, are bound together as children of one God, and brethren of each other by love, which is the bond of perfection, and every one will thus become lovely in the sight of his Maker.



HINTS ABOUT SEEDS AND PLANTS.

SEEDS.—Get either red tile pots, or wooden boxes having holes in the bottom, to allow water to run out. Place stones, or pieces of broken pots in the bottom round the holes, and fill them to within about half-an-inch of the brim with good mould, which is free from lumps or stones, and be sure there are no worms in it—then sow the seeds. For *large* seeds, such as Nasturtium, &c., drill small holes, about half-an-inch deep, with a piece of stick, a little distance apart, drop in the seeds, and cover them with the mold. For *small* seeds, such as Mignonette, Nemophila, &c., scrape off a little of the earth from the top, sprinkle the seeds in—not too thickly—and cover them lightly with the earth. After the sowing, water them gently with a watering-pot. The pots or boxes should then be kept in a warm room, and covered with a piece of glass or thin white paper, until it

is seen that the seeds have begun to grow. As soon as they come up, thin them out carefully without disturbing what are left, for they will not grow strong and well if too close together.

PLANTS.—If these have to be bought, it is better to get them from a Nursery Ground than to buy them in the street, as there is more certainty of their being good, and of the plants being strong and healthy.

Whether plants or seeds are grown *daily care and attention is necessary*. One day's neglect may do great mischief. There are three things plants *must* have in order to thrive; they are *water, light, and air*.

(1.) **Water.**—Enough water must be given to wet the soil thoroughly, but on no account let a pot stand in a saucer of water as it will injure the root. In hot or dry weather they will require more frequent watering. Some

plants need more water than others, a little watchfulness will guide as to this. On no account water while the sun shines upon them.

(2.) *Light*.—They must be kept where they will have as much light as possible; turning them about so that all parts of the plant may share the light equally, or they will grow one-sided and crooked.

(3.) *Air*.—Plants can hardly have too much fresh air, but draughts and cold winds should be avoided. The leaves of the plants are their lungs,

through which they breathe, so they require to be kept free from dust, and washed now and then with a soft rag or sponge dipped in clean water.

If put out of doors, place them safely to prevent their being knocked down, and take them in at night.

Look very carefully over the plants every morning to see that there are no caterpillars or green fly about them, and if there be remove them; at the same time take away any dead leaves or flowers.

"ONLY A JOKE."

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! quite," I returned, wondering what new piece of mischief Charley was concocting.

"Because, I say, it would be a fine thing to rile that old Hugh, just to serve him out for his shabbiness lately."

"I can't see what you are aiming at."

"Now don't be a duffer, Jack," was the polite reply; If you have two grains of sense in your head you'll see what I mean: now what would most provoke your brother, and make him look delightfully cross and jealous?"

"Oh! that's it, is it. But Charlie, don't go making any mischief between them, I won't abet you in that."

"Oh! bother take your scruples; what, do you think I am as lovesick as your brother, and that I want to supplant him. Really, Jack, you surely do not think me such a rascal."

"No, no, Charlie, only sometimes you carry your little jokes rather too far."

"Ah! but I won't in this, I promise, honour bright; now mind, Jack, I shall look for your aid, old boy, in carrying out my schemes, and oh! dear, won't it be rich to see Hugh darting one of his lightning glances at you and me, and looking as glum as one of our fellows on parade," and Charlie held his sides with laughing, so tickled was he with the absurdity of the idea.

"But hist!" he added, with a warning look, "here he comes;" and settling his features to an expression of almost severe gravity, he nearly discomposed mine.

"Has Effie come?" enquired Hugh, eagerly, after he had shaken hands with Charlie and we stood together in the English attitude, our backs towards the fire and our hands behind us.

I nodded, adding, "She is having a chat with Ida and the mother, upstairs."

I had scarcely finished speaking when the arrival of another guest put an end to further conversation; and as from that time they continued coming without cessation, Hugh and I, as hosts, were fully occupied in receiving them.

The first dance was just about to commence before Effie made her first appearance, so as yet she had not spoken to her lover.

My brother and I had not chosen our partners, having been too busy introducing and arranging our visitors; so, with the intention of putting Charlie's and my own designs into practice, I hastily went up to where Effie was standing, and eagerly asked her to accept me for her partner. She looked surprised, but I whispered that I had a particular reason for my request, so she somewhat reluctantly acceded. I saw that Hugh also had stepped forward with the same motive as I had, as his own especial right, and the look of mortified disappointment on his handsome features was palpable to even Effie, who would have hesitated, had I not forcibly drawn her into the dance.

"Effie," said I, in a low voice, as we whirled round the room in a schottische, "do you see how cross Hugh looks, but don't you mind, it will do him good and teach him your worth."

Her face, which had hitherto been rather downcast, cleared up as she said, "Well! I must say I think I have a right to dance with whom I choose; only last week at the Darton's ball he grumbled because I did not accept him every time, it is so absurd!"

"Very," I returned; "those who are easily obtained, are not as a rule appreciated. What says Will Shakspeare, 'The course of true love never did run smooth.'"

"Ours has run very smoothly as yet, I don't think Hugh and I have had one quarrel, not even a few sharp words."

"No? but I always thought you two a very spooney couple."

"Jack!" was her indignant retort, "what a story; you thought nothing of the kind."

"I did, really Effie; and only to-day a friend of mine (I won't mention names) said to me just the same thing."

"I don't care what people say," she returned, crossly, "and I think it is very unbrotherly of you to repeat it. Hugh would not do such a mean act."

"I am quite aware that he is perfection in your eyes; you look at him through spectacles tinted rose-colour, by sentiment, love and courtship; if you were to use these same spectacles to your humble servant, you would be astonished to find how I improved."

"I do not understand the silly rubbish you are talking, sir, why do you not say what you mean in intelligible words?"

"Because I thought you had become so accustomed to flowery, poetical language, that plain matter-of-fact speaking would be too abstruse for you."

"Oh, dear, how tiresome you are, Jack, I will not dance with you any more if you are so sarcastic and disagreeable;" and Effie pouted her rosy lips, and contrived to look more charming than ever.

"That would indeed be a punishment," I laughingly returned, "and I mean to have several more dances with you this evening."

"There are two words to that arrangement," she answered, with a toss of her pretty head, "how do you know that I will consent to accept you."

"I am not at all fearful on that point. Do you see a fair, handsome

young man leaning against the wall opposite? that is Charlie Oaklands, a chum of mine; if you are very good I will introduce you to him, he is a splendid dancer, and so agreeable."

"He looks rather nice; what a merry animated face he has; see, he is looking towards us; but I am tired now, suppose we stroll for awhile in the conservatory, it will be cool there compared to this close room."

I at once assented, so we sauntered in amongst the flowers.

Hugh had also left the room by another door, and was leaning against a pillar opposite to us, partly concealed by some shrubs.

As we approached some beautiful roses, I carelessly said, "Pick me one of those buds, Effie, and put it in my button hole, a lady's hand is most suited for such dainty offices."

She smilingly complied, and as she arranged the bouquet in my coat, I raised her hand and pressed it to my lips.

Laughingly she snatched it from me, saying, "Why, Jack, I did not think that sort of thing was in your line, I quite considered you a piece of cold, unimpressionable adament."

"Indeed, then you do not know me, Effie; all are not like you and my brother, who wear your hearts upon your sleeves."

Our conversation was carried on in too low a voice for Hugh to hear,

"Now, Jack, I call that too bad when you know that I pride myself on my reserved disposition."

"My dear Effie, you need not be so indignant, I only intimated that you were rather spooney, and that is quite allowable between lovers."

Her annoyed expression sent me nearly into convulsions, so I rejoined, "Never mind, I will not tease you any more, come back to the drawing-room, they have finished that dance and are commencing another, and I'll introduce you to my friend, Lieutenant Oaklands."

I took her back, and a few minutes afterwards she was waltzing with Charlie, and Hugh doing the same with an interesting blonde, to whom he appeared to be paying marked attention.

When that dance was over and she was again standing by my side, I saw my brother advance towards Effie evidently with the intention of speaking to her, but whether purposely or otherwise I cannot tell, but she turned from him, and addressing me, said, "It is a quadrille next, is it not?"

"Yes," I returned, "will you dance it with me?"

"I said I would punish you for your teasing ways by not having you for a partner any more, but I suppose I must relent as you are such a delightful dancer."

And placing her hand on my arm she took her place with me among the others.

After the quadrille was over, and we were promenading with the various couples up and down the room, Hugh came up to us looking very cross, and shook hands with Effie.

"I believe this is the first time I have had the opportunity of speak to you," he stiffly remarked, "are you engaged for the next dance?"

I at once answered, "What a pity you did not come before, Hugh, she has promised this one to Charlie Oaklands."

He turned away directly looking exceedingly annoyed.

"I wish you would mind your own business, Jack," Effie said, in a vexed tone, "I had not engaged myself to Lieutenant Oaklands for this waltz, I simply promised to dance with him again during the evening."

"Well, but you can have Hugh at any time, but you cannot always obtain for a partner a handsome young officer like my friend, and military men are always splendid waltzers."

Charlie, at this moment, from a sign which I gave him, came up and claimed her, and soon they were whirling round the room to the delightful music, the cloud clearing from Effie's brow under the influence of her partner's merry remarks. When it was over I saw them go off to an adjoining room to partake of some refreshments, and when I soon afterwards went also, Effie, unusually bright and animated, was conversing with my genial friend; while Hugh, over whom I nearly stumbled when going in, appeared like some haunting ghost (only he was rather too substantial) watching the happy pair, so dark and fierce was his whole aspect.

My confederate gave me a knowing glance as I entered, as though to convey to me the success of our joke.

From that time Hugh did not again address Effie, until just before the supper dance, when she was sitting on the couch, I, standing by, leisurely employed in fanning her, while Charlie, on the other side of her, was whispering "little nothings" in her ear.

Approaching her my brother said, "I have scarcely spoken to you this evening, Effie, you have seemed so much occupied."

"And whose fault is that," she returned, "not mine most assuredly. I think it is for you to make the first advance."

An impatient expression flitted across his face as he said, "Now I give you the chance, will you have the next dance with me?"

"I'm very sorry," she returned, with a most piteous, imploring glance towards me, toying with her bouquet in an absent embarrassed manner, "but I have promised Jack."

Hugh did not appear to notice the softened look in her dark blue eyes, or the wistful tone of her voice, but darting a momentary flash of deep, intense dislike at Charlie, from his sparkling eyes, he abruptly left us.

There was a proud flush on Effie's fair cheek, but she said nothing.

Together we joined the last dance, and together we went into supper; side by side we sat chatting on indifferent subjects, yet both ill at ease and uncomfortable. I saw Hugh stealthily glance at us many times while he attended to the wants of the pretty little blonde next to whom he sat.

(*To be continued.*)

MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN.

(*Concluded.*)

Gazing around, the eye rests upon a scene of bewildering grandeur. Of a style of architecture belonging seemingly to no known school—not Grecian, Moorish, or Gothic—a style original, free, wild, fantastic—appear facades and cupolas and turrets of every colour, size,

and proportion. Gold, silver, copper, emerald, ruby and sapphire, blend in dazzling magnificence. A pure white tower appears amid a host of gilded belfries; a dome of azure, starred with silver, arises among a multitude of Greek crosses; delicate open-work is relieved by a background of green of every shade, from the shimmering water to deep malachite. Overwhelmed by all these wonders, one is scarcely prepared for the barbaric splendours within the cathedrals.

The Cathedral of the Assumption was built in 1485, by Ivan III, upon the site of the original one, erected in 1340. Its plan is simple and grand, being a square building springing up to a great height, and having four mighty columns supporting a great dome, flanked by four smaller domes. The effect of this massive structure is overpowering to the last degree.

Its interior decorations are as splendid as it is possible to conceive. In Byzantine art full length figures are painted with the most religious fidelity, their gilded halos laden with gems, and then all, excepting the head and hands, covered by gilding. So the walls present almost an unbroken surface of gold, relieved only by these heads and hands. The dim light falling on the many aureoles of the Madonnas and Martyrs, resplendent with costly jewels, add to the air of solemn and mysterious beauty.

In priceless shrines are preserved the seamless coat of our Saviour, a piece of the Virgin's dress, a nail from the true cross, and the portrait of Mary painted by St. Luke. Here, also, are relics of St. Peter, and of a just man named Philip, murdered by Ivan the Terrible for resisting the latter's cruelties. Part of the rites performed by the czar in his coronation, is to kneel and kiss a piece of the skull of this Philip, to signify that he will never oppress his subjects.

The emperors of Russia are self-crowned. They regard the act as a solemn religious ceremony, a compact between the heavenly and the earthly ruler. After a season of fasting and prayer, the young prince goes alone into the cathedral, kneels, at the altar, and with the prescribed form, places the crown upon his own head. After partaking of the sacrament, he shows himself to his people.

The Archangel Cathedral is no less rich than that of the Assumption, being adorned with gilded walls, and jeweled shrines, and paintings of saints. This is the burial place of the royal family. In the Cathedral of the Annunciation, another edifice of almost unparalleled splendour, the czars are baptized and married.

We have described the appearance of Moscow as a whole, of the Kremlin collectively, of the cathedrals individually, as irregular, wild, romantic, barbaric, and splendid in architecture and effect. But exceeding all in rugged, savage magnificence, such as the wildest imagination could scarce dream of, transcending the glowing description of famed and fabulous cities of gorgeous eastern tales, is the ancient palace of the czars. Near these cathedrals it stands, with its glittering turrets, and cupolas, and domes. It is the very perfection of the sumptuous, picturesque Muscovite style, with irregular heights, varying breadths, profuse ornamentation, lawless bulbs and caps, and excess of colour and gilding. The interior is a strange, contradictory maze of great

halls, narrow passages, high courts and low chambers, with the inevitable colour and gilding, and abundance of priceless jewels, the whole producing a bewildering impression, as of many grotesque forms and dazzling rainbows. This, also, was built by Ivan III.

A few steps farther on is the new palace built by Nicholas on the site of the old one burned in 1812. Very handsome as this is, it is entirely out of character with its surroundings, rendered doubly so by its close proximity to so many structures of the ancient, semi-civilized style. It is cold, simple, grand, and stately, of the classic order of architecture, a building such as one might expect to see in France or Italy. But within the interior the Oriental character re-asserts itself. Here are treasures of which the world scarcely dreams. Crowns and sceptres of the ancient emperors, of massive gold, encrusted with diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, whose value any mortal could scarcely estimate; royal regalia, the sight of which might drive a miser to insanity; gorgeous insignia of the conquered provinces included within the domain of all the Russias; glittering plate comparable only to the vessels of Solomon, or Nebuchadnezzar, or Cleopatra. And in the hall of armour is a scarcely less wondrous array of relics and armoury of different ages.

We have now enumerated some of the glories of the far-famed Kremlin. The remainder would only be repetition, in the same terms. We will mention, however, that in the Arsenal may be seen the cannon captured from the French.

East of the Kremlin is another walled quarter, called the Kitai-Gorod, or Chinese Town. This was inclosed by Helena, mother of Ivan the Terrible, when the Kremlin had become overcrowded. It, however, unlike the Kremlin, and like the rest of Moscow, contains blemishes among its beauties, dingy abodes and magnificent structures being near neighbours.

Here is the Cathedral of St. Basil, the Beatified, or, as it is sometimes called, of Kazan, as it was built to commemorate the capture of this city. The church is in the true Muscovite style, being a heterogeneous collection of domes and towers of different sizes, heights, shapes and colours, one being red, with white stripes, another yellow, covered with a net-work of green, a third gilded. There is no main building or centre, but each dome of the twenty covers a chapel dedicated to some saint. Services may be held in all of them without interfering with each other.

Brilliant as any is this cathedral in its interior. It contains, besides the relics, which are a piece of the purple dress of Mary and a bit of rock from the tomb of our Lord, a magnificent robe, heavy with jewels, presented by Ivan the Terrible, in his remorse after having murdered his son. Here, also, are kept the two silver pots, the silver caldron, and the sixteen silver jars, in which the sacred oil or *chrism*, is prepared and sent to the bishops of the realm. Besides these, is the copper vessel, with mother-of-pearl coating, in which the original oil was brought from Byzantium when Christianity was introduced into Russia.

HOMELY MELODIES.

I WILL SING THE STORY.

1. I will sing the story—The story of his love:
How Je-sus came from glo-ry To raise man-kind a-bove.

Chorus.

The pre-cious blood of Je-sus Was shed for you and me;
To pur-chase our sal-va-tion 'Tis flow-ing full and free.

2. I will sing the story,
How Jesus died for me,
The cross on which he suffered
My boast shall ever be.

3. I will sing the story—
The story of his death:
How Jesus came from glory
And died to give us rest.

4. I will sing the story
Of pardon, peace and love;
For all who will receive it,
A home of rest above.

THE STRANDED SHIP.

“POOR ship!” said Frank, as he looked at the picture of a vessel stranded on the beach, with the waves dashing over her. “Is she lost, papa?”

“I am afraid so. She has been driven far in by a storm upon a sandy

shore, and can never be got off again. All the people have left her. Day after day and night after night the great waves rolling in from the ocean will strike against her sides, and dash over her decks, and break her at last to pieces. In a few months only scarcely a trace of her will be found."

"I wonder if the captain was asleep," said Frank, "when he let his ship come in upon the shore?"

"That is something we cannot know," replied his father.

"Maybe," said Frank, dropping his voice a little, "he was like Captain Luke, when he lost his ship."

"How was that? Who told you anything about Captain Luke?"

"I heard you say it to mamma one day."

"Say what?"

"That Captain Luke had been drinking too much liquor, and lost his own reckoning before he lost the ship's. What is reckoning, papa?"

"A captain's reckoning is his knowledge of where his ship should be. This every captain knows each day from what are called observations. Then he looks at his chart or maps, and they tell him if he is near a dangerous shore or a sunken rock, or anything that makes care and vigilance needful. When a ship is driven on to a coast or shore, like the one in the picture, it most always happens that the captain is in fault, and too many of them in fault just as Captain Luke was when he lost his ship. Drinking liquor is certain to confuse the mind; and when the captain of a vessel drinks, you can never be sure of his ship."

"Oh! I wish people wouldn't drink the dreadful stuff," said Frank. "We're all the while hearing about awful things being done by drunken men."

"It's very sad and very dreadful," said papa, "and I don't see how it is to be cured, unless all the little boys in the land undertake to do it; and then it will take a great many years."

"Oh, papa! How can the little boys do it?" asked Frank.

"If all the little boys in the land resolve that they will never taste a drop of strong drink as long as they live, and stick to their resolution, then we've only got to wait until all the drinking men die off, when the evil will be cured. Don't you see?"

"Why, yes, papa! That's so!" exclaimed Frank, his face brightening. "And I'm going to be one of the little boys."

"That's right," said papa. "And I want you to tell every little boy you know just what you're going to do, and get as many as you can to follow your example."

REMINISCENSES OF CHILDHOOD.

1.

My brother Jack—

Peace to his memory! would often bid
(A strapping youth was he, I a small kid)

Me mount his back.

2

And thus would we,
What time the ice king flourished stern and hoar,
Hie to a neighbouring lake well frozen o'er,
And oh! the glee.

3.

(His glittering "steel")
 Swift girded on—myself upon the marge
 Disposed)—to watch him cut an eight so large,
 Or some such reel.

4.

Once on a time
 (The day and scene I do remember well)
 We sought—discarding skates—a fav'rite dell
 All white with rime.

5.

And there he poured,
 In unpremeditated song, his heart
 In rapture forth, while I, with lips apart,
 Speechless adored,

6.

As childhood may,
 The Power Supreme, who beauty sheds o'er all,
 And makes e'en nature's universal pall
 Uniquely gay.

THOMSON SHARP

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Fossil Forests in America.—In the valley of the East Fork of the river which flows through the wonderful Yellowstone National Park of the United States, the group of rocks, known for want of a better designation as the "Volcanic Tertiary," is typically developed, and has a thickness of upwards of 5,000ft. Its prevailing materials are fragmentary volcanic products which have been apparently redistributed by the agency of water, and now form breccias, conglomerates, and sandstones. These strata contain a great abundance of fossilized wood; and in many places trunks of trees many feet in height and of gigantic proportions seem to stand in the identical strata in which they grew. Sometimes the crumbling conglomerates wither away from about these, leaving them to stand upright along the steep mountain side. Mr. W. H. Holmes gives an account of these forests in the recently published number of the 5th volume of the "Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey." (Washington, February 28th, 1878.) A section is given representing the north face of Amethyst Mountain. It includes 2,000ft. of strata. The summit of this mountain is 9,400ft. above the sea, and the river flowing at its base is 6,700ft. over sea level. Riding up

the smooth river bed, one has but to look to the right up the cliffs to discover multitudes of the bleached trunks of these ancient forest trees. In some of the steeper portions of the mountain's face, rows of upright trunks stand out like the columns of some long since ruined temple. On the more gentle slopes lower down, but where it is still too steep to support vegetation, save here and there a few pines, the petrified trunks fairly covered the surface, and were at first taken to be the shattered remains of a quite recent forest. Sometimes the trunks were found in a fine state of preservation. Some lying prostrate measured 50ft. to 60ft. in length, and not a few of these were 5ft. to 6ft. in diameter.

THE FOLLOWING WAS FOUND WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A BANK NOTE.— Drunkards take heed. When this note passes from me, I am a ruined man, it is the last out of a fair fortune, bequeathed to me, and the hard won earnings of an indulgent parent, as quickly come, as quickly gone; for after a few short years of inebriety and reckless folly my dissipation has made me homeless, friendless, and a beggar. Whoever may be the next owner of this note I would recommend him to follow the advice of sad experience, and beware of intemperance.



John's Wife Convalescent.

SAVED AS BY FIRE!
OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.
BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOR a moment Bess was too surprised to speak, whilst a pang of fear shot through her heart. What *could* be wrong now. Poor woman! the recent occurrences had so completely unnerved her, that the slightest thing caused her to turn pale and dread unknown misfortunes.

She answered the question so anxiously put to her by asking another. "What do you want with my husband," she said in a trembling voice."

The woman burst into tears. "Oh!" she replied sobbing, "my little girl is dying and wants so much to see him. He came to see her, poor little lamb, when she was first took, three weeks or so back, and she's never forgot him. She took a chill and has been so feverish and ill ever since, and now she's just getting weaker and weaker, its awful to see her. She wants to see him, she says, before things gets too dark and she gets too tired—"

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Broadmead compassionately, interrupting the troubled flow of her visitor's words, "and is she really so bad as that?"

"Ah! she is indeed," replied Mrs. Pegg, shaking her head and wiping her eyes, "we shan't keep her long now, I fear, and she's going to a better world if ever anyone is, that's certain."

Singular, that people, who even to themselves profess no religion, should speak thus, when death comes to one who is near and dear to them. It is as though everyone has a feeling, buried deep in their soul, that the doctrines of immortality and future happiness or woe are unmistakably true, even though they do not trouble themselves about such doctrines until some startling incident brings them face to face with them.

It was so with Pegg's wife, and at that moment she as truly believed in the existence of God and heaven as though she had been an earnest "professing Christian" all her life; though whether she derived much comfort from such belief is quite another matter.

"But when did my husband come to see your little girl?" asked Mrs. Broadmead, "I do not remember to have heard him speak of it."

"It was about three weeks back. Pegg brought him in one night from the shop; and then he advised us to send for our club doctor, which we did, but she's been getting worse and worse ever since, until now it gives one the heartache to see her. But, there, it *is* an ill wind as blows no good and sick as it makes me feel to see the little darling lie there so weak and patient, yet, somehow, Pegg seems to be a better man since she was took so ill. He's come out wonderful. There! I never should have thought he had so much feeling!"

"Well," answered John's wife, "that's a comfort, isn't it? And I hope the little girl is not so bad as you think her. Perhaps she'll come round yet."

"I fear not, I fear not!" said Mrs. Pegg tearfully, shaking her head, "but if you'll be so good as to tell me the quickest way to the 'shop,' I'll go on there at once and fetch Pegg and your husband."

"I never was there in my life," replied Mrs. Broadmead, "but when John's been in a hurry I've heard him say Battle Place cuts off a corner;" and she thereupon proceeded to give her visitor the needful directions. Here the conversation ended. Mrs. Pegg set off with renewed haste to summon John and her husband whilst John's wife returned to her domestic duties with feelings saddened by sympathy, which, however, became brighter as she meditated over these new proofs of the unostentatious goodness of her husband. It was evident now to her that he had been to see the child on that dreadful night which she could not even now recall without a shudder.

* * * * *

It was not long after this that John and Pegg, having been brought by the child's mother, entered the darkened chamber in which the little sufferer lay. All was still save for her painful and labored breathing, and the slight noise they made in entering caused her to open her eyes and look up. A sickly smile overspread her features when she recognised John. "Oh! I'm so glad you've come," she said feebly, raising her

hand, "I wanted to see you once more before it got too dark. It always is so dark now and it gets darker and darker every day. You were kind to me that night but I was too tired to thank you then."

John was too overpowered with emotion to speak. He bent forward and kissed her tenderly and then sat on the bed beside her and took the little hand in his, whilst the mother and father knelt one on each side of their child.

And then there was silence for a little time. The three watchers gazed in hushed awe upon the little face, so thin and pale, yet so calm and peaceful, and then John said, softly,—

"You are not afraid, are you my dear?"

The child opened her eyes, and a faint look of surprise stole into them as she said,

"No, why should I be? Only I wish I did not feel so tired and that it was not so dark."

"You will feel better, soon, my dear, and it will be lighter."

"Will it?" she said, with as much eagerness as her strength would allow, "I am glad of that."

Then, after a pause, turning to her mother, she asked, "Will baby play with my dolls, mother, by-and-bye, when he gets as big as I am? I should like him to play with them."

Mrs. Pegg could not answer. She burst into tears and wept bitterly. She felt as though she had never loved her child as she did now that it was about to be taken from her.

The little girl put out her hand feebly and stroked her mother's cheek, and said, "Don't cry, mother dear; let baby have my dolls and tell him about me. Tell him to keep the one with the brown frock for the best. Then, languidly turning to her father, she asked, "Father, do you miss me at tea-time? I used to like to see you come home, and have tea with you."

Pegg buried his face in the bed-clothes and sobbed audibly. This little one, hitherto so quiet and so little thought of, had lately awakened in the hearts of her parents, feelings to which before they had been almost strangers. They had never thought that she had cared for them so much, or that she could be so dear to them.

"Father," she continued in low accents, "how does my chair look without me; I should like to sit in it again and have tea with you once more; but, oh! I am so tired;" and she closed her eyes wearily, and turned her head feebly upon the pillow.

And now there was silence again for some time; the hours wore slowly away, whilst the afternoon shadows grew longer, and the wan autumn sunlight faded from the earth. Sometimes a street cry penetrated the stillness, but it sounded afar off and passed on quickly, and then the room was more quiet than ever. Silently and slowly the afternoon waned, and silently and slowly the little life ebbed away.

Neither of the three watchers ever forgot that time—a time of fear and trembling for the awe of death was upon them—the shadow of the great future was over them.

After a long time she moved her head uneasily and opened her eyes and said, so feebly that they could scarcely hear her words, "I think I

am going to God, now, father, as you said ; " and then, holding up her hands, she added with more energy, whilst a look of pleased surprise came over her face, " Oh, it is lighter ! "

And then the little arms fell, and the little head drooped, and all was still.

CHAPTER XV.—THE DAYS AFTER DEATH.

THREE weeks have passed since the death of Pegg's little girl. The days have dragged slowly and sadly by full of that vague pain and weary longing, which tell of a crushed and broken heart.

Oh ! those dark dark days that follow after death ! How sad and strange is life then, how dull and dreary ! How full of passionate sorrow and dumb despair ! Every night the pillow is wet with tears, every morn the heart is aching with grief, and noon mocks with its brightness ! Life is weary and dreary, for all its music is turned to mourning. Duties are performed mechanically and without interest, for feelings are numbed with pain. The outside world seems but a meaningless show, and the only consciousness is the overwhelming sense of loss. Blessed indeed are they who in the trouble lose not their souls but trusting in God, rise out of their tribulation greater, nobler, and more divine.

In a dumb vague way Pegg and his wife experienced these feelings, for after all, human nature is much the same everywhere and differs only in degree. Poor Pegg could hardly be called a poet yet his grief was like a poet's only not so intense—nevertheless it was as intense as his nature would allow.

At first the poor parents could not realize that their child was dead. Blinely they clung to the fond belief, which yet they knew to be foolish, that after all the cruel reality was unreal, and would prove to be only a painful dream, that soon their darling would be back again with them and life once more would be joyous and free—but then, when the vacant chair and the absence of the childish prattle forced the cruel conviction still deeper into their aching hearts, they sank into the depths of silent stony despair, relieved at times by bursts of more passionate sorrow.

It was now that Broadmead was especially helpful to them. He often found time to visit them and he was always welcome. Hearty and cheerful yet always sympathizing and tender in manner he had now quite won his way to their affection and esteem. They trusted him in all matters as a child would a father. And his influence upon their lives was large and beneficial and began to be distinctly noticeable in its effects ; broader views, higher aims, and deeper thoughts began to manifest themselves in their actions.

No longer did Pegg exist somewhat like an animal very much tamed, performing a certain amount of drudgery, to obtain food and clothing. He began to have dim ideas of citizenship and self improvement and to feel that after all he was a man possessing an immortal soul. Very dim those ideas were, but oh ; my cynical reader (if indeed I have such an one) remember that they *were* ideas and thereby his foot was placed on the lowest rungs of the ladder which by patience and perseverance he might

mount to a much higher position in the scale of humanity than he had hitherto taken.

We have seen that he had become a total abstainer, (out of regard to John) for the sake of John's father, and the money which formerly he had allowed to find its way into the publican's till was now placed in the savings bank, and to his pleasant surprise he soon became possessed of a very comfortable sum. I wish that every reader of these lines would do likewise—that is, dispense with some unnecessary luxury and save the money, remembering that not only is it beneficial for himself but when individuals are saving the country is saving, and that the income of the lowest in whatever form invested adds to the sum total of national wealth and prosperity, not so much perhaps in a mere monetary way, as in adding to those habits of thrift and thoughtful self-government which are absolutely necessary to the continued well being of our country.

Another of the most noticeable signs of improvement in both Mr. and Mrs. Pegg, was the increased regard which each entertained for the other. True they had never exactly lost those feelings of affection which first had drawn them together, but these had become so deadened by reason of the utter absence of any soul life in them, as to be almost lost. But now that they had been shaken out of their spiritual lethargy and had begun to recognize the claims which nature and religion make upon all, their feelings for each other were likewise re-awakened.

And now an incident occurred which will throw additional light upon those secret workings of their lives which had led to these results. About this time, they went to spend an evening at John Broadmead's. It was the first occasion upon which they had left home, together since their child's death and the conversation naturally turned upon that subject, when, the evening being somewhat far advanced and all other topics of conversation having been exhausted they were sitting quietly around the fire.

John's father was with them also, snugly ensconced in one corner, He looked much better than when we saw him last. His enforced habits of temperance were certainly improving his appearance if nothing more.

The room was in comparative darkness, for Mrs. Broadmead had turned down the lamp and the flickering fire gave the only light. At last John said quietly "I never was more struck with the truth of the text "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise" then when your little girl just before she died said, "now I think I am going to God." It is marvellous, how strong and simple is the faith of children." There was a short pause. All was still save for the dancing firelight on the walls, then Pegg in a low and tremulous voice said :—

"I expect you must have wondered how she came to say it at all, for you know that we did not teach her such things, but the fact is, little as you may think it, I did tell her that and I was wonderfully surprised how quick she took it up. I well remember the time, it was only about two or three days before she died. She had heard the doctor tell me that she could not live long, (he did not mean her to hear, you know, but her ears got terrible quick at last) and so when she saw her mother

again she asked her about it, but she was too upset to tell her and so she asked me afterwards. It was in the middle of the night; her mother had gone to bed, and I was sitting up; there was no light in the room and I thought she was asleep, but suddenly I was startled by hearing her little weak voice say:—

“Father, what is it, to die?

Well, I was quite took aback, I didn’t know *what* to say, but she persisted in asking and then I replied,” I felt forced to say ‘we go to God’ if we believe in Jesus Christ, and then I read over the Lord’s prayer out of an old Bible we had in the house and she repeated it after me, and then we talked a little about what Jesus said and did when he was in the world, and then she said she should not mind going to God if Jesus was there and if God is a Father as He was called in the prayer, and after that she quietly went off to sleep. I shall never forget that night.

There was not a dry eye in the room when Pegg had finished, and in the silence and darkness there fell upon the consciousness of each one a vague sense that they too must die, and that when their hour should come they too must have faith like that little child.

Soon after this they separated, and no mention of the incident was ever made again. Yet its effects will last for ever. So it is that the subjects which stir our deepest feelings are the rarest spoken of.

(*To be Continued.*)

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE Isle of Wight, the Vectis of the Romans, lies opposite the southern coast of England, from which it is separated by a strait of unequal breadth; being about one mile over towards the western extremity, opposite Hurst Castle, and about seven miles across, at the eastern extremity, facing Portsmouth. Many circumstances induce the belief that it was originally connected with the main land. The body of water which forms the separation is usually called the Solent probably from *solvendo*, indicating its property of loosening or separating the opposite shores. According to tradition, here was once an isthmus. It is said that the Carthaginians had settlements in the Scilly Islands; and that, buying up the tin of Cornwall, they conveyed it by this isthmus to the south of the Isle of Wight, thence transporting it into Gaul, and various other parts of the world. Sir Richard Worsley, in his history of the Isle of Wight, states that “a hard gravelly beach extends a great way across from the isle towards the coast of Hampshire, about midway from the extremity of the Channel;” and this, it is conjectured, was the original isthmus by which the tin was conveyed to the Isle of Wight.

The form of the island is rhomboidal; measuring about twenty-three miles from its western to its eastern angle—that is, from the Needles to the Foreland—and fifteen miles from St. Catherine’s Point in the south to Cowes in the north. Its circumference is estimated at from seventy to seventy-five miles; its surfaces at about 105,000 acres. It is

divided into two hundreds, called East and West Medina, according to their situations respecting that river, and thirty parishes. Justly designated "the Garden of England," the face of the country presents all the features of picturesque scenery—woods, rocks, hills, rivers, and vales. The climate is eminently favourable to vegetation, and equally favourable to health. Such is the genial mildness of the air, that plants which love a soft marine exposure flourish here, and suffer not from the severity of winter. Even tender exotics thrive as though they were in their native beds. The soil is various, chiefly a strong loam, and exceedingly fertile. In former times timber was plentiful, and there are still some fine woods of considerable extent. The Medina is the most considerable river in the island; next to it are the Yar and the Wootton. The water from the springs, especially that which has passed through chalk strata, is pure and crystalline, and well suited for the supply of shipping. The botanist will be gratified with the vegetable productions of the island; and the geologist equally so with the remarkable arrangement of the different strata, and the numerous fossil remains which have been discovered. With the exception of vipers, which are always common in chalky and stony situations, there are few disagreeable reptiles here. Neither has the fox, the badger, the fitchet, or the pole-cat, ever been found.

The early history of the Isle of Wight is involved in obscurity. It was subdued by Vespasian, in the reign of the Roman Emperor Claudius, about A.D. 45. In 495, Cerdic, the founder of the kingdom of Wessex, made a second conquest of the isle, cutting off the few remaining aboriginal Britons. After experiencing many vicissitudes, it was frequently plundered and desolated, during the Danish incursions from 787 to 897. In 1052 Earl Godwin stripped the wretched inhabitants of their all. In 1068, after the defeat of Harold, by William the Conqueror, William Fitz Osborne, one of his followers, subdued the island for his own use and profit, and became the first "Lord of Wight." He founded a priory near Carisbrooke, of which there are yet some remains. In 1293, Edward I. purchased the regalities, after which the Kings of England retained the title of Lord of the Island, and governed it by *custodes* or wardens. The French have made many descents upon the island, but generally with loss.

On the east and west of the Medina are East and West Cowes. The railways compete with each other in offering cheap fares and cheap excursions to this lovely island.

The approach to Ryde, by water, is remarkably picturesque and pleasing. The pier, a delightful promenade of nearly half a mile in length, is the first object that arrests the attention of the stranger. In fine weather, Calshot Castle, the entrance of the Solent Water, and the churches, &c., of Southampton are visible from this point. The town is well laid out, and the streets are wide and well paved. The parish of Newchurch, in which Ryde is situated, is the largest in the island.

Ryde has great advantages as a bathing station, the sands running out to a great distance, and absorbing much heat from the sun. There are steam-boats from Ryde to Portsmouth and back several times a day during the summer; and frequently a steamer goes round the island.

Besides the stage-coaches, which start daily from different parts of the island, there are post-chaises, sociables, cars, gigs, &c., to be hired on moderate terms for the day, or by the excursion.

The walks and rides, gentlemen's seats, monastic remains, &c., in the neighbourhood of Ryde, are numerous and interesting. Eastward of the Pier, opposite to Portsmouth, is a tract of land called the Dover, which was the burial place of many of the unfortunate crew of the Royal George, which sank at Spithead, in August, 1782. From the Dover to St. John's a new road has been formed, avoiding the hills of Ryde, and shortening the distance to various parts. A beautiful walk, through Quarr Wood, leads to Quarr Farm, where are the remains of the once celebrated Quarr Abbey, founded in 1131 by Baldwin, Earl of Devon. This building is supposed to have derived its name from the stone quarries in its vicinity.

(*To be Continued.*)



PLANT LIFE.

FORMERLY, as the botanist looked around upon the infinitely varied vegetation of the world, and saw plants clothing the whole surface of the globe, in endless wealth of differing forms; the mighty oak and the minute duckweed, the baobab, said to be six thousand years old, and the fungus springing up in a night; all varying in conformation, in colour, in size, in duration, in every apparent particular—it seemed to him altogether hopeless to bring these marvellously different structures under one general law of production and of growth; or to trace the harmony of their functions.

But the microscope has brought new eyes to man ; and after years of patient investigation, the great result was obtained, that the basis of all the vegetation of the world is a little closed vesicle, composed of a membrane usually transparent and colourless as water,—the vegetable cell.

At first, perhaps, this idea, so novel to the botanist of the old school, and apparently so opposed to the evidence of the unassisted vision, is difficult to grasp ; but when we have satisfied ourselves, as we easily may, that even the hardest portions of vegetables—such as wood—are capable of being resolved into cells no less than the softest vegetable slime, and that the processes of production and nutrition are regulated in both by the same great laws, we begin to comprehend how marvellously this aphorism of the universality of the cell simplifies botanical research.

As the bulk of every plant, whether great or small, is only an aggregation of the separate cells ; so the life of the whole plant is but the sum of the vitality of each individual cell. Every cell being, in itself, a distinct structure, carrying on independent vital processes, has, necessarily, an independent vitality ; and thus in studying the life of a plant-cell individually, we shall also be contemplating the life of the whole plant.

The first necessity of cell-life is, of course, nutrition, and before the cells can be agglutinated together or increased in size, they must receive nourishment from without. The materials for this nourishment are chiefly gases,—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen.

These four organic elements the plant-cell receives in the form of carbonic acid gas, atmospheric air, water, and ammonia ; together with these it takes up certain salts and metals. The question which here presents itself is, how does this globular vesicle, which has no aperture, obtain these materials of nutrition ; or, in other words, how do they arrive at the interior of the cell ?

The first fact to be observed in solving this important problem is, that the cell receives no food which is not dissolved in water. All its nourishment is obtained by the absorption of a nutritive fluid—an aqueous solution of the materials mentioned. This function cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind ; the passage of nutritive fluid through the walls of the cell is the universal means of growth in both the animal and vegetable kingdom ; it is a process with the due performance of which the existence of the whole animal and vegetable creation is intimately connected.

It depends upon a physical law, with examples of which every one is familiar. If one end of a piece of sponge be immersed in water, the fluid will ascend throughout the cells of the sponge, and will moisten that part which is not so immersed. The same operation may be seen exemplified on dipping a lump of white sugar into water at one extremity. This law holds true of gases ; and it explains the process by which the plant receives its nourishment.

The nutritive fluid, being brought in contact with the external wall of the cell, passes in by a process precisely similar to that which was seen in the sponge, and the sugar—travelling from one cell to the other

until it permeates the whole plant. And, since the same holds true of gases, the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere is no less active in aiding in the nutrition of the plant, than the liquid water which is absorbed by the roots.

The plant-cell is acted upon by the sun, and we know that it rapidly and largely exhales watery vapour. The process of nutrition is, consequently, continually renewed; heat drawing off a great part of the water, and leaving in the cell the substances which it brought with it. So that the cell-membrane being kept dry by the action of heat, while the atmosphere and earth are charged with moisture, it is perpetually absorbing fresh nutritive fluid.

This is the reason why the life of most plants is only active during the summer, when, the heat being greatest, evaporation is also greatest, the exhaling organs of the plants are put forth, and the processes of nutrition are vigorously carried on.

As this is effected by the agency of heat and light, it is easy to comprehend that in summer the plant is actively nourished, old cells perfected, the secretions of the cell produced, and new cells formed.

These new cells spring up between the cortex, or bark, and the first layer of cells internal to this cortex. It is by their agency that the process of absorption is so rapidly carried on. They receive the raw nutritive fluid, and exert such a chemical influence over it, that whatever remains in the cell is converted into a more highly organized fluid—the sap of the tree—and is absorbed by the inner and dry cells, which form out of this the secretions of the plant.

ENGLISH WILD FLOWERS.—An American, writing from England, says: “At the risk of having my patriotism questioned, I feel compelled to say that all the country in England, from Chester down to London, is infinitely more beautiful than the imagination of any countryman of mine can compass. It is a land of flowers and perfumes exhaled by nature—a land which makes real to every sense the old historical myths, and makes possible realities to all the fiction and romance and poetry ever written about it. We talk at home of the buttercups and daisies, but we know nothing of them. Here they

make of the dark fields of emeralds pictures of immortal beauty, of gold, and white and green. Why I have even seen the lily of the valley growing luxuriantly upon the high hillside, so bounteous and beautiful is nature, and I have travelled over hundreds of miles of country where you could nowhere press your foot away from road or path without crushing some fair growth of the soil. You may go from Chester to Windsor and see the railways three feet from the track as lovely with verdure and flowers as any garden at home, and you will find the air heavy with sweet scents.

ABIDING FLOWERS.

“Bleak is the woodland; only one bird sings,
And from his notes the mid-year pleasures pass;
Struck with the wind he stops, and spreads his wings;
And the last leaves sail slowly to the grass.
Then, gathered up again by gusts, they run
In sudden-clouded, quickly-coming sun.

Some blooms still linger by the soddened ways,
As though they listened for the children's feet,
And hoped for yet more warm and quiet days,
And had no knowledge of the coming sleet;
And still for many morns they shall not go;
And some abide with us in frost and snow,
Abide, that we may think of blessings past,
And strengthen faith by what we leave behind;
So may we walk at peace in days o'ercast.
And, if we seek with reverence, we shall find
Blossoms to guide our thoughts beyond annoy—
Flowers of hope, of patience, and of joy."

GUY ROSLYN.

"ONLY A JOKE."

CHAPTER III.

"Shall I ask Hugh to come and say good-bye to you?" I asked of Effie, as I arranged the folds of her cloak about her as she was leaving.

"No, decidedly not;" was her answer, "if he will not come of his own accord I will not request it."

And having wished all goodbye, and unmoved passing by Hugh, she allowed me to assist her in the carriage, and drove away.

But there were unshed tears in her dark eyes, and her hand was strangely trembling, and cold.

As the guests drove away on that early Christmas morning, and Charlie, who was among the last to depart, had bidden me a gay good-night, with a sly wink towards Hugh, who, with averted face, was giving an order to one of the waiters; I, with painful misgivings, and a lighted cigar to soothe my troubled conscience, strolled out on the balcony.

The cool morning air acted as a sedative to my excited brain, so I lingered, puffing away at my cigar, and reflecting on the events of the evening.

I was just preparing to re-enter the house to get a few hours sleep before daylight, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a stern voice said—

"Jack, I wish for an explanation of this evening's strange behaviour."

Turning I saw Hugh standing by me, pale, but resolute.

"I do not know what you mean," I sulkily answered.

"It is a lie," he fiercely retorted, "you know well enough to what I refer, and an explanation I will have."

"You'll get nothing of the sort from me to-night," was my indifferent rejoinder.

"You do not stir from here until you do," he said hoarsely, "you are a rascal, that is what you are, and nothing better. Honour! the poorest mechanic would have more of that than you have shown to-night."

"You are very profuse in your compliments to-night, I must say, I thank you for them," and inclining my head in mock politeness, I coolly returned my cigar to my lips, from which I had taken it to answer him.

My calmness seemed to irritate his agitated feelings almost to madness.

Passionately exclaiming, "Is my happiness and dearest hopes of no worth that they should be trifled with to afford you a few hours amusement?" he raised his arm in a threatening attitude.

"What you have to put yourself in such a rage about I cannot imagine. Just because Effie prefers myself and Charlie as partners to yourself, you get into a tremendous passion."

"And do you dare to talk to me like that?" he cried, seizing me by the shoulder, "do you dare to insinuate that she prefers you to me? eat your words or I'll," he made a menacing gesture with his hand.

"I will do nothing of the sort," I said, indignantly, "and I shall leave you to vent your ire on the trees and shrubs around you," and with a sneer I made a movement to go in-doors.

But before I had time, he had seized me by the collar of my coat, and a violent scuffle ensued.

Oh! the frightful look of his dark, gleaming eyes, as they glared fiercely into mine.

Oh! the dreadful contortions of his manly features, as they worked convulsively in passion and revengeful hate.

Oh! the power of his strong arm, as he bent and twisted my agile frame to bring me to the ground.

For the time he was a madman, with a madman's strength.

Like a reed I swayed in his potent grasp, one last effort to wrench myself from his hold, when my foot slipped; forked lightning seemed to play before my eyes, as with a heavy thud, my head came in contact with the stone pavement, and then perfect, complete oblivion.

When I became conscious I was lying in my own bed upstairs, the room was darkened, and cool bandages covered my aching head. I was very weak, for when I attempted to raise my hand it fell heavily by my side. Even a movement of my head, as I gazed in bewilderment around me, seemed to cause me much exertion.

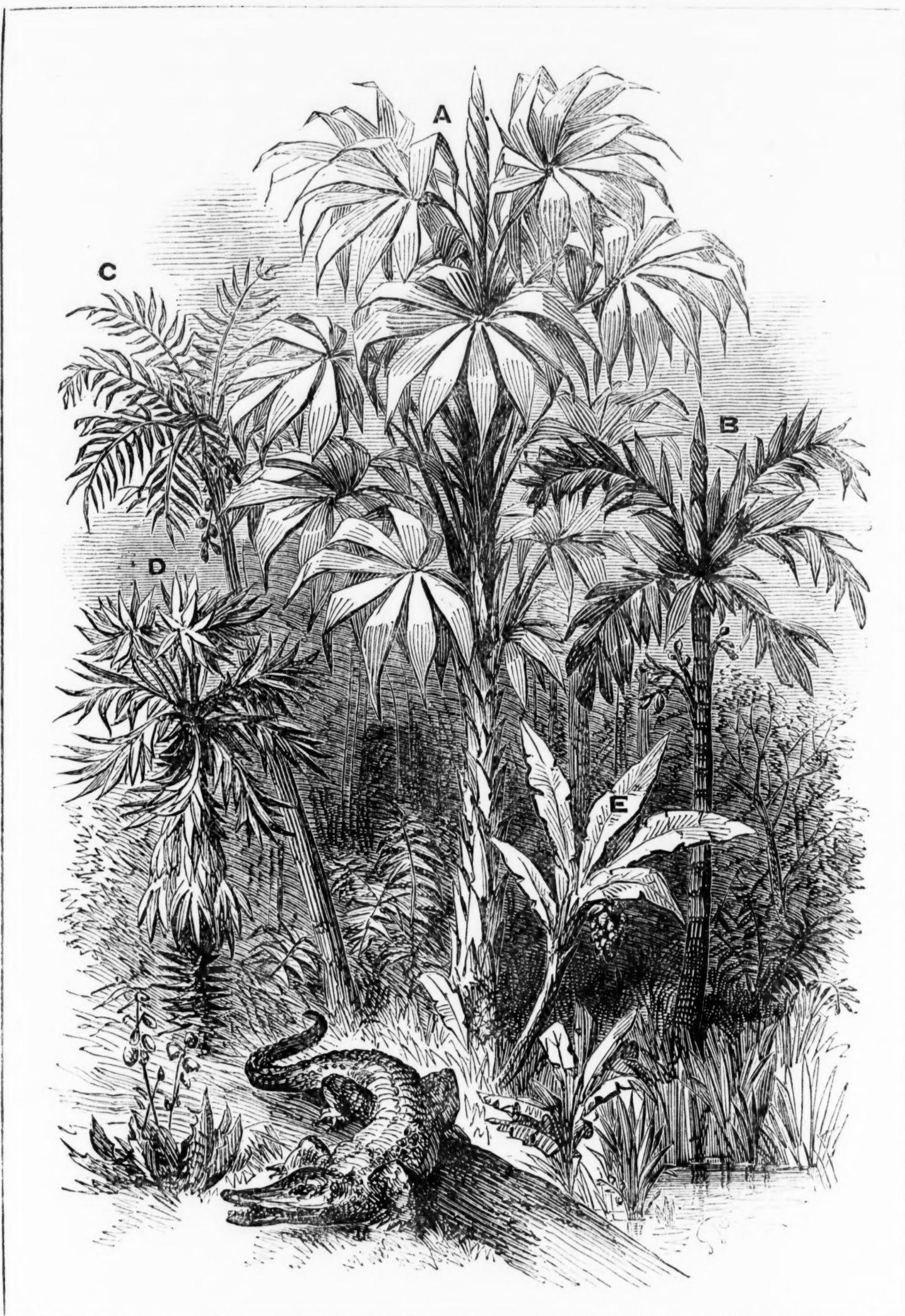
The first objects, when my senses were partially recovered, that attracted my attention, were, the doctor leaning over me with a grave, serious face, and my mother and sister, the latter with their faces diffused with tears, standing at the foot of my bed.

The sound of my voice making an effort to speak aroused them, and my dear mother perceiving that I was sensible, came to my side, and bending lovingly over me, softly murmured, "Thank God! thank God!" While the doctor remarked, "He will do now."

From that time, slowly, but surely, I continued to amend. For days ah! even weeks, I lay in a state of semi-lethargy, scarcely able to speak or move. My thoughts were busy, however, confused remembrances of that fatal night haunted my brain, and oh! with what feverish longings I impatiently awaited tidings of Hugh. It was in vain then to question my father or mother; their one aim at the doctor's command was to keep me entirely free from excitement, so carefully they avoided all dangerous topics.

But I, once so full of life and activity, as hardly to realize my own strength, now lay as weak and helpless as a little child, on a bed of pain.

(To be continued.)



THE CROCODILE.

THE crocodile has no lips, so that when either walking or swimming with the utmost tranquility, the teeth are bare, and the aspect seems animated by rage. Another circumstance that contributes to increase the terrific appearance of its countenance is the fiery glare of its eyes; and these being situated near each other have also a malignant aspect. The armour with which the crocodile is clad may be accounted among the most elaborate pieces of nature's mechanism. On the lower parts it

is much thinner and more pliable than the upper. The whole animal appears as if covered with the most regular and curious carved work. The mouth is of immense width, and furnished with numerous sharp pointed teeth, thirty or more on each side of the jaw, and these are so disposed as, when the mouth is closed, to fit alternately above and below. In upper Egypt it is extremely destructive, lying in wait near the brink of the Nile, and sparing neither man nor the fiercest quadrupeds that come within its reach.

We are told of frequent combats between the crocodile and the tiger. All creatures of the tiger kind are continually oppressed by a parching thirst that keeps them in the vicinity of great rivers, whither they frequently descend to drink. It is upon these occasions that they are seized by the crocodile, and they die not unrevenged. The instant they are seized upon they turn with the greatest agility, and force their claws into the crocodile's eyes, while he plunges with his fierce antagonist into the river. There they continue to struggle for some time, till at last the tiger is drowned.

We are assured by Labat that a negro, with no other weapon than a knife in his right hand, and his left wrapped round with a cow's hide, will venture boldly to attack the animal in his own element. As soon as he approaches the crocodile, he presents his left arm, which the animal swallows most greedily ; the arm but sticking in his throat, the negro has time to give it several stabs under the throat ; the water getting in at the mouth, which is held involuntarily open, the creature is soon bloated up as big as a tun, and expires. However improbable these accounts may seem, certain it is that crocodiles are taken by the Siamese in great abundance. Philip informs us that at Sabi, on the slave coast of Africa, there are two pools of water near the royal palace, where crocodiles are bred, as we breed carp in Europe. Along the rivers of Africa this animal is sometimes taken in the same manner as the shark. In this part of the world also, as well as at Siam, the crocodile is preserved as an object of savage pomp, near the palaces of the monarchs. When brought into subjection, it is managed like a horse ; a curb is put into his mouth, and the rider directs it as he thinks proper. Though awkwardly formed, it does not fail to proceed with some degree of swiftness.

There is a very powerful smell of musk about all these animals. Travellers are not agreed in what part of the body these musk bags are contained ; but the most probable opinion is that this substance is amassed in glands under the legs and arms. The crocodile's flesh is, at best, very bad, tough eating. The negroes themselves cannot well digest the flesh ; but a crocodile's egg is to them the most delicate morsel in the world.

All crocodiles breed near fresh waters, and in such immense numbers that all the arts of annoyance which man is master of could not perceptibly diminish their numbers.

Goldsmith, in his "Natural History" says :— "The crocodile that was once so terrible along the banks of the river Nile, is now neither so large nor its numbers so great as formerly. The arts of mankind have through a course of ages powerfully operated to its destruction, and

though it is sometimes seen, it appears comparatively timorous and feeble. To look for this animal in all its natural terrors, grown to an enormous size, propagated in surprising numbers, and committing unceasing devastations, we must go to the uninhabited regions of Africa and America ; to those immense rivers that roll through extensive and desolate kingdoms where arts have never penetrated, where force only makes distinctions, and the most powerful animals exert their strength with confidence and security. Those who sail up the river Amazon or the river Niger, well know how numerous and terrible crocodiles are in these parts of the world. In both rivers they are found from 18 to 27 feet long, and sometimes lying as close to each other as rafts of timber upon one of our streams. There they indolently bask on the surface, no way disturbed at the approach of an enemy, since, from the repeated trials of their strength they found none that they were not able to subdue."

FOR THE YOUNG—JOHNNY RAY.

"A cold, drizzling sleet, and a biting east wind, had almost cleared the streets of passers-by. Certainly no person would walk such a night for pleasure. Even business must have been urgent to coax any one out who had a home to stay in. But, empty as the streets were, a passenger might be seen here and there : a well-muffled gentleman walking briskly under the shelter of his large umbrella, or a splendidly dressed lady whirling past in her carriage to some evening party. Did either of them notice that little newspaper-boy shivering at the corner ? The gaslight shows that his face, over which hangs a tangled lock of red hair, is sharp and colourless, and the ragged clothes scarcely cover a thin and wasted body.

Johnny Ray had wandered far that evening, trying to find a few customers for some of those penny papers which were hidden from the rain under his Jacket. He had crept slowly through some of the grand squares, where the servants sometimes bought a newspaper from him ; and, as he looked up at the parlour windows, the rosy light that glimmered through the warm curtains made him feel more cold than ever. Once the curtains had been flung aside by a boy about his own age, and Johnny got a peep into what seemed to him quite another

world : a happy family gathered round a richly covered tea-table. Home, friends, love, rest, food, fire—just everything Johnny wanted was there.

But the laughing little face withdrew, the curtains' heavy folds closed again, and Johnny painfully felt that he was outside.

Then he tried a poorer part of the city. He dragged his weary feet down narrow streets and gloomy courts. At the top of his voice he called out his newspapers for sale, until a hollow cough made him stop ; but no one came to buy.

Tired from walking, and hopeless of success, Johnny rested on a door-step, and gazed up fixedly into the opposite windows. There were no blinds here. Johnny could see all that was passing within. In one room, near the top of a tall old house, the feeble light of one poor candle showed a woman bending over her sick child's bed, whispering something to the little one, and smoothing its coarse pillow. Johnny brushed away a tear with the sleeve of his wet coat : his mother was sleeping in the church-yard. In another room there was no candle, but a bright fire sent up flickering shadows on the streaming panes. A group of children sat round the hearth, watching a cake that was toasting before the fire. The kettle

hummed a song; the teapot cosily toasted its brown sides on the hob, and the cups seemed to invite it to come to table. Then the father came home and the children sprang to meet him. Johnny thought he could almost hear the kisses, taste the cake, and feel the fire glow. But his father was dead, and he was himself out in the cold.

Johnny got up and moved slowly on, he scarcely knew where. At the farthest end of the court a door stood ajar, and so bright a stream of light came through that the little boy wondered if some new gin-shop had been opened. He resolved to go and see. Stepping up to the door, he peeped in. A grand fire roared up the chimney, but it was no gin-shop. There were desks, and forms, and books, and slates, and ragged boys like himself. There was a kind-looking gentleman, too, who seemed to have a good word for each of these rough fellows. Johnny waited until all the scholars came out, and then he went in. He knew this must be a school, though he never had been at one, and hoped the master might buy a paper; so, lifting off his cap, and giving a pull to the little red lock that hung over his forehead, he held out a newspaper, crying, in his shrill voice, "Second edition, only one penny."

Mr. Egan turned round and saw his little visitor. With a look of tender pity and kindness he drew the dripping boy to a seat near the fire, and, having bought a paper, sat down beside him. "Do you sell many papers?" asked Mr. Egan.

"Sometimes; not many of an evening like this," answered Johnny, twirling his cap. "I often walk miles without selling one."

"And where do you live, my little boy?"

"I don't live anywhere now, sir: mother's dead, and father too, indeed."

"But where do you sleep at night?"

"In any place, sir, just as the season is. This weather door-steps are not very good, and the policemen wake one up with their 'move on.' But I earn my bread honestly, and

don't steal. Mother would not like that, and I'll never do it while my name is Johnny."

"Can you read?"

"No, sir; though 'twould be very useful in my business; the newspaper line, you know," he added, with a nod. "I know all the newspapers by their look, and make a guess at what is in them, too, by listening to other boys talking; but I wish I could spell the words. Mother used to read. She had a big book, with a nice cover; it was on the bed near her when she died; but father sold it, and her ring too. We never had one pretty thing since."

"Then, Johnny, if you come here to me every evening, I will teach you to read; and when you can read I will give you a book like your mother's, which, I am sure, was the Bible. Do you ever hear the Bible read in God's house?"

"Oh, sir, I never go there. Very nice these ragged clothes would look next to a gentleman like you. A long while ago, when we lived in the country, I used to go to church with mother: the singing was very nice, almost like the birds. Mother used to tell me nice things about the good place she was going to; but I did not learn the right way then, and I have had no one to teach me ever since."

"Johnny, I think I can tell you the way to the happy land where your mother is gone."

"Oh, sir, can you?" cried the little boy, with a look of joy that made even his plain, pinched features lose their harshness: "I will give you every one of these papers for nothing if you can."

"Johnny, there is one Friend, and only one, who is able to take you to your mother's home. His name is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Jesus means Saviour, for he came to seek and save the lost. You and I are sinners, Johnny, and therefore lost—lost like travellers who have missed their way, or poor prisoners condemned to die." Johnny's bright look faded quite away. "But God, in his great love and pity, sent his only Son to die for us; and Jesus died."

"I'm sorry for that," said Johnny, as the old sad look crept over his face again. "I thought you told me he could show me the way to mother. I wanted to go to him this very night."

"And so you can, my boy. The Lord Jesus lives again, and will hear you if you pray. He has gone up to heaven, and is willing to take you there. Trust him alone."

Then Mr. Egan drew a little Testament from his pocket, and read the Saviour's own sweet words about the lost sheep and the good Shepherd. Clasping Johnny's thin hand in his, they knelt down together. An earnest prayer that God would, for Christ's sake, show them the way to heaven, and enable them to walk in it, was simply offered. It was the first time that Johnny had tried to pray.

The fire burned low. The old church clock struck ten. It was time to close the school-room and go home. But where was Johnny's home? Some doorway or bridge-arch. Mr. Egan resolved it should be so no longer. He remembered a very poor couple, living nigh at hand, whose only child had died lately. They lived in a garret: he thought they might give Johnny a bed in the corner of it. Of course he would pay the orphan's small rent; so, leading the weary boy down one or two streets, and up a long, creaking stair, he knocked at a broken door. The old people, though much startled at so late a visit from the ragged-school teacher, consented to let Johnny share the shelter of their

room, and promised to be kind to him for their own little Jem's sake.

Here Johnny lived for several months. He spent his days in selling newspapers about the streets, as usual, and his evenings most happily at the ragged-school; but he never failed to repeat to his landlady, whom he now called grandmother, the Bible stories he learned there, or the good news about the open way to heaven through faith in the death and risen life of our Lord Jesus; and he never forgot to pray, "Show me thy way, O Lord!" and through this simple teaching a blessing came to that house. But, day by day, Johnny grew weaker. His cough made the old garret echo all night long. The poor woman and her husband nursed him with the gentlest care, refusing any payment for kindness which they said was all for the sake of their poor little Jem. At length he could not walk even to the ragged-school, and his teacher, alarmed at his absence, went one evening to see him. Johnny lay on a heap of straw in the garret corner. He was dozing, but the voice of his friend aroused him, and, stretching out both his worn hands to welcome him, he cried, "Oh, sir, I see the way now! 'tis very plain and very short. But the good Shepherd is coming to carry me home, like the lost sheep, you know; for I'm sick and tired. Yes, mother, I am coming. Good night. You must all come soon. Granny, don't forget the way."

It was death, not sleep, that folded Johnny in his arms."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

YOU HAVE GOT A HEAD, USE IT.—People are too fond of using their tongues, when they ought to be using their eyes, their ears, and their brains; they make mistakes and forget, because they don't think; if they were to give the same attention, and use the same intelligence that they do at their meals and amusements, they would do first-rate, and be of double value to those about them; with many, it is tell, tell, tell, the same

thing over and over again day after day; they never have to be told that it is meal time, or leaving off time, but they make all sorts of excuses about their regular work, as "I didn't see;" "I forgot;" "I didn't think;" etc. Having eyes, they don't see; having ears, they don't hear; having brains, they don't use them; and they never become anything but hewers of wood and drawers of water.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.—On the 12th of April, 1606, the UNION JACK—the flag that has waved in so many bloody and victorious battles by sea and shore—first made its appearance. From Rymer's "Fœdera," and the Annals of Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King of Arms, we learn that some differences having arisen between ships of the two countries at sea, His Majesty ordained that a *new flag* be adopted, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George interlaced, by placing the latter fimbriated on the blue flag of Scotland as the ground thereof. This flag all ships were to carry at their main-top; but English ships were to display St. George's red cross at their sterns, and the Scottish the white saltire of St. Andrew. The Union Jack, however, was not adopted by the troops of either country till their Parliamentary union, in 1707. In Munro's account of the expedition with Mackay's regiment in Denmark, he states that in 1626 the Scots in the Danish army persisted in carrying their national flag, and refused to place the Danish cross upon it.—*From "British Battles on Land and Sea," by James Grant.*

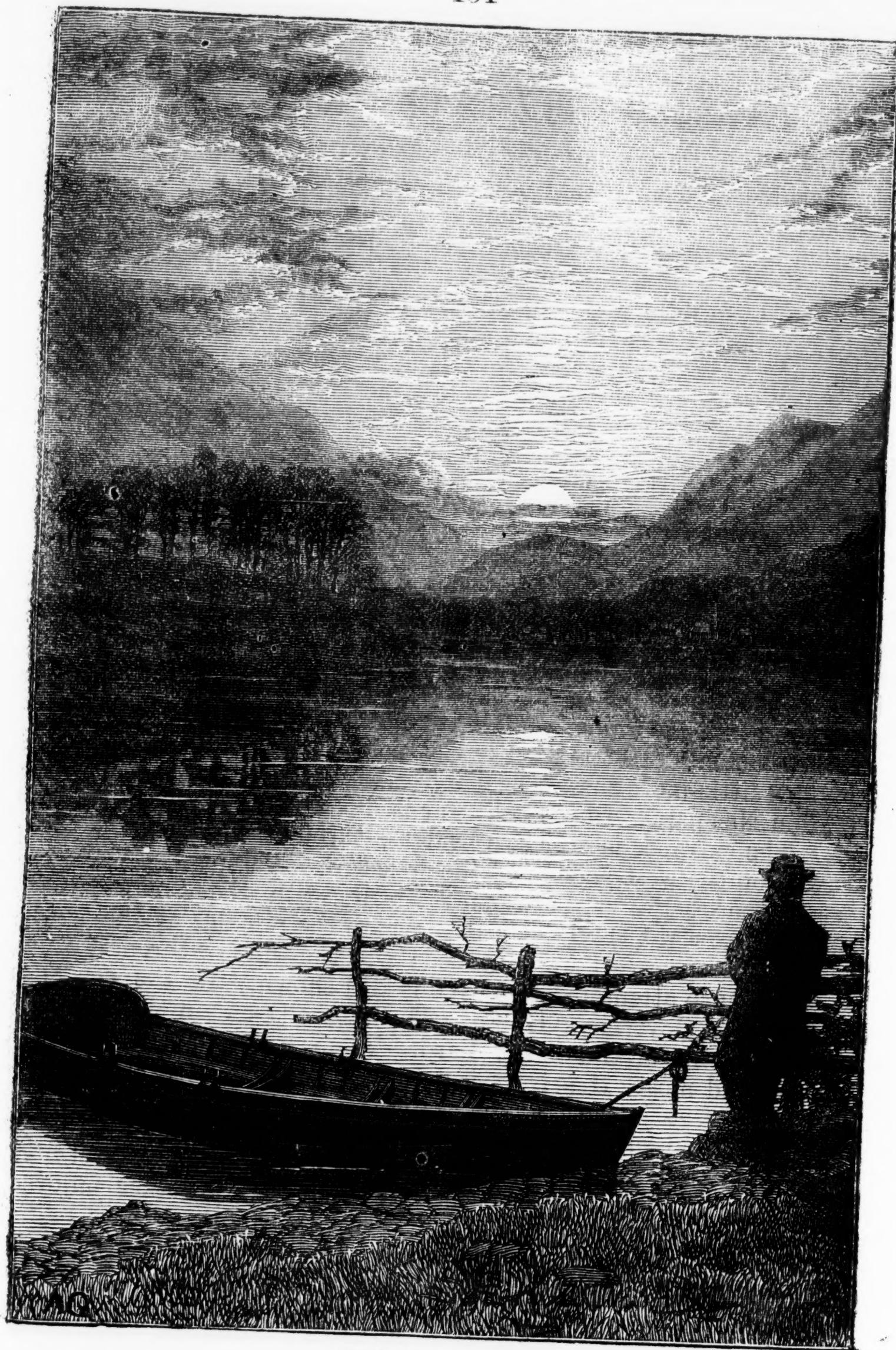
HOW THE PROCESS OF DIGESTION WAS INVESTIGATED.—A young man named St. Martin, a Canadian, was the victim of an accident by which a hole of considerable size was made in his stomach. He recovered, and regained his ordinary health; but, strange as it may appear, the hole did not close, but to the end of his life his stomach remained in direct communication with the external air. Dr. Beaumont, when he examined him, found that he could see distinctly what was going on inside his stomach, and could put things in and take them out with perfect ease. Fortunately, this remarkable opportunity of making experiments was not lost. Dr. Beaumont watched very carefully the time required for the digestion of different articles of food, observed the accumulation of the gastric juice, the motions of the stomach, and other

points of the greatest interest to physiology. Among the articles observed, tripe and soured pig's feet were digested most easily. They were liquefied in an hour, whereas beef and mutton took from two hours and three-quarters to four hours, while pork required five hours and a quarter, and boiled tendon five hours and a half.—*From "Cassell's Household Guide."*

THE QUEEN'S STATE CROWN.—Professor Tennant thus describes Her Majesty's imperial crown. It was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz.

ORIGIN OF GAMING.—The invention of this curse is attributed to the Lidiens when under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c., and, it is added, that to bear their calamity the better, they used to play a whole day without interruption, that they might not be racked with the thoughts of food. Here is another proof that the best things, perverted from their original purpose, become the worst. This invention, intended for a remedy against hunger, is now the common and hateful cause of it.

WORDS IN THEIR FIRST MEANING.—The time was when every word was a picture. He who used a word first, almost any word, had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type and analogy to certain ideas, and pictured images present to his mind. Dean Trench furnishes many instances. Look at a word or two. *Dilapidated*: dilapidated fortunes, a dilapidated character, a dilapidated house. Is there not a vivid picture?



TWILIGHT.

“—I love thee, Twilight! As thy shadows roll,
 The calm of evening steals upon the soul,
 Sublimely tender—solemnly serene—
 Still as the hour—enchanting as the scene.
 Twilight! I love thee: let thy glooms increase,
 Till every feeling, every pulse is peace.” MONTGOMERY.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE ISLE OF WIGHT. (*Concluded.*)

A water-trip to Portsmouth, for the sake of its dockyard, foundries, block machinery, &c., should not be forgotten. It may be viewed gratuitously, daily, at ten in the morning or two in the afternoon, on application to the Master Warden. The biscuit stores at Gosport, with the curious process of the manufacture, by steam, should also be witnessed. In a western and south-western direction, the distance from Ryde to Newport, the capital, and the most ancient town of the island, is seven miles. Whilst Carisbrooke Castle was inhabited by the "Lords of the Isle," Carisbrooke was the capital, and Newport only an insignificant little village. The latter may be said to have risen from the ruins of the former. It is nearly in the centre of the island, and in a situation favourable to commerce, as the Medina is navigable to the town for small vessels. Its corn-market is also much frequented by the farmers. The streets are broad, well paved, and lighted with gas. The Church, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, is in fact a chapel of ease to the Church of Carisbrooke. Its only monument of interest is one to the memory of Sir Edward Horsey, Captain of the Island, who died in the reign of Elizabeth. Here lie the remains of the Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I., who died in Carisbrooke Castle, about nineteen months after the untimely death of her father.

The great object of attraction in the neighbourhood is Carisbrooke Castle, now little more than a heap of ruins, on a hill at a short distance from Newport. In the civil war it was garrisoned by Cromwell's troops. The entrance is over two bridges, through a strong machicolated gate, on the western side of the structure. Passing the wicket of this gate the castle yard presents itself, with the Chapel of St. Nicholas on the right hand. On the left are the remains of the apartments in which Charles I was confined; and the window through which he is said to have attempted to escape is still shown. In the centre of the Court is the Governor's House. The Keep is on an elevated spot at the N.E. corner of the Court Yard. From its summit are some of the loveliest and most extensive views in the island. The well is upwards of 300 feet in depth—the water pure, crystalline, grateful to the palate, and raised by a large tread-wheel worked by an ass. One of this animal's predecessors is recorded to have worked the wheel fifty-two years, and even then to have died by accident. Another enjoyed, for many years, the boon of a penny loaf per diem, granted by the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of George III. A pebble thrown into the well occupies four seconds in its descent to the bottom. A lighted lamp, lowered to the surface of the water, shows the masonry of the well.

The village of Carisbrooke, with its church, erected in 1064, constitutes one of the most picturesque views in the island. To the north of the churchyard was a Priory of Black Monks, founded in 1071, by William Fitz-Osborne. The site of this building is now occupied by a farm. The church of Nortwood, as well as that of Newport, belongs to Carisbrooke.

Among the attractions at East Cowes, and in its neighbourhood, may

be mentioned *Osborne House*, "a fine sequestered old mansion," to the east of the road to Newport, and dividing the grounds of Norris and East Cowes Castles. "Osborne" observes a modern topographer, "may be ranked as having one of the best situations in the island, being placed on a spacious lawn, sloping to the sea, affording some of the most beautiful and extensive views of the Solent, Cowes, the New Forest, and the Southampton Water, with Portsmouth and Spithead in the distance. The contiguity of Osborne to the sea shore, and its facility of access, have recommended this mansion as the summer residence of Her Majesty, from her known partiality to marine excursions.

At the mouth of the river Yar, ten miles from Newport, and nearly at the western extremity of the island, lies Yarmouth. This little town enjoys a regular steam communication with Lymington, Portsmouth, Ryde, Cowes, Southampton, Weymouth, Swanage, &c. With many objects of interest, the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are retired and rural. Alum Bay, south-westward from the mouth of the Yar, has its name from the quantity of alum found on the shore. A vast angle of rock, known as the Needle Point, forms the boundary of the bay westward. North of the bay is Headon Hill, 400 feet in height, and abounding in rare geological specimens. Boats may be had to visit the Needles, five large columnar rocks, which seem to have risen out of the ocean. At present, however only three are visible. The tallest of the group, 120 feet above low-water mark, fell into the sea in 1776, its base having been undermined from the action of the water. The view here is eminently fine. The Needles Lighthouse, furnished with argand lamps and reflectors, stands on the highest point of the cliffs, 715 feet above the level of the sea. The Freshwater cliffs, 600 feet in height, are much frequented by sea-birds; the eggs of which, as well as the down of the birds, are made prey of by the islanders. In the neighbourhood of Freshwater Gate, are many natural curiosities of great interest. Eastward, in the little village of Motteston, commanding views of the country and of the English Channel, is a remarkable relic of druidical antiquity, called Longstone. Two miles farther to the east is Shorewell, anciently a chapelry belonging to the priory of Carisbrooke. Northward is St. Catherine's Hill, the most elevated point of the island, 800 feet above the level of the sea at low-water mark.

St. Catherine's Tower and a signal station assist vessels in the day-time in navigating the Channel. On St. Catherine's Point is a Lighthouse, erected by the Trinity House in 1840. On the descent of the hill is the little village of Crab Niton, so named from the number of crabs found on the neighbouring coast.

Not far from the bottom of St. Catherine's Hill, is a gloomy fissure, named Black Gang Chine; from the upper part of which falls, over a lofty ledge of rocks, a stream, at times equal to a cataract. In places the wild and barren cliffs rise on each side to a height of nearly 500 feet.

Commencing at the western extremity of St. Catherine's Hill, by Black Gang Chine, and extending eastward to Bonchurch, a distance of about six miles is the undercliff, supposed to have been formed by a succession of landslips, and regarded by many as the most interesting portion of the island.

While in the neighbourhood of the undercliff, the visitor should not fail to view Appuldurcombe House, the fine time-honoured seat of the ancient family of Worsley. This mansion, situated a mile south from Godshill, contains a fine collection of antiquities, works of art, &c.

The straggling village of St. Lawrence, on the coast, has the smallest church in the island; its height, to the eaves, being only six feet; and, until recently lengthened a few feet by the Earl of Yarborough, it was only twenty feet long by twelve feet wide. Further to the west is Ventnor, now rapidly rising into a good market town. Lucombe Chine, beyond Bonchurch, is a pretty romantic spot. Shanklin Chine, however, is considered the most beautiful of all the chines. Near this is Sandown Bay; the bold sweep of which is bounded by the Culver Cliffs, at the eastern extremity of the island. A little above are the town and haven of Brading.

In a three days' tour round the island, though four are preferable, every place of interest may be visited.

SAVED AS BY FIRE! OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

AFTER these events, life went on more quietly, and for several weeks no incident took place worth recording. Day after day John and his father walked to work in the morning, had dinner together quietly in a coffee-house at noon, and returned home direct in the evening. No opportunity was lost by the son of bringing to bear upon his father the most powerful moral influence and restraint of which he was capable.

Thus day followed day in that rapid monotonous succession with which most of us are so familiar. Yet after all, these quiet and uneventful days, although they slip by so noiselessly, have the greatest effect upon character. It is then that impressions silently deepen or are as silently effaced. We might say that it is in these days that characters are moulded and prepared for the more stirring times of action. It was so with Broadmead's father. Outwardly his life was completely quiet, inwardly it was full of the most intense tumult. Ever since the evening when Pegg had narrated that incident of his child's enquiry "Where do we go to when we die," the same question had tormented him. Moreover he constantly, asked himself, "Why was the child happy in believing, whilst he dreaded to acknowledge the truth."

All this time John never spoke to him on the subjects of either religion or temperance, rightly trusting to the constant and unwearied influence which he tried to exert on his life and to the Almighty Spirit of God. "Actions speak louder than words," is a truth the divine Preacher Himself acted upon, and John tried to follow in the Master's footsteps. Would that more of His followers would likewise preach by practising.

It was no light task that John had set himself to accomplish. His policy was, if possible, never to leave his wretched father without his own influence or that of a person whom he could trust. He provided him, as far as it lay in his power, with healthy, varied amusements, and entirely devoted his evenings to him. He took him to any place of entertainment that he judged might divert his attention without demoralising him. He procured all kinds of books, and got him to interest himself in them.

In short, acting on the great principle that a sinner can only be saved by personal influence, he never lost an opportunity of thus constraining him to take the right road. Is it not in this way that Christ saves us—by personal influence. Unless we felt a personal interest in Him, and unless we felt that He has a personal interest in us, and influence over us, we could not be saved by Him. There is nothing artificial here. It is simple, spiritual truth, and the principle is being acted upon around us every day that we live, if only we would open our eyes to see it. There is many a young man to-day who would have sunk to the lowest depths of sin, but for the sweet and loving *personal* influences of a good home—a tender father, and a gentle mother.

It was in this way then that John strove to save his father, to lead him back into paths of rectitude, and so to strengthen his will that he could resist temptation in future.

He continued to be exceedingly strict in the disposal of his father's wages. Every Friday when the men were paid the money was handed to John, and he, keeping back the sum which had been agreed upon between them, as a fair remuneration for bed and board, placed the remainder to his father's credit in a savings bank—to his father's credit, be it observed, but with himself as trustee. Thus Broadmead, the elder, absolutely never had a penny in his pocket, and was as it were *coerced* to do well. But *the* point—change of heart and the consequent spontaneous efforts to live a godly life, had yet to come. Till then John would not leave him to himself.

This plan of coercion may be thought by some to be exceedingly arbitrary, but it must be remembered that strong evils demand strong remedies, and moreover it was a remedy that struck at the very root of the evil. This was to be found in his utter want of self-control; he had no *free* will, for it was in the direst bondage to his evil habits. John *forced* him to hold them in subjection until his will should be freed from their slavery. There was a tacit understanding between them to this effect—John was master.

Bess joined heartily in this good work, and John's devotion to his father did not lead him, even unconsciously, to neglect her. Whenever it was possible, she accompanied them in their walks or visits to places of entertainment. John made it a rule, and acted upon it, too, never to go to any place where he would not like to take his wife; and when they were obliged to go without her, it was almost like having the pleasure over again to recapitulate the details to her after their return.

Thus Bess was so completely identified in all her husband's plans and doings, that although at times she could not resist a secret wish for the return of those quiet happy days that sped along so pleasantly, before

her father-in-law came, yet she never for a moment repined, still less felt herself neglected. The many quiet attentions which women value so much, and which her husband so constantly paid her, so often, too, consulting her opinions and tastes, showed her that she was still ever uppermost in his thoughts.

And so the weeks flew silently by, and well was it for one of their number, at least, that it was so, for in the future there awaits this poor wanderer in sin's rugged ways, a temptation so sharp and so strong that it will shake his powers of resistance (if he have any) to their very roots. Well will it be for him if these winged hours have brought him inward strength as well as outward calm.

But have they?

Will he be able to resist like the mighty monarch of the forest, or will he be whirled away to destruction like a withered leaf on a mountain torrent?

CHAPTER XVII.—ON THE BRIDGE.

It was a wild and stormy night. Overhead, dense masses of dark clouds scudded rapidly across the sky, now falling in drenching showers upon the streets below, and anon breaking to allow the wan moon to shine forth with a watery gleam.

The gaslights struggled hard for life in the roads and byways of the many-peopled city. They flickered and faltered as the wind swept by, and threw but a feeble light on the streaming pavements. Every shop was closed except a few inferior ones, whose owners still clung to the hope of a chance customer.

The half-doors of the glittering gin-palaces were ever on the swing, and poor wretches passed in and out, in and out, madly pursuing their phantom happiness and drinking what they called comfort. Oh! the awful sights that may be witnessed in the London "spirit vaults" on a wet and wintry night like this, when these tawdry places are the only havens in which hundreds of sin-worn mortals can, or *care to*, find light and warmth.

Down by the river the night was yet more dreary. Many of the lamps by its banks and on the bridges had been blown out, and the black water flowed on beneath, so silently and so mysteriously, with here and there a sinister glitter on its dark surface when the moon shone out, that the passers by shuddered as they glanced at it, and felt how terribly hard bestead any person must be who sought oblivion beneath its cruel wave.

Pegg was hurrying homeward across one of the bridges. He had been out that evening to see his brother, who lived on the Surrey side of the water. It was a visit which he had felt it his duty to pay on this particular evening, or he would much have preferred to have remained snug at home. His brother, by no means a careful or too sober man, was out of work, starvation stared his family in the face; Pegg had been to see if assistance could be rendered.

We see at once that Pegg was improving, for we find him now steadily putting duty before pleasure, and regarding a most unpleasant

piece of business as a duty ; for, after all, it is unpleasant to take your hardly-earned and much-needed money and give to a brother who is in want, solely by his own evil habits ; it is unpleasant to have to talk to your brother soundly for reason of his misconduct. Pegg had not paid the visit without long and careful consultation with his wife, and it was as much her decision as his that had led him to help them.

He had done what he could, and was now returning home.

Suddenly, when he had reached the middle of the bridge, he was startled by hearing a low moaning cry proceeding from one of the abutments. He paused, thinking at first that he had been mistaken, then again he heard it, more distinctly this time—a low, faint moan, as of a child in pain. Pegg could see no one near him—not even a certain slouching figure which was at a little distance off, and which, when Pegg stopped, crouched still closer to the side of the bridge, and hid in its dark shadow.

Presently Pegg heard the cry again, and this time he could distinguish the exact spot from whence it proceeded ; he had also made up his mind how to act, for he moved at once to the abutment, and there, on the stone seat which ran all round it, he perceived in the flickering gaslight what appeared to be a little bundle of rags, but as he bent closer over it, he could see a small, wizened face peep out from among them. A little, puny face it was, the face of a child, with the worn-out look of a man upon it. The skin was drawn so tightly over the bones that it seemed as though they must break through, and the eyes stared so weirdly in the dull light that they looked like those of a corpse. The mouth was open, and the little lips forced apart as if in a spasm of pain. It looked more like a ghastly skeleton than a little living boy !

Yes ; it was only a little boy, starving and freezing to death in the richest city in the word ! He was so weak and cold that he could not move his numbed little bones or speak a word ! When Pegg first saw those glazing, staring eyes and protruding bones, he fairly shook with horror, and then he sat down on the cold, wet, stone seat, and took him tenderly on his knee.

“ What's wrong with you, little ‘ un ? ” said he, as gently as he could. But the child only stared at him and moaned piteously.

Just then the moon burst forth from amidst the surrounding clouds and beamed down on the bridge as though to show her sympathy.

“ Ah ! ” said Pegg, as cheerfully as he could ; “ that's better, ain't it ? Now we can see better what we are doing ; but 'taint much good asking you questions, I'm thinking, poor little thing. Well, I'll take you with me, and give you something nice and hot, eh ! ” And, saying this, he rose, and was walking off, carrying the child tenderly in his arms, when he was stopped by hearing a gurgling in its throat, and, looking down, he could see, by the expression on its thin, pinched, little face, that it was trying to speak.

“ What is it, now ? ” said Pegg, bending down his head over the little thing, so that he could hear the slightest whisper.

And then, with great difficulty, the child said, in a hollow, piteous voice,—

“Don’t move—I ‘urts so !”

“Don’t move, eh !” said Pegg, cheerily. “I must move you a little bit, my man. I’ll soon make you better ! You’d like to have something nice and warm, wouldn’t ye, eh ?” But the child had sunk down again into his arms, as if completely exhausted by its last little effort, and this time its eyes were closed !

Pegg stood still with his burden for a few moments. Then a shudder passed over the little body, and the limbs quivered, and a rattle sounded in the throat, and then all was still.

Pegg became more alarmed now. He put his ear close to the child’s mouth—there was no breathing. He hurriedly placed his finger on the pulse—there was not the faintest flutter. The painful conviction forced itself into his mind—the child was dead. He was carrying a corpse.

At this moment the bright moon was swallowed up in a black cloud, a gust of wind swept coldly by, and all was dark again ! Pegg trembled as he stood there. He seemed to be almost startled out of his senses ! The little corpse lay in his arms like lead, and he feared to stir. Then, hardly knowing what he did, he took off his cap and reverently repeated the Lord’s Prayer.

And the heedless wind caught the solemn words as they fell from his lips, and tossed them to the ears of that slouching figure which we noticed before, and which is now crouched so close to Pegg in the shadow of the parapet, that possibly he has been able to see and hear everything that has taken place without being seen himself. And as he heard those marvellous sentences which for so many, many years have wafted up to heaven the aspiration of suffering humanity, he sank to the ground and wept. By-and-bye, when Pegg had moved off, he rose to his feet again, and taking a dark bottle from his pocket, hastily threw it over into the water beneath, and then hurried away. And that night there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over that one sinner that repented !

Thus dark scenes of life come and go on the world’s stage, appearing and disappearing like shadows ; and how little we know of them ! Every moment, as it flies, is weighty with eternal moment to some, and terrible tragedies are being enacted every hour !

(*To be Continued.*)

PLAIN WORDS FOR WOMEN.

PUTTING IT OFF.

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow.” Every day as it passes preaches a sermon to all on these words. It is impossible to live with eyes and ears open and yet not to see how vain it is when men boast of the morrow, and speak with full confidence, forgetting that they can only carry out their plans “if the Lord will.”

In worldly matters you all know that it is best to do at once what you have to do ; never put off, and never to leave to the morrow what can be done that day. You know how a thing put off is often never done at all ; and in matters of business it is a leading principle to do what you have to do immediately.

But if this is important in temporal matters, of how much more concern it is that in those things which affect eternity there should be no putting off.

Often we see men boasting themselves of the morrow and death comes suddenly and carries them away, or else illness or loss of property makes it impossible for them to do as they intended. What if death comes to you ere you have accepted Christ's offer of pardon for your sins, forgetting that *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation? You know that death must come, and you put off preparing for it and making your peace with God.

Ah! that putting off may have the most awful results. You do not intend to die, you say, without coming to God, you know you dare not face the all-holy God with your sins unforgiven. You will come some day—some day, you say, but not now.

How do you know that if you put it off that "some day" will ever be given you to prepare in?

There is the story of a lady who evidently thought she could wait and yet be safe. She had been much given up to the vanities of the world and had only been brought to think seriously by what she heard at a mission. Going home she had apparently written out at night a solemn promise to give herself to God that day six months. The word *six* had been run through with a pencil and *three* substituted. This again had been cancelled, and the word *one* written above. Awful was her sin of presumption, which was to all appearance awfully judged! Next morning, so this story says, (the truth of which has been vouched for,) the lady was found dead in her bed, that fearful witness against her being upon her toilet table.

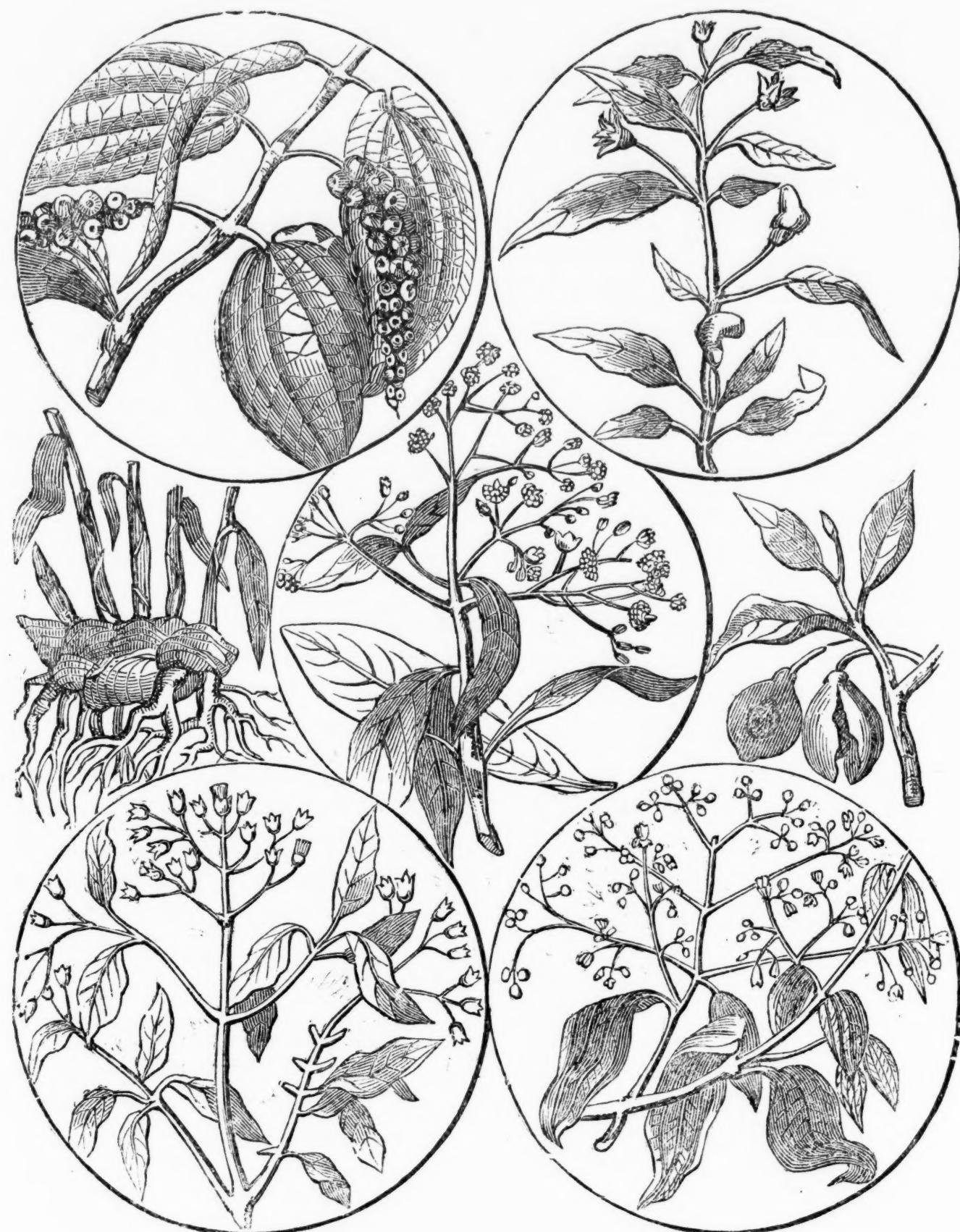
Come then, those of you who have never come before, come to the Lord Jesus, who has said "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." But do not put it off, for the day in the future you count upon may never be yours.

L. D. E.

PLEASANT JOTTINGS.

"We should serve the cause of many a home, in which a toiling anxious father and husband struggles to support a wife and growing or grown up daughters, in the lady-like habits of doing nothing, or worse than nothing, if we could persuade them that doing, or assisting to do, their household work is no departure from their dignity, but the preservation of it, since, by so doing, they render themselves in a great degree independent of those on whom, in the present state of their education, little depend-

ence can be placed; they would increase the measure of their comforts, relieve themselves of many annoyances to which genteel poverty must submit, and which economy, industry, and activity escape. Let them remember that the father and husband who goes to his daily toils is also travelling to his grave; and when, at last, he lies down to take his everlasting rest, how pleasant to their spirits will it be to think that they lightened the load he had to bear in life, instead of increasing the burden.



FRAGRANT SPICES.

CINNAMON, CLOVES, ALLSPICE, PEPPER,

The plants which produce the more esteemed spices are all natives of tropical climates; and with the exception of some of the capsicums, none of them can be fruited in the open air in this country, nor can the choicer sorts be brought to maturity even by artificial heat. These substances are either simply hot and acrid, in which case they get the name of peppers, or they have aromatic flavour in addition; and when they have this aroma they are called spices.

Spices have always been regarded as luxurious acquisitions, while their small comparative bulk, and consequent facility of transport, caused them to be among the first articles of commerce obtained from remote countries. The inhabitant of more temperate regions has therefore, for ages, been in the enjoyment of most of the delicious aromatics fostered by a tropical sun.

The term *spices* applies to most dissimilar plants—to barks, seeds, flowers, roots, &c.; the *spices*, have all an agreeable aromatic, and pungent flavour, rendering them useful in the preparation of certain kinds of food, which would be insipid without them. The region of *spices* is a very confined one; the islands forming the Indian Archipelago, are noted for the prevalence of the plants which produce these substances.

Ceylon is the chief locality of the cinnamon, a kind of laurel, but there are species of cinnamon, and also of cassia, another kind of laurel, found in other islands of the archipelago. Cinnamon is obtained from the inner bark of the young branches of the trees. Cassia is a similar spice, which, however is more abundant and less delicate in its aroma than cinnamon.

Cinnamon formed one of the ingredients in the anointing oil used by Moses in sanctifying the holy things of the tabernacle;—“Take thou also unto thee principal spices, of pure myrrh five-hundred shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much even two-hundred-and-fifty shekels, and of sweet calamus two-hundred-and-fifty shekels, and of cassia five-hundred shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of olive oil a hin.” (Exodus xxx. 23, 24.) We perceive from this quotation that many things were called *spices* which are not regarded as such in these days—the myrrh being a gum-resin, and the calamus a species of grass.

The nutmeg and mace are both obtained from a plant indigenous in the Molucca islands, afterwards eradicated there by the Dutch, and transferred to the Banda Islands, to which place its cultivation was confined, the trade being wholly in the hands of the Dutch. In 1802 a large number of nutmeg and clove plants were conveyed to Penang, Prince of Wales’ Island, where, although an exotic it is cultivated with so much success, as to supply all our demands. The fruit of the nutmeg tree is nearly spherical, but it varies to almost the shape of an egg; when ripe it splits into halves showing inside the nutmeg inclosed in its thin membranous covering of mace.

Cloves are produced by a species of myrtle, a native of the Molucca Islands, but which has been introduced with success into several parts of the East and West Indies. Cloves are the unexpanded flower buds of the tree, dried; they resemble a short thick nail, hence the name of the spice from the French *clou*.

The Allspice, Pimento, or Jamaica Pepper is a native of Mexico and the West Indies. It flourishes spontaneously on the north side of the island of Jamaica. The fruit has an aromatic odour, and its taste combines that of cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, hence its common name or allspice; the berries are gathered before they are quite ripe. This tree grows about thirty feet high, it has shining green leaves like those of the bay tree: even the leaf when bruised emits a fine aromatic odour.

In July and August a profusion of white flowers pleasingly contrast with the green leaves, the whole forming an object of vegetable beauty rarely surpassed; while the rich perfume which is exhaled around, and which is wafted by the gentlest breeze, renders an assemblage of these trees one of the most delicious plantations of even a tropical climate.

Black pepper is obtained from the nearly ripe fruit of a climbing plant common in the East Indies, and of the simplest culture, being multiplied with facility by cuttings or suckers. The ripe fruit deprived of its outer covering by washing becomes *white* pepper. A small quantity of pepper is grown in the West Indies and America, and some kinds are produced in Africa. Long pepper, which is also used in this country is extensively cultivated in many parts of India.

Capsicum or Chili consists of long tapering pods which are full of small whitish seeds; their principal use is to make Cayenne pepper; the consumption of capsicums in India is very large, as both the rich and poor daily use them to season their curries. They are ground into a paste between two stones with a little mustard, oil, ginger, and salt, and these form the seasoning with which the millions of poor people in India flavour their insipid rice.

Ginger is a native of the East Indies and of China; it also grows very well in the West Indies; it is imported in root-stalks called *rhizomes* from two to five inches in length; after these roots are dug up they are carefully scraped, and sometimes bleached. The finest kinds are obtained from Jamaica.

Various other plants yield substances which are used as condiments, as caraway, coriander, mustard, cummin, and aniseed; all these with the exception of the two last are grown in England.

FOR THE YOUNG—THE KING AND THE STABLE BOY.

DURING the visit of George the Third to the royal stables, a boy belonging to one of the grooms took his attention. There is no accounting for fancies; but there was something about the boy that won his royal master's favour, and the King treated him kindly in many ways. But a time of temptation came, and the poor lad fell into disgrace; he had stolen some oats from the royal bins, and, being detected, the head groom discharged him.

Not long afterwards, when the King again visited his stables, he observed the absence of the boy, and asked one of the grooms what had become of him, "I have discharged the boy, sire," answered he.

"For what reason?" asked the King.

"He was discovered stealing the oats from one of the bins," was his reply, "and I sent him away."

The King felt sorry for the poor boy who had disgraced himself thus, but determined not to give him up,

and ordered him to be sent for immediately.

"Well, my boy," said his majesty, when the poor lad, trembling and looking very pale, stood before him, not knowing what awaited him; "is this true that I hear of you?"

The lad could not look up into the King's face, but, with his head bent down, his only answer to the kindly inquiry was a flood of tears. He had not a word to say for himself; his mouth was stopped, for he knew he was guilty; he had not a word of excuse. The King, seeing the poor boy was sorry on account of his sin, spoke to him of the evil—how he had not only taken what was not his own, but abused the confidence reposed in him. "Well, my lad," said his Majesty, putting his hand kindly upon the boy's head, "I forgive you." Then, turning to the head groom, said, "Let the boy have his former place, and let him be cared for."

What a thrill of joy did the lad's heart feel as the King uttered those

three words, "I forgive you." Instead of being ordered off to prison, and punished, and disgraced, he was restored to favour, and to the place he had lost. It seemed almost too good to be true. But who could dispute it? The King himself had forgiven him, and then the highest judge in the land had not a word to say against it; he was a guilty one, but now was forgiven, and that by the King himself.

As his Majesty was leaving, he turned round, looking steadfastly at the boy, and, in the hearing of the grooms and servants about him, said, "If any one says a word to you about

those oats, tell me!" Now this was a double assurance to the boy. Not only was he forgiven, and that publicly, but not a word was to be said to him about his past sin—it was to be forgotten. Who would incur the royal displeasure by telling the boy of his fault? This act of grace had a greater effect on the boy than any punishment would have had. How, after such kindness and forgiveness, could he wrong so gracious a master, who had so deeply interested himself on his behalf? Nay, rather would it call forth devotedness of heart in his service, and a fear of grieving him any more.

"ONLY A JOKE."

CHAPTER IV.

Reproachfully, my past life seemed to stare me in the face—the wasted years of youth and manhood, the frivolous pursuits, which had so engrossed my attention, the neglect of God, and indifference to His will. Again and again the thought would return, ah! how solemnly, "If I had died when I received that blow, what then?" and as with undiverted mind I tossed from side to side in restless weariness, the fearful alternative seemed so vivid that involuntarily I would shudder, although now all present apprehension was past.

But about a fortnight after the crisis, I was so much better that at my reiterated request to be made acquainted with the circumstances since that eventful night, my mother reluctantly acceded.

Not a reproach did either of my parents utter, but simply, kindly, the facts were made known to me.

When Hugh perceived the effects of his rash blow, he was at once filled with horror and remorse; for a time he was too paralyzed with fear to move, or call for assistance. But kneeling beside me, he gazed wildly, despairingly in my face, realizing nothing but the awful idea that he was a murderer with a brother's blood upon his hands. But soon a loud, moaning cry startled all the inmates of the house; it was repeated again and again, and frightened and trembling, the terrified servants, with my father leading the way, directed their steps from whence the sounds proceeded. There upon the balcony they came upon Hugh and my prostrate body; the former in the same attitude uttering the cry, while eagerly he chafed my cold hands.

I was at once carried upstairs to my room, Hugh, meanwhile, hurrying off for the doctor.

"And oh! Jack," pleaded my mother, "you must be lenient towards poor Hugh, for you gave him great provocation. As soon as your friend Mr. Oaklands heard of the affair he came to inquire after you, and also

to explain his part of the quarrel ; he entirely exculpated you, but oh ! my dear son, I think you were even more to blame, for was not Hugh your brother.

"Ah!" said my father, "if young men would but consider the golden rule, and take time to think before they carry out a joke, whether what may be fun to them may not cause pain and mortification to the object of their amusement!"

"And it is not Christian-like," exclaimed my gentle sister Ida, "to rouse in the hearts of our fellow-creatures evil feelings of jealousy and hate, just for the sake of obtaining a little fun."

"It is true, every word of it," I cried, "and oh ! God knows I shall never forgive myself the wretched work of that unhappy day," and excited and remorseful, I raised myself upon my elbow in bed, and gazed earnestly at them.

But my mother, kind, gentle woman that she was, bade me lie down again, and peremptorily forbade any more talking. So still unsatisfied, though exhausted, I composed myself for a nap, and was soon sleeping the dreamless sleep of returning health.

But what about Hugh ? Ah ! some days had passed before I was told that the brother whom I had so wronged, was now far away from me, across the wide, blue ocean, and in a distant land, was reaping the sad results of "only a joke."

During the days and nights when I was, as the medical man expressed it, "off my head," one of the most indefatigable watchers beside my sick-bed was my brother Hugh. Unfortunately, the ship by which he had intended making his voyage to India, for some reason or other, started before the previously mentioned time, so he was compelled, during the period when my wild delirium was at its height, to take a farewell of his family and native land. So great was his sorrow at my unfortunate accident, which he attributed entirely to his own vehemence and unrestrained temper, that my sister told me, with tears in her eyes, that ten years seemed added to his age, so care-worn and haggard did he appear when he bade them a last good-bye.

"And what about Effie," I asked of my mother. "Poor girl," she answered, "whether she were to blame or not I cannot judge, but Hugh told me that the engagement existing between them was broken, and that he had returned all her letters, and photograph. The tears stood in my mother's eyes as she spoke, for Effie had possessed a large share of her warm, motherly heart ; the motherless girl had been very dear to her, and it was with pleasure that she had regarded her as her future daughter-in-law. To Ida, also, Effie had been as a dear sister and confidential friend, but all such relationship must now cease, and coldness and formality take its place.

Thus "only a joke," not alone brought sorrow to the parties concerned, but alike it spread gloom over every member of our household, myself included.

As soon as my health was sufficiently restored, the physician ordered me to the south of Italy, to regain, if possible, my lost health and manly vigour. At the period when my story opens, I was studying hard for the bar, my inclinations leaning towards a legal profession. But alas !

now for all my aspirations. My retentive memory and clear perception had vanished with my physical powers, leaving me a weary, disappointed man, a burden to myself and others.

But I will pass over the next five years, years so sorrowful and sad that the recollection of them would cause me needless pain, as they were uneventful with regard to the subject of my story.

Four years had glided by when I laid my dear mother in the family vault by the side of her husband, who had died but a year previously, leaving to me, as the only son at home, the old family mansion. During this time my sister Ida had married my old friend and associate, Mr. Oaklands, and resided about six miles from his former home. So I alone lived at the Hollies, where we had all in the happy past dwelt so pleasantly together.

Five Christmas days had passed away since Hugh had left for India, and I was sitting solitarily by my cheerless fire-side contemplating past events.

I was recalling the days when Hugh and I, arm-in-arm, had trod the green lanes and climbed the stiles on our way to our tutor's, the Rector of the village. Side by side we had conned our tasks and pored over the crabbed characters of that detestable Greek, as we termed it. Together, lessons over, we had chased the bright winged butterfly, or had climbed the banks to get wild flowers for mother. Oh! what merry races we had run to see which should present theirs first and receive the envied "Thank you," accompanied by the loving kiss. In spring time, too, when with Ida between us we had taken her to the adjacent fields to watch the playful young lambs, or to hear the birds sing their sweet songs. And then in summer, dear Hugh, how well he played at cricket, exciting the admiration of the gaping rustics. And oh! chief of all, side by side we had taken our confirmation vows, and partaken of the Supper of Our Lord. But now, alas! alas!

I was here aroused from my musings by a knock at the door.

On saying "Come in," my servant entered with the announcement, "Please, sir, a lady wishes to see you."

"Who is it, Barnes?" I enquired.

"She would not give her name, sir, and her veil being down I could not see her face, but she looks like a real lady, sir."

"Very well, Barnes, then show her in."

My servant turned to comply, and ushered in a lady, whom though cloaked and veiled, I at once recognized as Effie Woodville.

"Miss Woodville," I exclaimed, advancing towards her, and drawing a chair near the fire for her accommodation.

At my mentioning her name she raised her veil presenting to my view a face so pale and altered that I started back in surprise. Five years had made a wonderful difference in the blooming girl of eighteen years as I had last seen her.

"Ah!" she said, her voice trembling with emotion, "it is five years this very night since"—but here she broke down, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

For a moment I was perplexed as to what course I should pursue, but finally came to the conclusion that silence would be the best restorative.

So walking to the window I pretended to be occupied in carefully arranging the curtains, thus giving her time to recover her composure.

When I again returned to her side, after a few minutes had elapsed, she was quite calm, and profuse in her apologies for her sudden emotion.

"Old memories and associations," she faltered, "connected with this room. Your mother," she added, "was such a dear friend to me."

Oh! what a stab her words were to me.

"Do not excuse yourself," I gently interposed, "it was but natural. As you came in I also was reverting in thought to the sad past," but seeing the sensitive colour return to her cheek at my allusion, I at once changed the conversation, and finally the weather, and various general topics engrossed our attention. When these were exhausted, timidly and with evident confusion, she explained the object of her unexpected visit.

"Indeed," she stammered out, "you must think me very strange and forward thus to intrude upon you, but I,—that is aunt, I mean, had heard—that—that—your brother"—but here her hesitating manner became so painful that I felt called upon to assist her in her difficulty.

"You refer to my brother, Mr. Sherwood, I presume," I stiffly commenced, "I have not received a letter or written to him since he has resided in India."

"Oh," she returned, as coldly, "then I need not trouble you. My aunt had been told by a mutual friend, Mr. Browning, that Mr. Sherwood was very ill, a return home being the only remedy, to which he will not consent. It is the hot feverish climate that is doing the mischief. But perhaps my informant was incorrect," and rising, she held out her hand.

"If it be true," I remarked, "I and my sister should most certainly have been made aware of the fact."

"Perhaps he has feared alarming you," she suggested, "he has not liked to make you uneasy."

"And surely," she continued, in impulsive vehemence, "surely it is for you to give him the word of recall; he is sensitive, and may not like to make the first advance towards a reconciliation."

"Thank you," I freezingly answered, "but I do not think you understand the matter. Most probably Mr. Browning has highly exaggerated the case."

"Perhaps so," she sadly replied, "but I feel very sure it is not so. You consider that I have meddled where I have no right, and but for my sad forebodings I would not have done so. My pride would have prevented me interfering in such a delicate affair had I not felt that it was my duty at least to tell you the plain truth, that you may have the opportunity of coming to an explanation with your brother; if you do not now it is your own responsibility. It is only for your mother's sake that I have spoken. Mr. Sherwood is nothing to me at the present time, save the son of the dear friend who acted a mother's part towards me. I cannot think that I have acted in either an unmaidenly manner, or with less reserve than is consistent with my position in that unfortunate quarrel; but I will say no more. If you choose to take

my visit ill I cannot help it," and with great dignity she moved towards the door, giving me a stately bow as she did so.

"Good evening," she said.

"Good evening," I answered, without another word, ringing the bell as I spoke for Barnes to show her out.

But after she was gone, in mental anguish I paced to and fro the large drawing room.

Effie's words had sunk deep down into my heart as up and down I strode, wrestling with the tempter.

For there rankled a sore feeling in connection with Hugh. Pride whispered, "Let him come half-way then, cheerfully, I will go the other half; why should I go all the way? he is the greater aggressor, let him first speak." True! I had forgiven him the blow and its results, blaming myself much more severely than my brother.

Ah, how my heart yearned towards him; but should I let him see that I was a poor milk-sop, who would cheerfully take an insult without resentment. Let him first humbly apologise, then would I do my part.

But finally, after a severe struggle, affection came off conqueror, and pride baffled, and ashamed, sneaked out of sight.

Seizing a piece of note-paper, I sat down to my desk and penned some hasty lines; what they were it is needless to say, the principal tenor of my letter being, "Come home, come home." I told him of Effie's visit, and earnestly pleaded on her behalf. Then with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction, I concluded, addressed, and sealed it. But I would not wait for the morning, I feared my good resolution, but quickly despatched Barnes with it to the Post Office for the next mail.

Oh! the weary waiting, the dreadful suspense before my letter might even reach its destination, and many months had elapsed, when one morning I received the anxiously expected answer.

Meanwhile, however, I had seen my sister, (she and Charlie had begged me so often to come and see them, that weary of their importunities, I had consented) and hinted to her the tidings I had heard of Hugh. She seemed much more alarmed than I had been, and promised to make enquiries as to the truth of the statement. She also warmly expressed her approbation at the course I had taken, and strongly believed that my letter would bring our brother home, to regain health and strength in his native land.

It was a warm morning in June, when the answer to which I have already alluded, arrived. I was sitting at my late breakfast, lazily scanning the morning paper, when Barnes entered with the particular letter on his salver.

"A letter, sir! and please Mr. John it's a foreign one."

"Very well, Barnes," I quietly returned, though inwardly I was feeling much agitated, "you need not wait," I continued, as he lingered with a wistful glance towards the missive in my hand. So, reluctantly, my faithful servant withdrew. He had evidently come to the conclusion that it contained information of Mr. Hugh, as I had no other foreign correspondent.

(To be continued.)

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

FREEDOM.—None can love freedom heartily but good men. Every man who ably and honestly advocates the cause of freedom and good government is popular in England. For, naturally and of necessity, the people's sympathies are linked to those who prove themselves their friends, who labour to diminish their burdens, and diffuse among them a just and wholesome relish for knowledge ; to provide civil and religious instruction for their children, and raise them to that mental condition in which they may, with safety to themselves and to the

state, exercise all the rights of free men.

A HAPPY COUPLE.—Wife (reading a newspaper)—“ My dear, I very often read in the papers of *imported, exported, and transported &c.*, now, what do they mean ? ” Husband.—“ My love, imported means what is brought into this country ; exported means what is sent out of this country ; transported means, in one sense, the same as exported, &c., otherwise of joy, pleasure, &c., Now, my chick, an example : if *you* were exported, I should be transported ! ”

MAXIMS ON INDUSTRY.

He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the Globe.

Men are usually tempted by the devil, but the idle man positively tempts the devil.

Probably the man who deserves the most pity is he who is most idle, for as there are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen, there are certainly miseries in idleness which only the idle can conceive.

Diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to greater enterprises.

A busy man is troubled with but one devil, but the idle man with a thousand.

NO SUCCESS WITHOUT WORK.—When Charles Dickens said that all that he had accomplished had been achieved by diligent, patient, persevering application, he only stated what has been the experience of every successful man. Nothing is more important to young men than that they should early learn and fully comprehend this great truth. It is step by step, by toilsome effort added to toilsome effort, that all great achievements are made. As has been well remarked, there is no royal road to learning. Neither is there any royal road to anything else of great value in this life. Work—steady, long continued and regular application—is the only price for which anything worth the having can be bought.

HOW TO BE HAPPY ?

To embitter domestic life ; Maintain your opinion on small matters at the point of the bayonet.

To keep yourself in a state of discontent ; Set your heart on having everything to your mind.

To involve yourself in inextricable difficulties : Shape your course of action not by fixed principles, but by temporary expedients.

To provide yourself with abundant matter for shame and repentance : Act under the influence of passion.

To gain a permanent reputation : Endeavour to be, rather than appear, good.

To gain extensive usefulness : Seize the present opportunity, great or small, and improve it.

The “ Eye ” Series has been unavoidably interrupted, but will be continued in our next.



CHILDHOOD.

BY MARY HOWITT.

“ Childhood, happiest stage of life !
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from memory’s ruthless reign
Fraught with scenes of former pain ;
Free from fancy’s cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill ;
Time, when all that meets the view
All can charm, for all is new ;
How thy long lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return !

Then to toss the circling ball
Caught rebounding from the wall ;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel’s dirty tide ;
Then the hoop’s revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase ;—

Oh, what joy !—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine !—
How thy long lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return ! ”

“ Little children, not alone
On the dim earth are ye known,
'Mid its sorrows and its snares,
'Mid its sufferings and its cares ;
Free from sorrow, free from strife ;
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of our God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide.”

SAVED AS BY FIRE!
OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.

By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "FAITH'S FATHER," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ROBERT RELTON.

But who was the slouching figure who had cast the black bottle into the water? It was none other than Broadmead's father. During the afternoon of this day he had been subjected to a severe trial, and he had partially yielded. But the scene which he had so unexpectedly witnessed brought back to him his new thoughts and lent him strength to resist—it may have been the strength of fear, but it was effectual.

He was still, as we have seen, very much the victim of circumstances, for although placed in propitious surroundings, and almost forced to lead a better life, he had as yet taken no decided stand. He had not sternly resolved, "Henceforth I, by God's grace, will do right, come what may." But this forced resistance was a decided move in the right direction, and helped him on to strength.

The temptation happened in this wise:—

At the works was one of those men whose principal delight in life seems to be that of luring others on to destruction. Alas! that there should be so many of these human devils abroad in the world, who so aptly follow their leader, the prince of darkness, but so it is; for when men have become so satiated and sick with gratifying their own desires, that such gratification no longer brings them enjoyment, a new and peculiar zest is added to their unholy pleasures by dragging others as low as themselves. There are many men, aye, and women too, in London, to-day, whose chief delight is to help a fellow creature "to go the pace," to laugh cynically at his first fit of drunkenness, and to grin fiendishly over his first immoralities.

Of such character was Robert Relton. The son of parents, who had brought him up so strictly and grounded him so well in sound doctrine that even now he knew, perhaps, more of the Bible by rote than thousands of Sunday School scholars, he had burst all bounds when a young man, and now, with method enough in his sinful madness to preserve his health and keep his situation, yet he was one of the saddest moral wrecks that could well be imagined.

He had been taught the letter of God's Word, but not its perfect law of love. He had been taught the theory but not the practice.

All the scriptural knowledge had, as it were, been unassimilated by his nature, and it lay upon his mind and heart a heavy, undigested mass, from which nothing came to him but evil. His "milk of human kindness" had turned sour, and even as the sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar, so this man, who might have been of such service to the world, was now little better than a curse to it.

I knew a young man once, whose laugh was described as the most "Satanic thing to be heard out of hell," and it was so with Robert Relton. Little children shrank from him in affright. He knew it, and it hurt him, but he smothered up the pain, shewed his teeth, and laughed cynically and bitterly. He had turned completely sour, and (poor

whited sepulchre that he was) this merriment was put on to hide it all. He knew he was bad and going to ruin and he'd face it and laugh and say he didn't care.

It may be readily imagined that such a man as this had but little sympathy with John,—nay, he hated him. When John's father came to the works and the story of his life began to get noised among the men, it came into his head that there was a chance of putting "a spoke into Broadmead's wheel" as he termed it, and amusing himself at the same time.

I cannot say that he deliberately determined to compass the drunkard's ruin. He only meant to take an opportunity of amusing himself when it was presented to him. He knew, experimentally, that men are "tempted of their own lust," therefore that he needed not to offer temptation to the man, for something of which he could take advantage would surely soon occur.

But the "Divinity that shapes our ends" had so ordered matters that Relton saw very little of Broadmead's father, and although opportunities of which he might have taken advantage frequently presented themselves, yet it was not until this afternoon that he was allowed to make the attempt. For Broadmead's father, secretly groaning under the restraint placed upon him, ashamed of appearing a teetotaller before his companions, was at times, notwithstanding his better thoughts, full of grumbling and discontent, which he made plain enough to those with whom he worked. He did but need urging and tempting to overcome his fears and break from the moral and personal compulsion which surrounded him like a sea.

He was in this mood on the afternoon in question, and it so happened that he was brought into contact with Relton. Of course John's watchful care had always prevented these two worthies meeting each other at the dinner hour, or his father's abstinence would not have continued so long.

"Dry work, this, isn't it," said Relton, as he finished hammering an iron tire on to a wooden wheel.

"It is so," replied Broadmead's father, thirstily

"I say," said Relton, confidentially, and with a slightly concealed sneer, "is it true that your son won't let you drink anything but water?"

"No, not exactly that," answered his companion uneasily, for he was ashamed to own the truth, "of course I could take anything if I liked."

"Well, have a drink with me then, I have a bottle of good stuff here in my pocket," and as he spoke he looked craftily at his companion and produced a little flask.

"No, thank ye," answered Broadmead, weakly, "I never drink now."

"Pshaw, what nonsense; if I give you a dram it won't hurt your pocket, man. We all know how careful your son is of your money; oh! you old miser," he continued, in a bantering tone, "I should like to put my hand into your stocking, it would not come out empty, I'll be bound."

"This last remark was hazarded by Relton and was suggested by the strange circumstance known among the men that old Broadmead, as he was called, was not permitted by his son to spend any money.

Broadmead coloured at the last words but said nothing. It had the desired effect, however, and aroused in him all his latent discontent. Why should he be under his son's restraint and work hard for no purpose as he was doing now? Why should he lose all his merriment and excitement, ruinous though it was, and be forced to control his feelings and desires like a boy? He would do it no longer. He would kick over the traces and go the pace! Hurrah for a short life and a merry one!

Relton watched the change in his companion's face with a malicious smile. He then opened his bottle and prepared to take a draught, meanwhile careful that its fumes should reach his companion. These, adding their power to the old man's re-awakened and excited thirst, so worked upon him that he suddenly dashed his work down, and, unceremoniously clutching the flask from Relton's hand, drank deeply.

But Relton was too cunning a tempter to allow him take too much in working hours when the fault might be laid to his own charge, and, moreover, it pleased him to whet his victim's appetite and then leave him almost mad with the terrible re-awakened craving. So he quietly endeavoured to regain the bottle.

But the drunkard's thirst was thoroughly aroused, and he had some difficulty in doing so; indeed, it was not until he had promised that if Broadmead would visit him in the evening he would let him drink to his heart's content, that he could obtain possession of the bottle or rid himself of his now unpleasant companion. This arrangement suited Relton exactly. Now, said he to himself, chuckling, I will have a good lark, and get him roaring drunk, and then take him home and see the fun.

Hugging the expected pleasure to his heart, speculating in the guilty delight to come, Broadmead exerted himself to the utmost and compelled himself to return quietly to his accustomed place in the works.

So well did he succeed in conducting himself as usual that John noticed nothing, and the two returned home in the accustomed manner. Then the father, feigning slight indisposition, retired early to rest, and a short time afterwards, whilst his son was absorbed in reading to his wife down-stairs, he quietly slipped off, as he had done once before on a memorable occasion, and set out at once for Relton's. He had taken a bottle with him in order that he might bring some liquor back and enjoy it at his leisure. On his way, as we have seen, he unexpectedly saw Pegg on the bridge, and unknown to that worthy, had witnessed his meeting with the little starved waif. This proved his salvation, for as the fumes of liquor had now again passed completely from his brain in the night air, and the morbid excitement had quieted down in the presence of his son's strong and healthy life, some of his new thoughts *would* present themselves to his imagination, and when he saw the child die, and was so forcibly reminded of the existence of that God whom he so dreaded, his evil purpose completely broke down.

For the first time in his life he thoroughly *feared* to do evil, and, moreover, for the first time in his life he clearly saw how productive of misery evil is. Visions of future punishment glared in upon him, and his guilty soul shivered as it felt itself in the presence of its Maker.

(*To be continued.*)

BUSINESS TALENT IN WOMEN.

The mainspring of many a man's success in business has been the influence of a quiet little woman, of whom the world heard nothing, who presided by his home fireside.

There is a latent business talent in thousands of women which a single look or word of appreciation can call into active exercise. This is a magic power which electrifies and quickens the whole nature. Many a business man would have been disheartened, and ceased struggling with the tide of ill luck the last five years, but for the steady holding up of the hands, and cheering of the heart, which the "quiet wife" exercised even in the darkest days.

There is no reason why any sensible woman cannot become informed on business matters, at least sufficiently so to take an intelligent interest in them. A man may be reticent about his affairs, and a wise woman will not be importunate to know all its details; yet she can be a useful assistant for all that. Other business men are glad of a hearing at home, and appreciate sympathy, and weigh well good suggestions with regard to new operations. But only a well-informed woman is capable of giving such advice.

There is often a great advantage for a woman to be able to go on with her husband's business in the case of a long illness on his part; and if he should be taken from her, it would be a blessing indeed if she had the talent to carry on his establishment, thus providing for herself and household. What women have done can be done again, and it has been proved over and over again that women can become good sellers as well as good buyers.

RUTH.

A WALK TO GRASMERE.

Few walks can be more enjoyable than one which I recently took through charming lake scenery. I left Windermere at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and took the road for Grasmere, which lies in the heart of scenery of the most exquisite character, for as soon as you have passed the church, a beautiful panorama of mountain scenery stretches before the view, and far in the distance you can discern the towering Langdale Pikes, which guard the ascent of Scafell; below, you now and again catch a glimpse of the lake stretching out its glistening sheen like a sheet of molten silver, while far away on either side the road passes through a dense wood. Now you lose sight of the lake for some time, but you are amply recompensed by the sight of Troutbeck, a little stream, which in point of beauty equals if not surpasses the majestic grandeur of the Rhine. This is genuine English scenery, which all true Englishmen must love. And a succession of such sylvan views delight the traveller all the way till you approach Lowwood which lies quite close to the edge of the water. Here the lake is seen to its best advantage. Opposite on the heights in bold relief against the clear sky towers the majestic pile, Wray Castle; here you can catch a bird's eye view of Belle Isle, and others which lie dotted here and there on the surface of the lake. As you pass on you may see far away

to your right the residence of the late Mrs. Hemans. A few minutes more in this direction, brings you to the top or head of the lake, which is called the Water-head. Walking on we soon arrive at Ambleside, a pretty little village, and passing through this we pass the house of the late Miss Martineau. The scenery seems to increase in loveliness as we pass on ; how enchantingly fair the mountains look when the sun clothes them with dazzling light, and how majestic and grand they appear when a passing cloud throws them into the shade again. Rydal now lies before you. Here I went out of my way to visit the house of the poet Wordsworth. It is admirably suited for such a mind ; so simple, so pure and yet so grand, who bore, and nobly too, poverty awhile, and endured bitter taunts and criticism which would have made many a brave man shrink back, but whose chief delight was Nature ; the first, the last Lake poet. Nature has not grudged her bard her beauties for they are scattered profusely around. The house has been modernized, but still a little of the old style clings to it. I roamed over the grounds dreaming of byegone days. At last I left the dear old place and proceeded on my way past Rydal and Grasmere lakes. Rydal is small but very pretty, and there are two or three tiny islands on its surface. A short cut up from the road leads you into the village, without passing the lake of Grasmere, here is a wishing-gate but being sceptical as to its efficacy I did not avail myself of any privilege. The village of Grasmere consists of a few houses, two hotels, and a church ; to the church I turned my steps. It is as simple and plain as a church can be, but it stands surrounded by the most beautiful scenery that can be imagined. I cannot conceive why men and women should rush from England to the Continent in search of natures beauties when our dear old country can bear comparison in loveliness with any place in the world. The little churchyard where Wordsworth rests is on the side of the peaceful Rothay, and in a far corner, shaded by a hanging yew-tree lies the poet. The stone bears the inscription "*William Wordsworth, 1850,*" a fit emblem of his life, pure and simple.

EXTORRIS.

"ONLY A JOKE."

CHAPTER V.

Hastily I perused the well remembered writing, and seemed once more, in thought, to hear the familiar tones of his pleasant voice.

"Indeed, dear Jack," he wrote, "you cannot tell with what pleasure I received your warm invitation to visit once more the dear old home, neither can you realize the heart-rending anguish which your kind forgiveness occasioned. I never thought again in this world to be on terms of friendship and intimacy with the brother whose life I was nearly the means of taking. I do not deserve such magnanimity at your hands, yet not the less do I appreciate it, dear Jack. To think that I whose Christian profession has been so outspoken, I, who have been the teacher of the young, and impressionable, and who have always so openly declared myself one of God's people, oh ! Jack, to think that I have nearly been a murderer, and all through my ungovernable passion ; but pray

for me, dear Jack, my forgiving brother, that being reconciled to the one I have so wronged, I may also receive absolution from my justly angered God.

With regard to Effie, please dismiss all such ideas from your mind, as that she could ever become my wife. Think you, Jack, that a man who cannot restrain his own evil tendencies can be the example and guide of a gentle, easily-moulded girl; think you, if God should so bless us, that I should be able to train our children in the right way, when I have wandered from it myself. No, no! dear Jack, all such pleasant, domestic joys have gone from me for ever, since the day I fell so low in my own and God's sight. And now, as to my coming home, you may expect me if all goes well, in the first week of October, when I hope to see again the dear welcome faces of relatives and friends. Be sure to remember me to the villagers, and all the old house-servants, especially Barnes, who is, I suppose, still with you. I shall sail by the ship Victoria. I am not very well, but my native land, I suspect, will be the best cure.

“And now, dear Jack, no more from your loving, though remorseful brother,

“HUGH WOODVILLE SHERWOOD”

Again and again I read those precious lines, until my eyes, for so many years a stranger to such intruders, became so blinded with tears that I could no longer discern the letters.

Breakfast over, I sallied out, accompanied by my only companion, a fine Newfoundland dog, to visit my sister and Charlie.

It was yet early when I arrived at the house, where Ida now resided, and it was with some surprise and curiosity that she greeted me at my entrance.

“You are an early visitor, Jack,” she exclaimed, “it is only eleven o'clock, we have not long risen from breakfast. Charlie is in the breakfast-room, so I'll call him, and leave him to talk to you while I fetch baby for you to see.”

She quitted the room as she spoke, and soon afterwards my brother-in-law came in.

“Well, Jack, how are you? What has brought you out so early, you must rise betimes to have had your breakfast and taken a constitutional already.”

“I certainly am not so lazy as you are at this establishment. But something rather out of the way is the reason for my visit this morning. I have had a letter from Hugh to say he is coming home this autumn. As I spoke I studiously looked away from my former friend, but yet I could not help perceiving the slight start which he gave, and as I again turned towards him, the sudden accession of colour to his face was certainly not caused by the heat, for though it was summer, the air was cool and balmy. As our eyes met, after the short pause, he quietly said—

“I am very glad; and Jack, do you think he has forgiven my share in that wretched affair?”

“Of that I am quite sure. Perhaps, I added, “you would like to read his letter.” I said it reluctantly, and it was with evident hesitation that I handed it to him. It was not to anybody that I would expose the earnest, sincere regrets of a manly heart, as written by my brother.

"Thank you, very much," he returned, "I should, indeed, like to read it, if you have no objection." I waited silently, attentively watching his face as he perused the lines. He looked very grave and thoughtful, as he returned it to me, and it was with a sigh that he said—

"Ah! Jack, what a noble, unselfish nature peeps out through those simple words."

"True," I replied, "and his humble estimation of himself overwhelms me with confusion. Instead of laying the fault to others he takes all blame to himself."

"Jack," said Charlie, earnestly, "this has hitherto been a silent subject between us, and in every way you try to let bygones be bygones, but yet I cannot forget that I alone was the originator of all this trouble and sorrow which has befallen your family. When I asked Ida of her parents, and received their blessing, they entirely exonerated me, kindly saying, that my foolish proposition to you had, unintentionally, resulted so disastrously. That I had intended only innocent though ill-judged fun you are yourself aware; and ever since that sad night you have received me most kindly, especially lately, when I had become your sister's husband; but, Jack, no such welcome have I had from Hugh; I have not dared to write to him, and he, of his own accord, has not done so, neither has he mentioned my name in his letter to you. This is only my deserts, I know that, but yet it is hard to feel that my wife's brother regards me with dislike. I would give anything, Jack, to win Hugh's confidence and good will."

"But," I said eagerly, "he is coming home now, and we will make everything right again. He and Effie shall meet, and that alone is necessary to make all smooth between them. Never fear, Charlie, you and I will scheme together again, but not as we did before, this time it shall be for their advantage, and I promise you that before this year is out we shall have wedding bells. I'll give her away, and you and Ida shall be guests, and once more the dear old home shall be bright and merry, there shall be festivity and joy there, where, during the last five years, there has been nothing but gloom. They shall live in our father's house; Hugh is the elder and has a right to it, and he shall no more return to that sultry India. I'll give Effie a handsome wedding portion and they shall be as happy as the days are long."

(*To be continued.*)

FOR HIS SAKE.

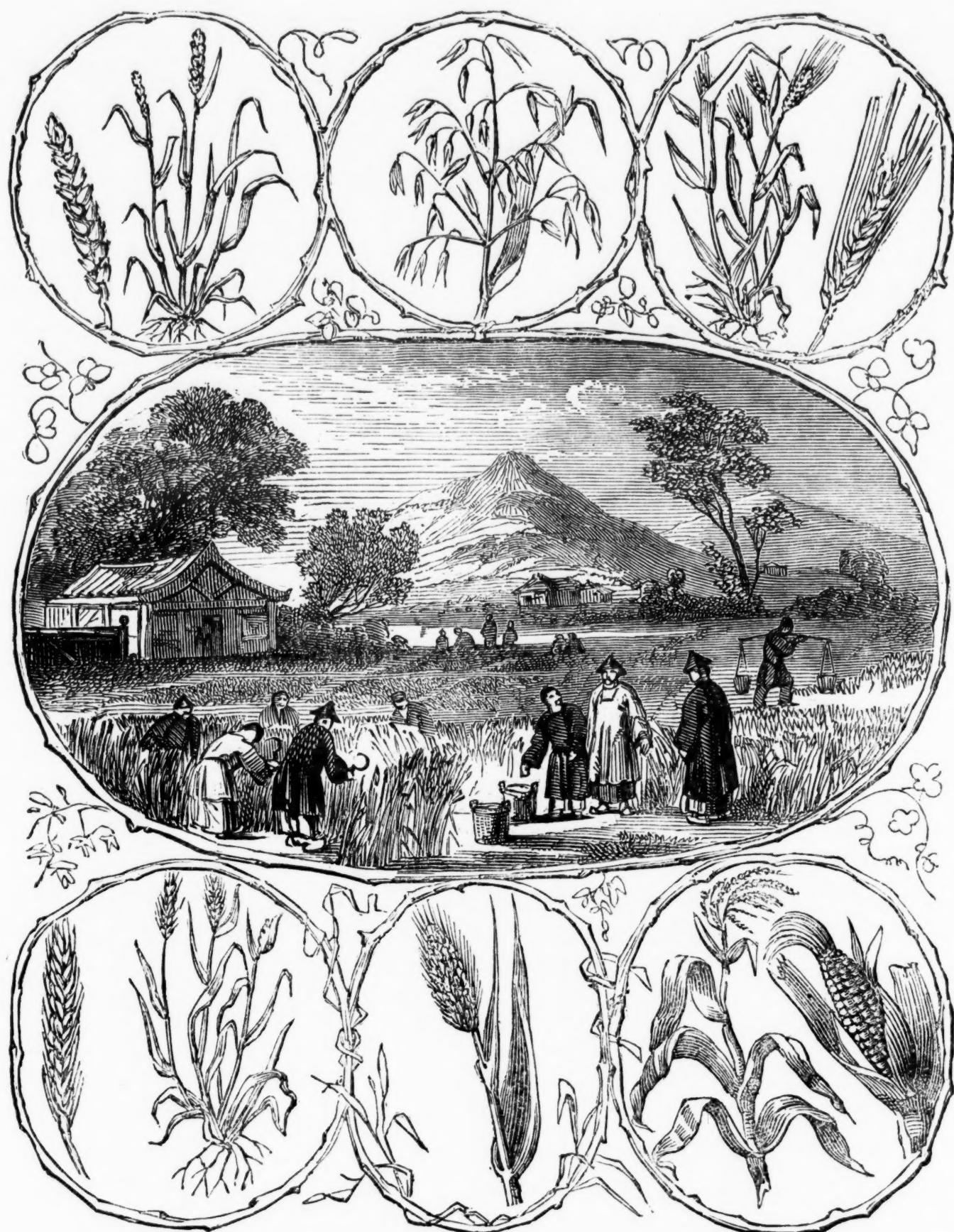
What is sorrow, what is pain,
What is care or anguish?
What is trouble in this world?
Oh! 'Tis only gladness;
For I bear it for His sake,
For Him who is my Saviour,
He is loving, just and true,
With Him there is no favour.

This world may bring me many tears,
Many a cup of sadness;
It may bring me many fears,
Well nigh causing madness.

But there is one who died for me,
He, my sorrow-bearer,
He will bear it in my stead,
And in my woe be sharer.

Then trials may beset my path,
Troubles may betide me,
The greatest joy, the sharpest grief,
Never can divide me
From my Saviour's heavenly love,
From Him who is my gladness,
For His sake I'll suffer all,
And He will soothe my sadness.

F. I. PRICE.



THE CORN PLANT.

“OF all the many beautiful sights of this season, the most beautiful and interesting are the corn-fields rippling in light and shade, like the waves of a sunset sea, away over valley and upland to the purple shores of the distant hills. They are the characteristic features of the season —the illuminated initials on Nature’s autumnal page, whose golden splendour is variegated here and there with wreaths of scarlet poppies, corn blue-bottles, and purple vetches. The landscape seems to exist solely for them, so prominent and important are they in it. Wherever they appear they are the pictures for which the rest of the scenery, however grand or beautiful, is but the mere frame. The earth looks like a table spread for this precious food which God’s own hand has furnished. A hungry world, whose staff of life the corn forms, waits impatiently for the feast; and Nature, like a handmaid, seems to pause in her varied operations, and to concentrate all her energies upon the

one task of bringing it to perfection. Familiar as it is to us, we greet it season after season with the same fresh enthusiasm. We enter fully into the old feeling which glowed in the great child-heart of Luther, when he returned home through the rich harvest-fields of Leipsic, "How it stands, that yellow corn, on its fair taper stems ; its golden head bent, all rich and waving there ! The mute earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again—man's bread." The meanest and homeliest scene is redeemed and hallowed by the presence of the corn fields in it.

Corn is the special gift of God to man. There are several interesting and instructive ideas connected with this view of it. All the other plants we use as food are unfit for this purpose in their natural condition, and require to have their nutritious qualities developed, and their natures and forms to a certain extent changed by a gradual process of cultivation. There is not a single useful plant grown in our gardens and fields but is utterly worthless for food in its normal or wild state ; and man has been left to himself to find out, slowly and painfully, how to convert these crudities of nature into nutritious vegetables. But it is not so with corn. It has from the very beginning been an abnormal production. God gave it to Adam, we have every reason to believe, in the same perfect state of preparation for food in which we find it at the present day. It was made expressly for man, and given directly into his hands. "Behold," says the Creator, "I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth,"—that is, all the cereal plants, such as corn, wheat, barley, rice, maize, &c., whose peculiar distinction and characteristic it is to produce seed ; "and to every beast of the earth, and to every creeping thing, and to every fowl of the air, I have given every green herb for meat,"—that is, all the species of grass and succulent plants whose nutritious qualities reside chiefly in the stems and foliage. The Word of God plainly tells us this, and nature affords a remarkable corroboration of it.

Corn is universally diffused. It is almost the only species of plant which is capable of growing everywhere, in almost every soil, in almost any situation. In some form or other, adapted to the various modifications of climate and physical conditions which occur in different countries, it is spread over an area of the earth's surface as extensive as the occupancy of the human race. From the bleak inhospitable wastes of Lapland to the burning plains of Central India, from the muddy swamps of China to the billowy praries of America, from the level of the sea-shore to the lofty valleys and table lands of the Andes and Himalayas, it is successfully cultivated. The emigrant clears the primeval forest of Canada or the fern-brakes of New Zealand, and there the corn seed sown will spring up as luxuriantly as on the old loved fields of home. The heather that he brings with him from his native hills may refuse to grow in the one place, and the pine from Scottish woods may dwindle and fade in the other, but the catholic corn will reward his industry with the old abundant harvest, and surround his home in the wilderness, with pictures of nature so like those of the land he has left, that exile is robbed of half its sting. Rice is grown in tropical countries where periodical rains and inundations followed by excessive heat occur, and furnishes the chief article of diet for the largest

proportion of the human race. Wheat will not thrive in hot climates, but flourishes all over the temperate zone at various ranges of elevation, and is admirably adapted to the wants of highly civilized communities. Maize spreads over an immense geographical area in the New World, where it has been known from time immemorial, and formed a principal element of that Indian civilization which surprised the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru. Barley is cultivated in those parts of Europe and Asia where the soil and climate are not adapted for wheat; while oats and rye extend far into the bleak north, and disappear only from those desolate Arctic regions where man cannot exist in his social capacity. By these striking adaptations of different varieties of grain, containing the same essential ingredients, to different soils and climates, Providence has furnished the indispensable food for the sustenance of the human race throughout the whole habitable globe; and all nations, and tribes, and tongues can rejoice together as one great family with the joy of harvest."

* *Bible Teachings in Nature*, by Hugh Macmillan, D.D., L.L.D., F.R.S.E.—Macmillan & Co.

AN OLD CUSTOM—GOOSE AT MICHAELMAS.

There is an old custom still in use among us, of having a roast goose at dinner on Michaelmas Day. "Goose—intentos," as Blount tells us, is a word used in Lancashire, where "the husbandmen claim it as a due to have a Goose Intentos on the sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost: which custom took origin from the last word of the old church prayer of that day: 'Tua, nos quœsumus, dominie, gratia semper prœveniat and sequator; ae tonis operibus jugiter prœstet esse INTENTOS.' The common people very humourously mistake it for a goose with TEN TOES."

In poor Robin's Almanack for 1695, under September, are the following quaint lines:—

" Geese now in their prime season are,
Which, if well roasted, are good fare.
Let, however, friends take heed
How too much on them you feed,
Lest, when as your tongues run loose,
Your discourse do smell of goose."

Buttes, in his "Dyets Dry Dinner" (1599), says that a "Goose is the emblem of meere modestie."

Douce mentions having somewhere read that the reason for eating goose on Michaelmas Day was that Queen

Elizabeth received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada whilst she was eating a goose on Michaelmas Day, and that in commemoration of that event she ever afterwards on that day dined off a goose.

In the British Apollo (1708) we read—

"**QUERY.**
Supposing now Apollo's sons
Just rose from picking of goose bones,
This on you pops, pray tell me whence
The custom'd proverb did commence,
That who eat goose on Michael's Day,
Shan't money lack his debts to pay.

ANSWER.
This notion, fram'd in days of yore,
Is grounded on a prudent score,
For, doubtless, 'twas at first designed
To make the people SEASONS mind,
That so they might apply their care
To all those things which needful
were,
And, by a good industrious hand,
Know when and how t'improve their
land."

The following passage from Gascoigne's Posies (1575) shows it to have been a custom to eat goose in

Elizabeth's reign before the event of the Spanish defeat :—

“ And when the tenauntes come to paie their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer,
a dish of fish in Lent,
At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas
a goose,

And somewhat else at New-yeres tide,
for feare their lease flie loose.”

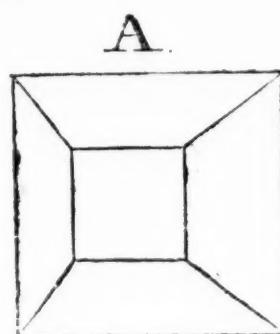
The practise of eating goose at Michaelmas does not appear to prevail in any part of France. Upon Saint Martin's Day they eat turkeys in Paris. They likewise eat goose upon Saint Martin's Day, Twelfth Day, and Shrove Tuesday in Paris.

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

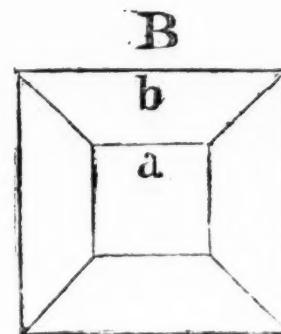
THE EYE.—No. 6.

All the organs of special sense in the body are in pairs, although the nose and mouth being in the middle line merge into one. We have two ears that we may hear on both sides of us at once without turning our head round, but why have we two eyes? The reason is this. With a single eye we only see in reality the objects in the field of vision in one place, just as a landscape appears in a photograph, “ quite flat,” so to speak. We obtain no idea of solidity, everything looks flat as if painted on the curtain of a theatre; for it is only by experience gained in early years that we are able to tell whether objects are flat or stand out as solids, and whether they are near or far off. For instance, if we are looking at the sky and a small insect flies past, so near to one eye that it is not seen by the other, we imagine that we have seen a great bird in the sky. There is an experiment which will convince you of this which is easily made. Suspend a finger ring by a thread, and let some one hold it a foot or two off, in such a way that only the thin edge of the ring is visible. Then try to pass a pencil or penholder through it while the other eye is closed and you will be astonished at the difficulty. If now both eyes be opened, you will find no difficulty whatever.

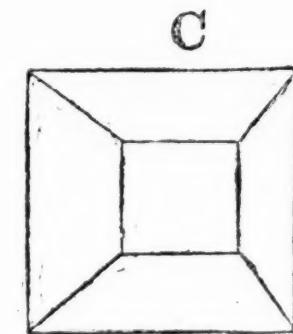
All bodies have what is called three dimensions, length, breadth and *thickness*, but it is only the binocular vision (*ie.*, vision with both eyes) that teaches us the latter. Of course people who have lost one eye in later life do not experience much difficulty, if any, in recognising the thickness or the nearness of objects; but those who have grown up with sight in one eye only, have a much more imperfect notion of it. I am afraid space will not permit me to explain the theory of binocular vision fully, so you must be content with a few words, and try and think out the rest. Supposing for example, you fix your eyes on a small picture on the wall,



A



B



C

G.L.J. Delē.

FIG. Q.

close first one and then the other eye quickly, the picture will appear

to move from side to side. Hence it is evident the images of a picture on the two retinas cannot possibly be the same, and we get a slightly different view of it when we look at it with the right eye than with the left, but when both eyes look at it at the same time, these two different images of the same picture give one the impression of a single object which stands out from the wall, in proportion to the difference that exists between the two images.

In Fig. 9, A, is the appearance of a pyramid with the point cut off, seen with the left eye. B, the same seen with the right eye, and C, the appearance of the object seen with both together, blended into a single projecting object giving the appearance of solidity, and according as we fix our eyes on the letter (a) or (b) in the Fig. so will the object appear to be either a solid pyramid, with its point directed towards you, or a long hollow box into which you are looking. The celebrated philosopher Wheatstone, was the first to state that his preception of solidity depended upon the dissimilarity of the images on the two retinas; and putting his theory into practice he invented the well known stereoscope. This as we know is a hollow box with a partition down the middle, on each side of which are fitted two prisms which blend the two pictures into one. If you examine the two photographs minutely which are supplied for the stereoscope, you will notice that they are two views of the same object, only taken from a slightly different spot, just as are the two images of any object seen with the eye, the one being just the distance that the eyes are apart from the other. The Fig. C. would give the effect of the two pictures A. and B. when seen side by side in the stereoscope.

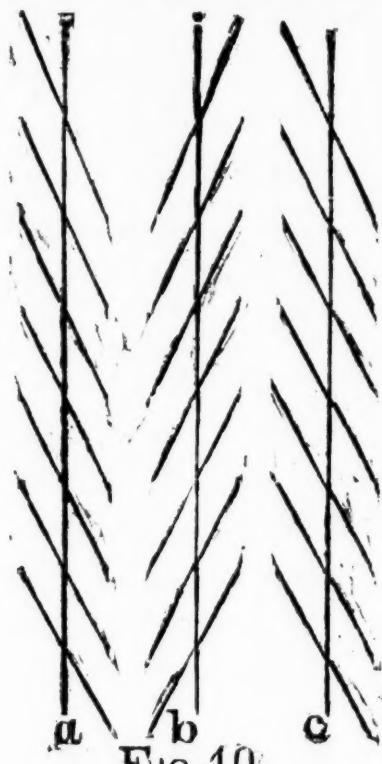


FIG. 10

But however perfect may be the eyes which nature has supplied us with, there are cases in which we see things differently to what they are in reality. These are called optical illusions. We can judge as a rule whether two lines are parallel or not, but if parallel lines are crossed by others obliquely, but alternatively slanting different ways, the lines will appear to approach each other at one end, in an opposite direction to the cross lines. Thus in Fig. 10, the lines a, b, and c. are really parallel.

Again the judgment is often at fault as to which object is in motion. I need scarcely refer to the familiar example of sitting in a carriage at rest, when another train is passing slowly by, how we refer the motion to the trees on the opposite bank, or to our carriage being in motion, rather than the intermediate train.

The confusion of our judgment as regards the horizontal often occurs. Thus when walking along a perfectly straight road which descends

gently, (a. c.) we occasionally see at some distance before us the same road with just the same incline, only uphill. It looks exceedingly steep at first, but as we approach it, it appears to unroll

as it were, and to our surprise become gradually less and less steep. This illusion arises from the fact that the downhill road on which we are



FIG. 12

walking is identified in our mind with a level surface (a. c.) which is our ordinary standard, and therefore the road (c. b.) appears to be steeper than it really is, in other words in the direction (c. b.). The optical illusion of streams flowing uphill bears the same explanation.

Our estimation of the size of objects is often ludicrously at fault. It is a common amusement to ask a friend to mark on the panel of a door the height of an ordinary "tall hat" from the floor. When the hat is placed against the mark, it will be found to be almost always over-estimated, often by several inches. On a papered wall the illusion is not so perfect, as the pattern helps one to judge.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREIGN LANDS.—RUSSIA.

THE three greatest empires in the world are the Russian, the British and the Chinese. Of these the Russian is the most extensive, and the Chinese the most populous.

Russia, European and Asiatic, extends over nearly eight million square miles. Except in the newly-conquered provinces of Tartary, there are not many high mountains. In fact all Russia may be thought of as an immense plain, covered with almost never-ending forests, and watered by great sluggish rivers. Though the country is thinly inhabited, and the people are very poor, the enormous extent of Russia makes the Czar (the name given to the ruler) very rich and powerful.

Russia exports timber, pitch, hemp and flax, hides and tallow, choice furs and corn. The great forests are principally of pine, fir, larch, elder and birch, and are the home of abundant wild animals, viz., bisons, deer, wild boars, bears, wolves, gluttons, badgers, foxes, weasels, otters, ermines and squirrels. In the extreme north, reindeer are found.

The south of Russia, including the Crimea, is warm and dry. The Steppes are extensive plains of undulating country, almost without a tree, and inhabited by pastoral Tartar tribes, with large herds of sheep and cattle and Bactrian camels; while wild asses, antelopes and jerboas are found. Here also are grown very large quantities of corn, for exportation from Odessa and other Black Sea ports.

The people of Russia are industrious and peaceable, and fond of their Czar, whom they regard with superstitious reverence. Their religion is that of the Greek Church, and their cathedrals, monasteries and churches are often of great size, and have almost fabulous wealth. The clergy, however, are seldom educated, and too often perform their mechanical rites with little real piety.

Until the reign of the present Czar Alexander, the great majority of the peasants were merely serfs—that is, slaves attached to the soil, the property of their feudal lord. It is to the great honor of Alexander that he enfranchised them by edict about fourteen years ago, and has thus made their hard lot more bearable.

Travelling in Russia is slow and costly. The roads are bad, and the distances very great.

The river Neva, at St. Petersburg, is frozen over five months in the year, and sledges dragged by horses and men are used instead of wheeled carriages.

“The great palace at Moscow called the Kremlin, is very extensive, and many thrilling historical events have taken place in it.

The Russians are fond of bells, and the great bell of Moscow, is the largest in the world, weighing about two hundred tons.

Peter the Great, after whom St. Petersburg is named, was the founder of Russia’s greatness. He was a man of high courage and foresight, and came over to England and Holland to learn shipbuilding. He worked at Deptford as a laboring man, and then returned to Russia.

The Russian language is very difficult to learn, but it is capable of expressing ideas of very great beauty. Many poems and village tales have been translated into English, as well as the fables of Kriloff, the Russian *Æsop*; and these show that human hearts full of love and pity are to be found beneath the dress of any nation, however uncouth the language.

FOR THE YOUNG—A LION ADVENTURE.

“Have you heard of the lion which has lately been prowling about the country, breaking into correls, and carrying off pigs and poultry?” asked one pioneer of another, as he took a seat by the cheerful fireside in his neighbour’s cabin in the Green River Valley of Wyoming.

“Yes. He broke into our correl last night and carried off a calf. It was one that Benny claimed, and he can scarcely be consoled for its loss,” replied the host, glancing toward a bright little boy of four years who stood near.

The child’s eyes filled with tears, and he said: “Papa, I’ll go and find it; I won’t let that big lion eat my poor little pet.”

The men laughed.

“Pet would be glad to see you coming, but you look like a small specimen to fight a lion,” said the father.

The neighbour remained a couple of hours, recounting marvellous and thrilling adventures amid the rugged scenes in which the greater part of his life had been passed; and, absorbed in his conversation, no one noticed the child when he took his little cap and mittens and quietly left the house.

The winter had been severe. The snow lay deep upon the plains, and the howling of wolves was nightly

heard as they searched for prey under cover of darkness, and retreated to their dens with the approach of daylight. The lion had apparently descended from his home in the mountains to feast upon the tempting herds, which constituted the principal wealth of the settlers, and repeated depredations were rendering him a terror to the neighbourhood.

“Where is Benny?” asked the mother, as she looked up from her sewing and missed the pleasant face from the group around the fireside.

“He must be out to the stables with John,” said the father; but inquiry revealed the fact that he had not been there.

One place after another was searched without finding any trace of the little one. The last recollection that any one had of him was when he had announced his intention of finding his pet.

“Oh, the lion has carried off my child!” exclaimed the mother in terror and alarm, as she reflected that at least two hours had elapsed since he had been noticed by any of the family.

“He may have followed after Mr. Brown,” said the father, seizing his rifle. “I will look in that direction, and John and Thomas go in another.”

The two brothers aged respectively eighteen and twenty, hastily grasped their rifles, looked carefully to the

priming, and hastened away, leaving the mother in an agony of fear and suspense terrible to endure.

"Which way shall we go, John?" asked the younger brother, as they stepped outside the door.

"Let us walk out beyond all the places where the snow has been trampled, then strike a circle round the premises until we find his track," replied the other.

This plan was quickly acted upon, and in a short time they were rewarded by finding a little footprint, which scarcely indented the snow, which had settled compactly to the earth, yet distinct enough to be easily followed.

"All right," said Thomas, cheerily; "we will soon find him now."

"He has gone straight to the river. If he does not fall through an opening in the ice, we will overtake him shortly," replied the elder brother.

They had travelled a mile or more, when they discovered a track recently made in the snow by some large and powerful animal. The long, sharp claws were plainly imprinted, and it needed no second glance to tell the brothers that it was the track of the ravenous mountain lion. It came up at nearly right angles, then turned, and followed straight on after the little footprints of their cherished brother. For an instant they looked silently into each others faces, and read the terrible fear that sent the life current back upon their hearts, and blanched their cheeks to ashy paleness, then sped rapidly over the snow-covered ground toward the river.

Not a word passed between the brothers until they stood upon the bank, with nothing intervening save the growth of willows which fringed the stream, when Thomas exclaimed: "Oh John I never can bear it! I dare not look down upon the ice. If I should see—"

"Hark! what was that?"

For a moment the brothers listened intently. It was a child's voice in an agony of grief and terror, pleading plaintively with some threatened danger.

"Oh, please go 'way, you big,

naughty dog; Benny's so 'fraid! I do wish my brother Johnny 'd come and take me!"

The touching voice broke down in childish sobs, and in another moment the brothers had pressed through the willows, and stood upon the brink, gazing down upon the scene before them. Scarcely a hundred feet distant, the child was standing on the ice, and walking round and round him, as if uncertain of the nature of his prey, was that savage mountain lion. The child had heard him coming down the bank, and had turned and faced him. That act alone had delayed the fatal spring; but now as if tired of his trifling, and unwilling longer to delay the promised feast, he crouched low upon the ice, in a cat-like attitude, with his fierce eyes fixed upon the trembling innocent before him.

"Quick, Tom! God help us!" said the elder brother, in a husky whisper, as he raised his rifle to his face.

A rapid glance along the glistening barrels, a simultaneous report of two rifles, and the savage beast sprang upward into the air, then fell back on the ice, and rolled over and over in the agonies of death. With the discharge of their rifles, the brothers bounded to the spot, and the little one reached his hands toward his elder brother, saying: "Take me, Johnny, I's so cold."

"I did come, you poor little lamb!" said the great strong fellow, lifting the tiny form in his arms, while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

He unbuttoned the warm wolf-skin overcoat, and holding the shivering child against his warm, manly breast, rebuttoned it over him, then turned to his other brother, who had dropped upon his knees on the ice.

"Come, Tom, let us hasten, and relieve the anxiety at home."

But the intense strain upon the boy's nerves had been too much for his endurance, and it was several moments before he was able to rise.

"Don't tell mother how near the lion came to getting Benny; it will be like a nightmare to her for weeks to come," said the thoughtful boy

as they climbed up the bank after Thomas's strength had been somewhat recovered.

"No, but I shall dream about it myself, and tell it in my sleep, perhaps, for I can never think of it without a shudder," replied the other.

After Benny had been placed in his mother's arms, amid the general rejoicing of the family, and the boys had partially rested from their rapid walk, they privately informed their father that they had seen the mountain lion, and requested him to go with them to find it. He readily complied, and they were soon on the way to the river.

"Why, this is the direction in which you found Benny!" said the father in a startled tone, as they neared the stream.

"Yes, father; and if the mere thought of it frightens you, imagine our feelings when we had to shoot the lion to save him," replied John. "Thomas came as near fainting as great strong boys ever do; and how we ever steadied our nerves enough to take so sure an aim, is more than I can tell."

"God surely helped you," said the father, as he paused upon the bank, and turned white at the thought of his child's peril, as he beheld the carcass of the beast lying upon the ice where they had left him.

It was an animal of unusual size, whose skin made a soft and beautiful robe, which was presented to Benny in remembrance of his Providential deliverance.

ISADORE ROGERS.

HELPFUL HINTS ON BUSINESS.

1.—Have a high ideal—never be contented with a low standard of either thought or action.

2.—There is always room for improvement, and this can only be attained by energetic and persistent effort.

3.—Let nothing tempt you to a false step,—one such, one lie, one act of trickery or dishonesty, may be your ruin. The error of a moment may become the sorrow of a life.

4.—Safety lies only in keeping quite clear of any approach to what you know to be wrong or even doubtful. Hate all evil-deeds and shun all evil-doers.

5.—Never forget that wrong-doing cannot be made to pay in the end—it may hold out the promise of pleasure or profit; but shame and loss will surely follow.

6.—Remember that not only will dishonesty, untruthfulness, or unfaithfulness ruin your probabilities of success; but that thoughtlessness, idleness, or lack of interest in your duties will always be a bar to advancement.

7.—By the habits you are now forming, you are shaping your future course, and moulding your character for your whole after-life.

8.—A good name is a precious possession of priceless worth—keep it unstained.

9.—Real worth will always, in time, make itself felt—you must deserve success to gain it.

10.—Do nothing as if it were trifling—slur no part of your work—in everything seek to do your best—whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

11.—Put your heart into your work—in business, concentrate your thoughts upon it—be ever ready to learn—strive to excel—be in earnest.

12.—Be accurate—want of accuracy entails not only errors, but also annoyance and loss, and may sometimes bring your truth and honesty into question.

13.—Be careful in little things—it is the straws that show which way the current runs.

14.—Cultivate an affable, yet respectful bearing towards customers, even to the most captious—let there be an evident willingness to please, and a manifest desire to understand and supply their wants.

15.—Be punctual; neglect of this, disturbs business arrangements, wastes time, and sets a bad example to others.

16.—Be tidy; avoid slovenly habits of doing your work—in the long run

these never save, but always cost more time and trouble. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place.

17.—Only by arrangement, method, and order, will business go on smoothly and regularly.

18.—Endeavour to master the details of your business, and if you are ignorant of anything that it is necessary you should know, seek for information.

19.—Carry the habit of economy into every detail of your life. Avoid waste even in the smallest matter, it is dishonest. Wasted time is the worst of all waste.

20.—Be brisk and active in your movements—sloth makes all things difficult. Diligence is the mother of prosperity—carefulness her trusty attendant.

21.—Let all you do be done with cheerfulness; this will make your duty the lighter to yourself, and your service the more acceptable to others.

22.—Practice and perseverance will ensue proficiency—there are no great gains without great pains.

23.—Be conscientious in the performance of all your duties—“Not with eye service.” Aim to serve your employer with loyal fidelity, and to make his interests your own.

24.—Be truthful in act as well as in word; real success is never founded

on fraud or falsehood. Honesty in deeds, and sincerity in words, will always prove the best policy.

25.—Live with your eyes and ears open, and your wits awake; by accurate observation and careful reflection, you will increase your knowledge, power, and usefulness.

26.—Strive not only to be good, but to do good; he is the happiest man that can spread the most happiness around him.

27.—Seek to dignify your work, however humble it be, by the spirit and manner in which you do it. Nothing is ignoble but sin.

28.—Remember that your success and happiness depend as much upon your temper as upon your talents; learn, therefore, to put a stout curb on your temper, and a strong bridle on your tongue. Be not easily provoked, and if you do quarrel, always have the last word—but let it be a kind one—a very kind one.

29.—Let your character be real—the shining warp and woof of each day, working out the part God has set you in the great loom of time.

30.—Finally above all things remember,—“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”

J. E. L.

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TOBACCO SMOKING FOR BOYS.

LET me enter my strongest protest against the abominable custom of a youth, at the commencement of puberty, smoking. Boys often think it manly—that it is asserting their manhood to smoke! Now, this idea is perfectly absurd! Smoking, too, at this particular time is especially prejudicial, and has driven many a youth, if he be so predisposed, into a consumption; at other times it has brought on a succession of epileptic fits, which have not only endangered his health, but even its very life itself. Stop that boy! A cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanour, he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, and more honoured than his master. Stop him! he is going too fast. Stop him! he don't see himself as others see him. He don't know his speed. Stop him! ere tobacco shatters his nerves; ere manly strength gives way to brutish aims and low pursuits. Stop all such boys; they are legion; they bring shame on their families, and become sad and solemn reproaches to themselves.—*P. H. Chavasse, F.R.C.S.*

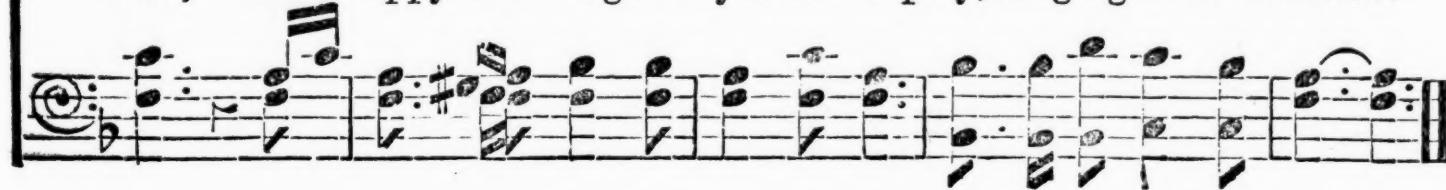
"GLAD NOTES OF JOY."

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. I'm sing - ing my grate-ful notes of joy, Tell - ing of Je - sus'



love; How happy the thoughts my heart employ, Singing of home above.

**CHORUS.**

Mer - cy is rich, mer - cy is free, Je - sus my Sa-viour died for me;



Help me to sing, Je-sus my King, Oh; help me to sing of thee.



THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

ENDOWED with plain, direct good sense, thorough conscientiousness, and prompt decision, she governed her family strictly, but kindly, exacting deference, while she inspired affection. George, being her eldest son was thought to be her favourite, yet she never gave him undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood continued to

be habitually observed by him to the day of her death. He inherited from her a high temper and a spirit of command ; but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice. No Maternal Association has ever devised a better principle to be observed in training children than this of Mary Washington—" *exacting deference while she inspired affection.*" How rarely do we see these two essential elements in family government justly combined in either parent ! Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work. Her favourite volume was Sir Matthew Hale's " *Contemplations, Moral and Divine.*" The admirable maxims therein contained, for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and, doubtless, had a great influence in forming his character. They certainly were exemplified in his conduct through life. This mother's manual, bearing his mother's name, Mary Washington, written with her own hand, was ever preserved by him with filial care, and may still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. A precious document ! Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character consult its pages.

A SONG FOR A CLOUDY DAY.

The day is cold ; the dark clouds fold
Their curtains dull and dreary
O'er all the sky. Through leafless tree
The sad wind sighs a weary.

To-day so gray where yesterday
The sun shone bright with gladness ;
My life last year so full of joy
Now dimmed with tears of sadness.

And yet we trust that He is just
Who e'en the sparrow feedeth ;
In cloudy, as in sunlit days,
It is *His* hand that leadeth.

Not all our days in pleasant ways
And pastures green we travel,
By waters still that tranquil flow
O'er beds of smoothest gravel.

Our feet must press life's wilderness,
And climb its rocky places ;
Our hearts leave only loneliness,
For last year's fond embraces.

Through memory's door I walk once
more
The path we trod together ;

One late, midsummer afternoon
When it was golden weather ;

The sun shone bright, our hearts were
light,
The purple clouds that hovered
Low in the west, all rimmed with gold,
To us new thoughts discovered.

We asked that day if by that way
Our horoscope divining,
Might not our clouds in life thus hide,
Like these, a golden lining ?

Believing this, e'en while we miss
The joy that last year brought us ;
We will not waste in vain regrets
The lessons that it taught us.

Nor will we fear that this new year
Will bring us much of sorrow,
But take the good that comes each day,
Nor future trouble borrow.

A Hope is ours that buds and flowers,
In dark and cloudy weather,
That sometime, as our hearts do now,
Our lives shall flow together.

MINNIE CARLTON.



FOGGY NOVEMBER.

"No sun—no moon !
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time
 of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no 'tother side
 the way,—

No end to any row—
 No indications where the crescents
 go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognition of familiar people,
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em—
 No travelling at all—no locomotion—

No inkling of the way—no notion—
 “No go”—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gen-
 tility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no health-
 ful ease,—

No comfortable feel in any mem-
 ber—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no
 bees,
 No fruit, no flowers, no leaves, no
 birds,
 No—vember !”

SAVED AS BY FIRE !

OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF “FAITH'S FATHER,” &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE RESOLVE.

Pegg bore his sad burden to the nearest police-station, and there made his report. The officials received it with their usual stolidity of voice and manner, for they had become far too familiar with such scenes to exhibit much feeling, although they might in their inmost heart be as deeply affected as any man. But to show it in the execution of their duty—never !

After thus fulfilling his mournful mission Pegg hastened home. He had much to tell his wondering wife over the comfortable little supper she had so cosily prepared for him.

Time was when such little comforts as these were thought far beyond their reach ; but after their intimacy with the Broadmeads their eyes had been opened on many subjects, among others household economy.

Pegg had but just finished the recital of his sad tale when the two were somewhat startled by a timid rap at the door.

“Bless me, Pegg,” exclaimed his wife, in an alarmed tone, “whoever can that be at this unearthly hour ; no more startling things I should hope.”

“Bless you ! no ! said Pegg ; what should there be !”

“There, hark at me,” said his wife laughing, “what foolishness I am saying to be sure ; but after what you've told me to night Pegg I feel quite frightened like ! my heart is beating to that degree !”

But her husband who had now risen was walking along the little passage to the front door, and seeing this she rose and followed him.

Their fears however were quickly dispelled for the visitor proved to be none other than Broadmead's father.

“Come in, Mr. Broadmead, come in, glad to see you,” was the cordial invitation. The old man entered looking very crest-fallen indeed.

He had come here in preference to returning to his son's home, as not only was it nearer but he did not wish to rouse him from his rest, and enter into explanations at this time of night.

At present John supposed him safe under his own roof and in that blissful state of ignorance he would leave him until morning. The old man hoped that Pegg would give him a night's lodging.

At first he scarcely replied to his friends' greeting, merely just thanking them for their kindness, then took off his coat and hat in silence, and followed them into the room.

They, seeing that something was the matter after receiving his answer that John and his wife were quite well, waited for him to speak first, and in the meantime Mrs. Pegg proceeded to make him a cup of cocoa, whilst her husband cut some thick slices of bread and spread them plentifully with butter.

The old man looked haggard and worn in the extreme. His thin grey hair was much dishevelled and hung over his forehead in wild disorder, his cheeks seemed thin and sunken and quite pale from exhaustion his eyes were restless and excited, and his nostrils dilated. He breathed quickly, and his whole countenance bore the appearance of one whose powers had been sorely tried.

He spoke not a word until he had partaken of the provisions offered him, which he ate and drank mechanically, then he said abruptly,—

“I saw you to night when you were kind to that child Pegg.”

“Did you,” exclaimed Pegg in surprise, “why how was that?”

“I was coming over the bridge at the same time, and hid in the shadow of the side and saw it all.”

“But where was John?” asked Pegg who knew perfectly well the arrangement existing between the father and son.

Broadmead moved uneasily in his seat. He had not intended to make a full disclosure of his actions, although he had anticipated some difficulty in explaining his position.

After a short pause he said, in a constrained voice:—

“I left him at home to night.”

Pegg saw, or thought he saw, the circumstances at once. He changed his tone and said as firmly yet as gently as he could:—

“Now make a clean breast of it Broadmead, you've given him the slip to night, and don't like to go back, eh!”

Broadmead was taken by surprise and answered:—

“Well yes, it is something like that.” And then he fairly broke down, and with tears and sobs told his story.

Pegg frowned heavily, and looked extremely severe when he heard of Relton's behaviour and muttered “he would give it him to-morrow if he only got the chance,” while Mrs. Pegg burst into tears when the old man told of the effect upon him of her husband's prayer over the dead child.

“And now,” said he piteously when he had ended, “what am I to do. I can't help wanting to take liquor—the thirst for it seems to burn me up at times. I know its wrong and yet I feel I must take it. What am I to do?”

Pegg rubbed his chin in much distress. This case was far beyond him. He had no idea of such intense helplessness. But he replied:—

“I should say you had better ask your son Mr. Broadmead. He's a rare good one, he is. He and my little girl that died (here he passed his hand over his eyes) saved *me*, that they did. That is to say they put me into the right road. I used to think there was not a God or a Heaven at all, but I believe it now and that's my greatest comfort. But I can tell you, you need not be *afraid* of God, if that troubles you for He loves you, and if you try to love Him why that will help you to overcome your love of drink. You know you can do anything for a person if you are right-down fond of him or her, can't you?”

Broadmead was silent, but gravely nodded assent.

Hitherto Mrs. Pegg had not spoken, now she said quietly:—

“I always find it easier to take in these things when I think of Jesus Christ, Mr. Broadmead and my husband could tell you so too. If you are afraid of God because of your sins, think how Jesus Christ died on the cross to save you, and if He would do that for you surely He will forgive you, surely He loves you; think how kind and good He was to all the sinners who came to Him when he was on earth.”

After a pause Broadmead said slowly:—

“Then you think that God really does love me and will forgive me.”

“Yes I am sure if you prove that you are in earnest by trying to turn over a new leaf.”

“Well I *will try*, that I will, there’s my hand on it Pegg.” And saying this he gave a huge sigh of relief, and rising shook Pegg’s hand cordially.

“That’s right, replied his friend warmly, and remember I’ll always be ready to help you when I can.”

“Thankee—Thankee—I know you will. You’ve been real good to me now, and before times, and thankee kindly for it. And now if you can give me a bed to-night, or let me sleep here on the floor, I shall be much obliged, for I don’t like to go back to my son’s at this hour.”

Soon after they separated for the night, and on his bed Broadmead pondered these things in his heart. He resolved to try and lead a better life. He resolved to try and love God. He resolved to believe in God’s forgiveness, for had not Christ died, and was not Christ *his* Saviour, and did He not come into the world especially to help people to do what was right, and to teach them the love of God?

And thus having resolved, after a time he slept.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

PLAIN WORDS FOR WOMEN.—SCOLDING.

Scolding is often a mere habit. There is not much meaning to it. Many of the greatest scolds are kind and pitiful at heart. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with every thing and every body in reach, little thinking how many hearts are grieved by the harsh and bitter words that are spoken with so little thought.

The habit of scolding is very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit, and as it depends on moods and whims, there is little security against its approach.

Scolding is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members.

“Mother,” said a little girl, “*does God ever scold?*” She had seen her mother, under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper, and give way to the impulse of passion; and pondering thoughtfully for a moment she asked,

“*Mother, does God ever scold?*”

The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock ; and she asked,—

“ Why, my child, what makes you ask that question ? ”

“ Because, mother, you have always told me that God is good, and that we should try to be like him ; and I should like to know if he ever scolds.”

“ No, my child, of course not.”

“ Well, I'm glad he don't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong, and it don't seem to me that I could love God very much if he scolded.”

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep into her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes. Children are quick observers ; and the child seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired,—

“ Why do you cry, mother ; was it naughty for me to say what I said ? ”

“ No, my love ; it was all right. I was only thinking I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your 'feelings by speaking so hastily and in anger as I did.”

“ Oh, mother, you are good and kind ; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near to you, as I do when you speak kindly ; and oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again.”

“ No, my child, don't say that,” said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had repelled her little one from her heart ; and the child wondering what so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered,—

“ Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry ? Do you love me ? ”

“ Oh yes ! I love you more than I can tell,” said the parent, clasping the little one to her bosom, and I will try never to *scold* again, but if I have to reprove my child, I will try to do it not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong.”

“ Oh, I am so glad, I can get so near to you if you don't scold ; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good.”

The lesson was one that sank deep into the mother's heart ; and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of reproofing in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—the great end of winning the child at the same time to what is right and to the parent's heart.

If one of them begins always finding fault with something, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary commotion is created in the home.

Stop it. Make an end of perpetual fault-finding and muttering. When wrongs occur, right them in a Christian manner. Tell persons of their faults, and rebuke them if needful, but do not scold. Murmurers and complainers have little peace in this world and less hope in the next.

“THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.”

“THE work of our hands, establish thou it.” I read the words over again going back a little. “Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and the work of our hands, establish thou it.”

“The work of my hands day by day,” I said, almost scornfully as I thought of the homely work *my* hands had to do. The cooking, the house-work, the patching, the mending. The rough, hard work I sometimes had to put them to. And I smiled as I thought of *such* work being established forever. I smiled again almost bitterly as I thought, “It is established that my hands must work, if not forever—for all my earthly time.”

“Please comb my hair now, mamma, the first bell is ringing,” and Neddie tapped my hand with his comb.

I parted and smoothed my boy’s tangled locks. “The work of my hands,” I said, and perhaps more gently than usual turned up my boy’s face to kiss his lips as he went out to school. I turned to the sitting-room, drew up the shades in the bay-window so my few geraniums might have all the sun’s rays they could, shook down the coal in the grate, dusted the chairs, straightened out the table-cover and books, and brushed the shreds from the carpet, and sighed a little over the thin places that the best arrangement of mats could not quite cover. The rooms looked neat and tidy. “The work of my hands,” I repeated, mechanically. Just then the sun shone out bright. It lit up my room like a kind smile. “The beauty of the Lord our God,” I repeated, softly.

I went back to my homely work in the kitchen. Patiently I tried to go through my every-day routine of work. For I said to myself: “If this is always to be the work of my hands, surely I must let the beauty of my Lord ‘rest upon it.’”

“You look very very bright to-night, wife,” said Will, when he came in after his day’s work. “Has it been an easy day?”

I thought of the cooking and ironing, of my tired hands and feet, and smiled as I said: “I have had a good text this morning.” VARA.

“THE GENTLEMAN.”—It may be set down as a rule that one can never afford not to be a gentleman. It is best to learn this rule early and practise it late. It is not well to say mean things of another, because in most cases you will have to take it all back in bitterness of heart when he does you an unexpected favor. It is not wise to treat anyone brusquely, because you cannot always judge a bird by the feathers he has on. It is not well to look down on anybody, because the time may come when he will look down upon you. There is a certain selfhood in every one which should be respected. We have no right to infringe upon it. It is not morality, it is not mere conventional rule, it is not simply a social regulation: it is something in the nature of things that you should always show a delicate regard to others. One who did not fail here was never known utterly to fail elsewhere.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the book for all,
For old and young, for great and small.
Thrice happy they who meekly scan
Its teachings touching God and man,

And by the Holy Spirit’s aid
Obey what is therein conveyed.
Vast is the blessedness of such;
They shall increase and flourish much;

The cedar and the palm tree both
Shall fitly symbolise their growth.
He that is wise will love to trace
The wonders wrought by faith and
grace,
Enabling Joseph to be pure ;
Enabling Moses to endure ;
Enabling Paul to count as loss
All but the Saviour and His cross.
And truly time would fail to tell
How faith and grace in Daniel
Shone forth ; in Enoch how they
reigned ;
In Abraham rare triumph gained ;
In Shadrach and his fellows, cast
Into the furious furnace blast ;
In him who, by the ravens fed,
By Cherith's brook reposed his head,
In Lydia, whom the Lord inclined
To hear the word with heedful mind ;
In Noah, righteous found alone ;
In Samuel, seeking not his own ;
In Elizer, that good servant ;

In John, whose love to Christ was
fervent ;
In David, to whom truth was dear ;
In Abel, lowly and sincere ;
In her who sat at Jesus' feet,
To whom He proved both drink and
meat ;
In Timothy, who knew the truth
Of Scripture from his tenderest youth ;
In Nehemiah, Joshua too,
Stephen, and others not a few.
Encouraged by examples given,
And taught by Him who speaks from
heaven,
Hourly may I right lessons learn,
In each event God's hand discern ;
From every circumstance derive
That which may make me grow and
thrive ;
My Maker serve and honour here,
And praise Him in a higher sphere,
No precious Bible needing then,
But knowing as I'm known. Amen.

THOMSON SHARP.

FOR THE YOUNG.—THE SMITH OF RAGENBACH.

It is related that, in a small village called Ragenbach in the territory of Hohenlohe, an ancient principality of Germany, about twenty years ago, the following heart-rending but heroic event took place.

One afternoon, in the early summer, in the tavern room of Ragenbach several men and women, having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the company ; a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good-natured smile upon his lips, that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil-disposed person shunned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge-hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door, chatting with one of his neighbours,

when all at once, the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room ; a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect. His head was hanging down, and his eyes bloodshot ; his red-coloured tongue hanging half-way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbour, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, than he became deathly pale, sprang up, and exclaimed in terror, "The dog is mad."

Then rose an outcry ! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood in the only entrance ; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up, and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him ? The smith also stood

among them ; and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbours would be made miserable by a mad dog ; and he formed his resolution. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with an unearthly fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

" Back all," thundered he with his deep, strong voice. " Let no one stir ; for no one can vanquish the beast but me. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim. I will hold the brute ; and whilst I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started towards the shrieking people ; but he did not go far. " With God's help ! " cried the smith ; and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor.

O, what a terrible struggle followed ! The dog bit furiously on every side in the most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith ; but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which much ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, biting, howling brute, until all had escaped, and were in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and, dripping with

blood and venomous foam, he left the room, fastening the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But, O ! what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith ?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. " Be quiet, my friends ; do not weep for me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love ; and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me ; for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop, and selected a long chain, the heaviest and firmest of his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs, and around the anvil so firmly, that no power on earth could break it. " There," said he, " it is done," after silently and solemnly contemplating the work. " Now you are secure, and I inoffensive as long as I live. Bring me my food. The rest I leave to God : into His hands I commend my spirit.

Nothing could save the brave smith ; neither tears, lamentations, nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died ; but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

THE EYE.—No. 7.

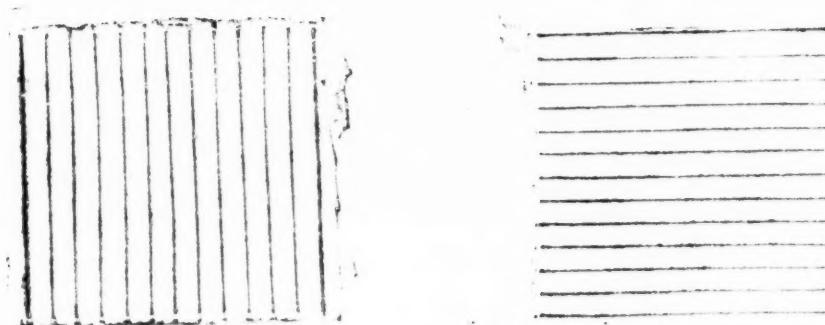


Fig. 13.

distance, errors are more common than as to size. Often when among the Alps a mountain peak appears only to be " 10 minutes walk off," when to the traveller's dismay he may walk for several hours, without apparently

The following experiment may help to explain this diagram. Here are two squares exactly equal, one made with vertical the other with horizontal lines, yet the former appears broader and the latter longer than its fellow. (Fig. 13). As to

diminishing the distance between him and the summit. And how often at sea does land appear only half a mile away, when in reality it is more than ten. It is often amusing to ask people to compare the size of the moon with familiar objects, some will compare it to a threepenny bit, while others will declare it to be as large as a cartwheel.



Fig. 11

With regard to colour there are many illusions. I can only have space for one or two. If you place a white square on a black ground it will appear larger than a black square of the same size upon a white surface, Fig. 11. This is due to what is known as irradiation, the white

surface appearing to have a kind of fringe or border. It is a well known fact that people look larger in light clothes than in dark; and more slender in dark clothes than in light. And every one knows how well a black silk dress sets off a good figure, a fact that ladies have not been slow to take advantage of.

There is another optical illusion as regards colour, that a well known soap manufacturer has lately been employing as an advertisement, and which may be seen appended to most of the monthly periodicals. If a white object be placed on a uniform crimson ground or tablecloth, and steadily gazed at for about half a minute, and then the gaze be quickly fixed on a white sheet of paper close at hand, the object will appear on the white surface, only no longer white but of a rosy pink. The above-mentioned gentleman has ingeniously used this device to try and impress his name on the observers memory in a like manner though with a more permanent effect.

We will now turn our attention to the means which are adopted to aid in improving vision.

But first we must understand what is meant by long-sight and short sight. The normal or emmetropic eye (Fig. 14E), as I said in an earlier number, is almost a perfect sphere of an inch in diameter having the little lens inside. The eye, together with the cornea, are so constructed as to bend the rays of light from an object a long way off so that they shall come to a focus exactly on the retina. This is the case in

G. L. J. Delt.

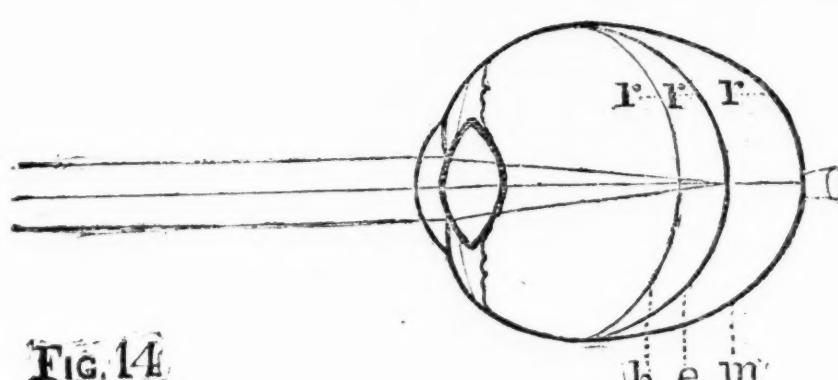


Fig. 14

a perfectly natural and healthy eye. If the same object be brought close to the eye, the rays of light would not be brought to a focus on the retina (r) but behind it—the image therefore would be no longer sharp but dim and the observer would complain that he failed to see it clearly.

Nature, however, provides for this by means of the ciliary muscle which I have spoken of in a former number and which by contracting allows the lens to thicken, so that it bends the rays of light more and so brings them to a focus nearer in front, and the observer without knowing it, has this muscle so under control that he can adjust

it to such a nicety that at whatever distance the object be placed it will always appear sharp and clear ; in other words, the image will always be focussed on the retina.

But if the eyeball be too long (Fig. 14M) then, although near objects will naturally meet on the retina and appear clear and sharp, yet distant objects, however the lens relaxes, cannot appear sharp since the retina is removed too far back by the eyeball being too long in its axis for the rays of light to meet in a focus on it. This condition is called myopia, or short sight, and can only be remedied by wearing spectacles formed so that they will make the rays of light bend out a little before they reach the eye, by which means they will (if the spectacles be of the right strength) exactly focus the rays of light on the retina so that the observer can see quite clearly objects at a distance. The glasses suited for such a case must be bi-concave, i.e., thinner at the centres than the sides.

But if the eyeball be longer than natural, it is easy to imagine that it may also be too short, (Fig. 14 H) and this is very often the case. Here exactly the reverse occurs, the rays of light do not meet soon enough, and consequently there is a blurred image again, although from an opposite cause. This is called Hypermetropia or long-sight, in which the observer sees objects at a distance clearly ; yet, as the eye is so very short, the ciliary muscle strive as hard as it may, cannot contract sufficiently to make the lens thick enough to neutralize or remedy the defect. Hence glasses must be worn to read with, though they are not always necessary to walk about with, and they must be of exactly the opposite shape to the former, namely, *convex* or thicker in the middle than at the sides, *i.e.*, like magnifying glasses.

Lastly, we have a third defect which is called Presbyopia. In this case the eye is perfectly correct in shape, being neither too long nor too short ; but it is the ciliary muscle that is at fault. This muscle is very strong in children, and they can adjust the lens inside their eyes so well, that the defects of long sight are not readily noticed until they grow up ; but every year they grow older, the muscle gets weaker, until in old age the muscle has lost nearly all power of altering the lens, so that as people with good or natural eyesight pass the age of forty-five or thereabouts, they have to hold their book further than ordinary from their eyes to read it, and this continues until they can hardly read at all without the aid of convex glasses. But if this is the case with ordinary eyes, what must it be with Hypermetropes (long-sighted people) in whom the eyeball is too short already, and who cannot see near objects when young. In them, reading becomes difficult at a very early age, and unless they have proper glasses, they suffer from headaches through the constant strain upon the ciliary muscle which is not strong enough to do its work, and the eyes get red and bloodshot at times. They get punished for their "stupidity" as foolish parents and teachers call it when their eyes alone are to blame, and if they do not get a "squint" they are very fortunate. As this defect in sight gives rise to such a store of evils, I cannot too strongly advise our readers not to be kept through false pride from consulting an oculist and having spectacles put on their childrens noses, if they show the least sign of squint or of

headache in reading, or of difficulty in seeing objects near at hand. But it is not only the hypermetropes that suffer from the want of proper glasses, the myopes (short-sighted people) also have an unfortunate store of evils which they may be subject to. In the first place, a short-sighted eye is longer than natural, and therefore projects more forward (lobster like) from the socket. Hence, when you see a persons eyes very prominent, you may generally assume that they are short-sighted. This renders the eye more liable to injury from blows and falls, and is the more unfortunate since a short-sighted eye is always a more strained eye than a long-sighted or natural-sighted one, and the retina is more likely to be injured or detached from its bed, resulting in a most serious impairment of sight.

(To be concluded in our next.)

“ONLY A JOKE.”

CHAPTER VI.

“Capital, Jack, capital, but how is all this to be brought about, see what he says in his letter.”

“Fudge ! he thinks so now, but he will soon alter his mind when he sees her.”

“Well ! I’ll do my best, but here comes Ida, we must take her into our confidence.”

As Ida came in with a fine young gentleman of two years in her arms, my godson, I hastily told her the purport of my visit. Her delight seemed even to exceed mine ; she clapped her hands, gave me a hearty kiss, and when her husband made known to her our plans, declared it would not be her fault if they did not succeed.

“I’ll call on Effie this very afternoon, and carefully sound her,” exclaimed the kind-hearted little woman, “she is much too good to be an old maid, and would make Hugh an admirable wife. I know she has a wretched time with that disagreeable old aunt.”

“Well ! I must go now,” I said, giving Master Jack back to his mother, after I had filled the little fellow’s hands and mouth with sweetmeats.

“Oh ! Jack,” exclaimed my sister, “how could you give baby so many sweets so soon after his breakfast, I must try and coax him to give me some of them to take care of for him. Oh ! darling, how your bachelor uncle does spoil you. It is a good thing you have no children of your own, Jack, if you had you would ruin them.”

I think she noticed a shade on my face as she made the remark, for she hastily added, “Our little boy is nearly as fond of you as he is of us, Jack.”

I sadly smiled as I stooped to kiss the child, who in return pulled my whiskers for me, and rubbed his sticky little hands on my shirt front.

I think I must have drawn back with a slight gesture of disgust, for Charlie laughed heartily, and Ida smiled, as the former said, “Ah ! Jack, you see what a poor victim the father of a family is. That is

nothing to what I have to endure sometimes—hair pulled out by the roots ; and you should hear him cry ! ”

“ Well, well ! ” I returned, “ I think the pleasure predominates, for if you have to suffer some discomforts, children are great blessings.”

And wishing goodbye to my sister and her husband, I departed.

It was with sad regrets that I wended my way homeward.

I could not help contrasting the happiness and home enjoyments of my friend, as compared to my own desolate lot. For, dear readers, though I was then a crusty, particular bachelor of twenty-seven, yet none the less had I experienced some pleasant love phases in my past life. There was one expressive, dark face that had been dearer to me than all the world beside ; but how could I ask a beautiful high-born girl to share the misfortunes of an invalided, discontented man ? Away, away bright visions, I beseech you no more to haunt my waking dreams, but to leave me satisfied with my surroundings and lot in life. Oh ! Italy, bright Italy, a few short weeks of bliss passed in your sunny clime have been more precious than all the past and future years of my useless, burdensome life. But maybe, and oh ! how probable, that the Lucia of my dream is now a wife and mother, and unaware of the existence of such as I.

For the next few months I was busily engaged in making preparations.

I spent whole mornings in giving directions to my head gardener, so that the green-houses and grounds might be in the best order at Hugh's arrival.

I had the house thoroughly done up, inside and out, and went to no end of expense in order to decorate and beautify the interior and exterior, always with the idea of a wedding in my mind. Hugh's marriage with Effie so engrossed my thoughts, that it was an incentive to buy extraordinary luxuries, so as to make the old house as pleasant as possible, and suitable for a young married couple.

Charlie and Ida once or twice ventured to remark that was I not too premature, would Hugh like so much outlay, but I only answered that everything should be perfect to welcome my exiled brother home.

From morning 'till night I never rested ; every fresh improvement in the house or grounds seemed as a healing touch to some sore wound, until my spirits rose to such a pitch, that my former indisposition seemed to become as a thing of the past. I no longer had to tempt a failing appetite ; the exertion and excitement seemed to incite me to eat.

I promised a feast to all the villagers, the third week in October ; I declared that the school children should have a treat at my expense ; I told the old clergyman of the expected return, and promised a handsome thank offering to any charity he liked to name.

So time passed on, months so pleasant, so delightful, that I love to look back upon that period in my life. I was a boy again, with a boy's exaggerated hopes, a boy's longing for the future, a boy's lightness of heart.

I had come up from the valley of despair, and was now standing on the hill of joyful expectation, seeing, before me, nothing but sunshine and gladness ; behind, dark shades from which I fain would turn away.

I was leaving the lonely, barren desert, and was hastening on to the fertile, flowery land before me. But did I know, alas, alas ! that like Moses, in this world, that good, that fair Canaan, was not for me, but that I must die with my greatest desire unrealized.

Ah ! how little did I think, then, in what way my pleasant anticipations would be turned to sorrow.

Summer passed away, and the autumn, with its shortening days and falling leaves, was taking its place. The fields were strewn with decaying nature ; the trees, stripped of their foliage, looked bare and desolate ; the flowers had lost their brilliant bloom ; and, altogether, everything denoted the approach of winter.

One morning, on reading the paper, and, as usual, eagerly scanning the notice of the arrival of ships from foreign parts, I discovered the announcement of the “Victoria,” which had safely come into port the preceding day.

“Then Hugh will come home to-day,” I exclaimed ; and hastily throwing down the paper, I rang the bell for Barnes, desiring him to take a note from me to Mrs. Oaklands. In it I conveyed to her the intelligence, asking her to come that afternoon, with Charlie and the boy, to welcome Hugh, who would surely arrive to-day.

How excited I felt, though outwardly I was calm and collected.

Soon Barnes came back with the answer that Mr. and Mrs. Oaklands would be with me this afternoon at six o’clock.

How the hours seemed to drag ! Never had a morning appeared so long and tedious ; luncheon time at last came, and having ordered dinner at seven, I lay down on the sofa to pass away the time. I soon fell asleep, and dreamed pleasant dreams of meeting Hugh ; and his voice was still sounding in my ear, when I awoke with a start by hearing Barnes asking if he should light the gas. Having answered in the affirmative, I rose and stretched myself, and then began pacing the room, in deep thought—a fidgetty habit to which bachelors are very prone.

A few minutes afterwards I heard a ring at the door-bell ; with trembling steps, and beating heart, I turned to listen. It was only my sister and her husband, I could hardly find voice to welcome them. I took little Jack, and carrying him into the drawing room, amused myself with the child, while his mother went upstairs to take off her walking attire. I conversed with Charlie on indifferent subjects, but it was as though I were in a dream. Every ring of the bell made me start, and turn my head in eager expectation. Would he never come ? Ah ! why was he delaying ; surely he had had plenty of time to have reached home by now. I pressed the child closer and closer to me, as though in that little form I might find solace ; I covered his wee, fair face with kisses, and felt a strange, yearning tenderness towards him, hitherto unknown to me. The touch of those little hands, the prattle of that silvery voice, soothed my weary spirit. Something to love was the cry of my lonely heart ; and oh ! would not Hugh satisfy its tired cravings ? Something to care for, I moaned ; and oh ! would I not care for Hugh ? surely he alone could now fill the place of friend and brother, which had been vacant since that Christmas night, five long years ago.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HEAR MY VOICE. C. M.

JOHANN CRUGER.

"I am the good Shepherd."

1 There is a lit - tle love - ly fold, Whose flock the Shep-herd keeps, Through sum - mer's heat and win - ter's cold, With eye that ne - ver sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die,
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 Oh gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me,
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
That humbly turns to thee.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Sweet summer-time, sweet summer-time,
Alas! that thou must flee:
With all thy bright and lovely things--
Thy days so full of glee.

I mark the breath of Autumn near,
I mark the leaves that fall;
The flowers which made my heart so glad,
Alas! they're faded all.

And Winter soon will bind the earth,
Beneath his icy chain;
And of the loved and beautiful
No vestige will remain.

The winds will sweep my harp-strings
o'er,
With many a mournful blast;
And saddest tones will waken then,
The memory of the past!
* * * * *

“Cease, minstrel, cease that plaintive
strain,”
A thousand voices cry—
“The beautiful—the beautiful—
“Can never never die !

“Its outward form is changing oft,
“As shadows melt in air;
“But there is still *the spirit's* breath,
“Around us everywhere !

“The leaves, and flowers, and all the
joys,
“So sweet in summer-time,
“Are only lent to fire the soul
“With love of things sublime.

“They lure us onward, step by step,
“Until from earth we rise;
“And wond'ring find the *substance*
ours
“Beyond the starry skies !

LIFE SKETCHES OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

JAMES EDISON.

IN an old number of Scribner's Monthly is a long sketch of the life of James Edison, the discoverer of many wonderful inventions, we only record a few jottings.

HE was born on Feb. 11, 1847, at an obscure canal village in Ohio. His father was of Dutch and his mother of Scotch descent. The latter imparted to him all the instruction from outside sources he ever received with the exception of two months of regular schooling. But he was an omnivorous reader. At ten he was reading Hume's “England,” Gibbon's “Rome,” the “Penny Cyclopædia,” and some books on chemistry which had come in his way. At twelve he began the world as train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada and Central Michigan. He went into this with such a will that in course of time he became an employer of labour, having four assistants under him for the disposal of his wares:—

“There exists a daguerreotype of the train-boy of this epoch. It shows the future celebrity as a chubby-faced fellow in a glazed cap and muffler, with papers under his arm. The face has an expansive smile,—not to put too fine a point upon it, a grin. Yet there is something honest and a little deprecating in it, instead of impudence. He was, as will be shown, an eccentricity among train-boys, and was no doubt sensible of it. His peculiarity consisted in having established in turn, in the disused smoking-section of a springless old baggage-car which served him as head-quarters for his papers, fruits and vegetable ivory—two industries little known to train-boys in general. He surrounded himself with a quantity of bottles and some retort stands—made in the railroad-shops in exchange for papers—procured a copy of ‘Fresenius's Qualitative Analysis,’ and, while the car bumped rudely along, conducted the experiments of a chemist. By hanging about the office of the *Detroit Free Press* in some spare hours he had acquired an idea of

printing. At a favourable opportunity he purchased from the office 300lb. of old type, and to the laboratory a printing office was added. It seems to have been by a peculiar, good-natured, hanging-around process of his own, with his eyes extremely wide open and sure of what they wanted to see, that his practical information on so many useful subjects was obtained. He learned something of mechanics and the practical mystery of a locomotive in the railroad sheds, and acquired an idea of the powers of electricity from telegraph operators. With his printing office he published a paper—the *Grand Trunk Herald*. It was a weekly, 12 by 16 inches, and was noticed by the *London Times*, to which a copy had been shown by some traveller, as the only journal in the world printed on a railway train. The impressions were taken by the most primitive of all means, that of pressing the sheets upon the type with the hands, and were on but one side of the paper. Baggage-men and brakemen contributed the literary contents. In 1862, during the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the enterprising manager conceived the idea of telegraphing on the head lines of his exciting news and having them pasted on bulletin boards at the small country stations. The result was a profitable venture, and the first awakening of interest on his side in the art of telegraphing, in which he was destined to play such a remarkable part.

Again we read:—

“Telegraphing, from the time he obtained a first rude insight into it, became more and more an engrossing hobby. He strung the basement of his father’s house at Port Huron with wires. Then he constructed a short line, with a boy companion, using in the batteries stove-pipe wire, old bottles, nails for platina, and zinc (which urchins of the neighbourhood were induced to cut out from under the kitchen stoves of their unsuspecting households and bring to them for a consideration of three cents a pound.) His movements on the train were free and hardy. He had the habit of leaping from it while it was going at a speed of 25 miles per hour, upon a pile of sand arranged by him for the purpose, in order to reach his home the sooner. An act of personal courage and humanity—the snatching of the station-master’s child from in front of an advancing train—was a turning-point in his career. The grateful father taught him telegraphing in the regular way. He tried shoemaking for a short time—he had picked up this trade with others in some inexplicable manner; but it did not please him, and he shortly entered into his right work as a telegraph operator. From that time his interest in electric science has not varied. He has studied it intensely in all its forms.”

“The ex-train-boy has arrived at an almost fabulous success. The Western Union Company are said to have paid him 100,000 dols. for his invention, the carbon telephone, and nobody knows what for the quadruplex system, and the others that they have taken. He is said to be in receipt of 500 dols. per week in royalties for the exhibition of the phonograph alone. There is hardly one of his long list of patents which has not answered its purpose, and does not bring him returns. Everything in this last period has been on a great scale. He has spent 400,000 dols. in his experiments and researches. At Newark he

manufactured his stock-quotation printers, with a force of 300 men. The business was not to his liking, as, indeed, no pursuit is which does not include the active evolution of new ideas. He took formal lessons in chemistry here, for the first time. He married, too, a Newark lady, Miss Mary Stillwell by name; but in 1876 sold out his machinery and removed to Menlo Park, about an hour's ride from New York." Mr. Edison's laboratory is described, and himself sketched as he is at work, *viz*:-

"A collection of valuable running machinery and tools for every delicate operation, with the office and draughting-room, occupies the lower story. A force of 13 skilled mechanics is busy there. Above, a long, unbroken room has working-tables from distance to distance, littered, as is the floor, with batteries, magnets, retorts, and apparatus of unknown forms and uses. The whole extent of the walls is lined with shelves, containing a museum of smaller apparatus, but, for the most part, an interminable background of chemicals in jars. Of the number of persons in the laboratory, remark principally the one you may have least thought of selecting, from the informality of his appearance. The rest are but skilful assistants, to whom he is able to commit some experiments in their secondary stages. It is a figure of perhaps five feet nine in height, bending intently above some detail of work. There is a general appearance of youth about it, but the face, knit into anxious wrinkles, seems old. The dark hair, beginning to be touched with gray, falls over the forehead in a mop. The hands are stained with acid, and the clothing is of an ordinary 'ready-made' order. It is Edison. He has the air of a mechanic, or more definitely, with his peculiar pallor, of a night-printer. His features are large; the brow well shaped, without unusual developments; the eyes light gray; the nose irregular, and the mouth displaying teeth which are also not altogether regular. When he looks up his attention comes back slowly, as if it had been a long way off. But it comes back fully and cordially, and the expression of the face, now that it can be seen, is frank and prepossessing. A cheerful smile chases away the grave and somewhat weary look that belongs to it in its moments of rest. He seems no longer old. He has almost the air of a big, careless school-boy released from his tasks."

DUTIES OF YOUNG LADIES.

The importance of virtuous associates on the youthful mind is universally admitted. In the selection of associates among her own sex, a young lady needs to be cautious. Elevation of character, frankness of disposition, firmness of principle, sterling virtue, and a warm heart, are the characteristics to be sought in a friend. Congeniality of taste, pursuits, in-

tellectual pleasures and religious principle, constitute other essential prerequisites.

When you have found those of congenial spirit, strive to be mutually beneficial to each other. Kindly point out each other's imperfections; share each other's joys and sorrows; exchange books.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

THE ORANGE-TREE.—The orange is the longest-lived fruit-tree known. It is reputed to have attained the age of three hundred years, and been known to flourish and bear fruit for more than a hundred years. No fruit-tree will sustain itself and produce fruit so well under neglect and rough treatment. It begins to bear about the third year after budding, and by the fifth year produces an abundant crop, though the yield is gradually increased by age and favorable circumstances. The early growth of the orange is rapid, and by its tenth year it has grown more than it will in the next fifty, so far as its breadth and height are concerned; but it is age multiplies its fruit-stems.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.—The last Annual Report of the Pittsburg State Prison, Pennsylvania, U.S., informs us that the prison contained in 1872, 423 prisoners; in 1875, 509; and in 1876, 727. It suggestively states, that of these persons 'the great proportion are ignorant of any trade; and yet they are chiefly scholars of American free schools; 61 per cent. are reported to be natives of Pennsylvania; only 17 per cent. are foreigners, 37 per cent. are recorded as "sober," 31 per cent. as "intemperate," 81 per cent. have attended the public schools; and in proof of their merely mental instruction it is stated that these prisoners last year read 8,361 magazines and travels, 7,882 novels, and also the daily, weekly, and illustrated papers. Many of them also play on musical instruments in the gaol.' The Philadelphia *Times* says:—'What a terrible satire upon our boasted free-school system is conveyed in the word "educated!" Nine tenths of the young criminals sent to the Penitentiary have enjoyed school advantages, but three fourths of them have never learnt to do an honest stroke of work.' The comment thus made charges the mischief to the

schools providing no training of the hands, teaching no trade. We fear that the Americans, as well as some of our own people, are missing the true moral, that an education without religion will not make good men and women.

ECONOMY OF TIME.—How many minutes have you to spare. Five, ten, fifteen? much may be done with them. We have heard of a young man who perused a *History of England* while waiting for his meals in a boarding house. We have heard of a mathematician who is said to have composed an elaborate work when visiting with his wife during the interval between the moment when she first started to take leave of their friends and the moment she had finished her last words, The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; so the right and wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions and with strength a man's mind.—*E. G. Hood.*

SINGULARITY IN CONVERSATION.—Avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy, one of the bores of society is the talker who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that 10,000 men fell in some battle, tells you it was 9,970; who when you describe your walk as two miles out and back, assures you it wanted half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail but conveying a right impression, and there are vague ways of speaking that are truer than strict facts would be. When the Psalmist said rivers of waters run down mine eyes because men keep not thy law, he did not state the fact but he stated a truth deeper than fact and truer.—*Dean Alford.*



THE CATARACT.

Where the water thunders
 O'er the massive weir,
 And the river sunders
 Into Radley Mere,
 Just above me sleeping,
 Quiet as a child,
 Just below me leaping
 Passionate and wild.

From its slumber waking,
 Suddenly set free,
 Hissing, roaring, shaking,
 With a giant glee ;
 Foaming, plunging, sparkling,
 White as drifted snow,
 To the depths down darkling,
 To the depths below.

See the eddies swirling,
 Struggling for the sway,
 See the cataract whirling
 On its headlong way,—
 Grappling, wrestling, panting,
 Maddened as in fight,
 While the sun-rays slanting
 Kindle rainbow light.

Rainbow colours glowing.
 Evanescing dews,
 Ever coming, going
 In their changeful hues ;
 Diamonds, showering, raining
 Down the giddy height,
 Jewels—each containing
 Sunshine pure and bright.

Where the water thundering
 O'er the oaken weir,
 Generations wondering
 As they see and hear.
 Coming, going, gazing,
 Pass to come no more,
 Still the flood amazing
 Rolls on evermore.

Rushes on victorious,
 Mighty as of old,
 Living, grand, and glorious,
 Keeps its ancient hold !
 Cataract of wonders !
 Waterfall sublime !
 Pealing ceaseless thunders
 On the ear of Time.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

DON'T forget the little ones at Christmas. Think of the Christmases that came and went when you were a child, and of the pleasures or disappointments which they brought. The child-heart is the same in all generations; and it does not take much to bathe it in tears or in sunshine. Let Christmas morning, of all mornings in the year, come to the children in sunshine.

It is strange that any one will close the hand, when it takes so little to make the child happy. Only a little fine gold of kindness thrown cheerfully down; only a few loving glances and the little heart will leap for joy. There is not a parent in the land but can make a merry Christmas for the children. How easily they are satisfied! It is such a pity to let the season pass—the blessed season, when every wish of the heart is met by a few inexpensive love gifts. The years come soon enough when we have no pleasure in them. The costliest gifts will now fail to give the joy that sprung in our hearts as we received the smallest Christmas present in the long ago. Then make a Christmas for the little ones, and see if it will not thaw the crust of selfishness and care.

No matter how poor you are, love has "wonderful expedients." Mother love is deft and quick to make gifts if you cannot buy them.

How wistfully those eyes watch your hand. Let it hold a good gift, just such a one as will meet the desire of that little heart. Buy that "supple jack," or that "monkey on a pole," for your boy, who will break them to pieces to see what is "inside" the next day. Let the girl with her dreaming, longing eyes, have the fairy-book if she so desires. There is a witchery about such things that possession alone can satisfy.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

"This is the day that Christ was born!
 Hark to the music sweet and wild,
 That wakens glad hearts and forlorn,
 To greet the blessed child!"

O silver bells that ring so clear
 All the wintry morning gray,
 rouse up the sleeping world to hear
 That Christ was born to-day.

Ring till the children start from sleep,
 Sweet with the dream of joy to be,
 And clap their little hands, and leap,
 And shout aloud in glee,

Ring till the sorrowful ones of earth,
 Whose lives are spent in toil and
 tears,
 That leave, alas! no place for mirth
 In all the dreary years,

Shall hear the tender words He said—
“Come unto me all ye that mourn;”

And gather strength anew to tread
The path His feet have worn.

Ring aloud, ring sweet, O Christmas bells,
And tune each waking soul to prayer,
The while your joyful pæan swells
Upon the frosty air.

Through misty dawn and sunshine clear,
Ring till the callous hearts of men,

Stirred with the thought of Christ so near,
Grow warm and soft again.

Ring till the tender impulse turns
To pitying thought, to generous deed;
Ring till the eager spirit burns
To succour all that need!

And while ye ring, with heart and voice,
Glory to God let all men say,
And every living soul rejoice
That Christ was born to day!"

SAVED AS BY FIRE;

OR, JOHN BROADMEAD'S HARD FIGHT.

By F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF “FAITH'S FATHER,” &c.

CHAPTER XX.—SAVED.

WHEN he awoke on the morrow, it was with a new feeling in his heart, a feeling that he had resolved to try and be altogether different from what he had been.

Henceforth he was not to think of how to please himself, but how to please God, and moreover he was conscious that he was under surveillance, for did not God know all that he was doing.

I cannot say that these new ideas were altogether pleasing to him, they are pleasing to none of us until we make it our pleasure to do God's will. Happy are they who in the fresh morning of their life choose to walk with Him throughout the day, and have no old associations and desires to combat; whose power of resistance to evil is not weakened by repeated indulgences in sin and selfishness.

With his mind filled with these thoughts, he dressed himself hastily, and then bidding farewell to his friends and thanking them for their kindness he hurried away to his son's house. He was anxious to see his children whom he had so deeply wronged, and seek their forgiveness.

He arrived at their house as they were about to sit down to breakfast. They were very sorrowful, for they had just discovered his absence, and naturally their conjectures as to the cause took the gloomiest turn.

The joy depicted on their faces when they beheld him return in soberness and true penitence cannot be exaggerated. It was too much for the old man, and the memory of their patience and goodness towards him in the past rushed over his mind like a flood, and completely overcame him.

At first John felt too much emotion to answer, for now the end for which he had been working so long had come, and it seemed so strange, so good that he could hardly believe it.

Then he simply said : " Father, I am glad you have decided like this ; keep to it, cling to it, as if for your life."

" Ay, ay, John, my lad," answered his father, with his eyes still on the ground, " I will, God helping me, but how can I ever repay you and your good Bess there for what I've cost you ? Oh, lad, lad," he continued, and his voice shook with suppressed emotion, " what a bad, wretched father I've been to you. It was your goodness that saved me, and made me believe in God, and now, if you'll let me stop here, you shall have everything I can get ; but let me stop, and that will help to keep me right, maybe."

" Father," said John, " please do not say any more of this. It is our duty to forgive and forget, and you being my father makes it doubly my duty and my pleasure, too."

For some days the elder Broadmead did not see Relton again. He avoided him as much as possible, and for a time was successful, but at last they happened to meet.

" Well, Broadmead," said Relton with a sneer, " why in the world didn't you come to see me the other night, as you said you would ? I suppose you were afraid of that precious son of yours, eh ! "

" He had nothing to do with it," replied Broadmead quietly. " I kept away because I knew it would be better for me."

" Pshaw ! what are you going to be religious ? " laughed Relton.

" Yes, I hope I am," was the calm and decided answer.

" Umph ! a queer kind of Christian you'll make. How in the world can you stomach that watery kind of life, after being used to something hot and strong ? Come now, don't be a fool, have a glass of something warm, something that will make your old eyes twinkle."

But Broadmead turned away and fled beyond the reach of temptation. Nor was he cowardly in so doing, for it was a harder struggle for him to turn away than it would have been to remain and parley with the temptation. In these matters discretion is generally the better part of valour, and the only way to meet the tempter is to flee from him.

But this was by no means the only or most terrible temptation ; nevertheless he met them all in the same way,—he did not allow himself to parley with the tempter, he rooted himself as it were to his resolve, and though it was often a terrible struggle, he came off victorious.

And thus it was that he began to walk the upward road—that upward road of godliness which leads to blessedness and peace. True, his spiritual life at present was but small ; but the point to be noted is, that he had taken the decided step—he had resolved to believe in the unseen realities that Christ proclaimed ; he had resolved to try and be good and do good. Henceforth, therefore, if he persisted in his resolution, his power of resistance to evil would grow stronger and his spiritual perceptions become more keen. A nobler, better, and purer life would open up before him, a life in which love to God and love to man would invest all things around him with renewed interest. Old things *i. e.*—old habits, old thoughts, old selfish, miserable, unhappy feelings would pass away and all things would become new. His character would thus gradually change, and slowly but surely would

grow into some likeness to that of the Divine Man, Christ Jesus. But alas! it is too true, oh! solemnly deeply true

*"Our deeds live with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."*

And Broadmead, though saved from utter ruin, is not the man he might have been but for those scars of sin which still deface his soul and tell of the sad, sad past.

John was of signal service to him in his strivings after a better life. He never left him quite to himself, and the help he was thus enabled to render him was not enfeebling, for it was the assistance that helped him to help himself.

And so John Broadmead's old, happy home-life came back again—happier than before his door was first darkened by the shadow of his drunken father, for in addition to his cosy fireside, his blooming wife, and laughing child, his father, clothed and in his right mind, was a welcome and honoured member of the household, and John and his wife were blessed with the abiding reward of those who turn a sinner from the error of his ways and hide a multitude of sins. Many a time and oft the father would address them both in a gush of gratitude, and thank them and his God for the victory he had *obtained* over that *accursed demon, strong drink*.

And now the end has come yet before he writes those words, the author would venture to express the hope that this little story may induce some of its readers to take a deeper interest than perhaps they have yet done in the terrible battle between right and wrong, which is raging around, and cause them to strike harder yet on the right side, and so hasten forward the coming of that glorious time when Right shall be greater than Might, and Soul stronger than Sense.

THE END.

"ONLY A JOKE."

CHAPTER VII.

Soon Ida came down, and I exerted myself to the uttermost to make myself agreeable. I pretended to be a horse, for the benefit of my little namesake, and when tired of that, I opened my watch to display its works for his amusement. I argued politics with a degree of enthusiasm which rather startled Charlie. I debated points in law with a profound wisdom which astonished Ida. I talked incoherently on parochial topics, and discoursed wildly on the weather and the crops. And yet I was restless, unhappy, and ill at ease.

"Hark!" I suddenly exclaimed, as a quick, double knock at the door reached us in the drawing room. That knock, so sharp and abrupt, told me a tale which seemed to send my senses to the wind.

"It is the telegraph boy," said Charlie, in an awe-struck whisper.

"God grant he may not bring us bad news," murmured Ida.

But I said nothing; I was speechless. The tension of my nerves seemed strained to the utmost. But it was not for long.

Barnes entered with a grave, sad face, treading on tip-toe, and silently handed me a telegram. With trembling fingers I opened and read it. "Captain Burnet to Mr. John Sherwood. Come at once, your brother is dying," are the only words I can now recall. I felt bewildered. Hugh dying! What strange words are these. I gave it to Charlie, exclaiming, "What does it mean?" I have a dim recollection that he turned pale, and gave me a sad, anxious glance of pity. Ida, who was looking over his shoulder, clasped her hands and made a sudden cry; then, coming up to me, she laid her hand upon my shoulder, and said, "Jack, my poor Jack, Hugh is very ill and wishes you to go to him. We will all three start as soon as there is a train; will you look, Charlie, while I put my things on?"

Her woman's wit had taken in the full sense of the ominous message, and quietly repeating, "Rouse yourself, Jack," she made a sign to Charlie to follow her from the room.

But I remained staring blankly at the fire. Hugh dying! Hugh ill! appeared to ring like a knell in my ear. The veins in my forehead seemed throbbing as though they would burst; whilst the dull, rapid thud of my pulse was painfully apparent. There was a strange, aching pain at my heart such as I never before had experienced, whilst again I seemed to hear the words "You are a rascal and a villain," as Hugh fiercely uttered them on that fatal night.

Truly "Only a Joke" had cost me very dear.

I was aroused from my stupor by Ida entering. I think Charlie assisted me into my coat, but I am not sure. Like as in a dream was the quitting the house and the drive to the station. I do not even remember the railway journey, except that I have a faint recollection of Charlie passing his arm through mine, and saying,

"Cheer up, old boy, it may not be so bad as we think."

But, as I said before, from the time I received the news till arrived at the house, everything was vague and uncertain.

However, I can distinctly recall being in a dark room, and Charlie very earnestly beseeching me to be calm and collected, and then he would take me to Hugh.

And I know we afterwards ascended a long narrow flight of stairs, for I felt so dizzy and sick, that I clung to Charlie, fearing that I should fall.

"Prepare yourself, Jack" Charlie said. Those words seemed to have a potent force, for I at once realized the necessity for bracing my mind, to bear quietly the ordeal before me. I myself, turned the handle of the door, and with perfect self possession crossed the threshold, and approached the bed.

But as I caught sight of the face, with unnaturally bright eyes turned eagerly towards the door, I at once realized the scene before me.

Crying "Hugh, my brother, my brother," I sank down on my knees beside him, while my tears fell like rain on the poor white hand, which I had taken in a fervent clasp.

Oh! the bliss and yet the intense anguish of those few short moments, and then feebly but yet how lovingly, I felt the other hand wander across my head, as Hugh murmured.

"Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," there was a pause, then softly whispering "my love to Effie, Ida and Charlie," he

closed his eyes, and seemed to sink into a kind of unconsciousness. There was a great silence, as with greedy eyes I fixed my gaze upon that pale changed face, so different now to the face of long ago—so aged, so worn, so weary, over which even now a strange calm peace, was gradually stealing; the breath coming feebly and in uncertain gasps. He moved slightly, and then the dark eyes, so tired, but how loving, unclosed; they rested wistfully, tenderly on me. His lips moved; rising, I bent my ear to his mouth to catch those precious words. Slowly painfully, they came.

"Jesus has forgiven, do you also?" The answer was in my face, as leaning down I pressed a passionate kiss on his cold, damp brow.

For an instant a radiant smile lit up his death like countenance, and with a clear utterance he distinctly said,

"We shall meet again. Take care of dear Effie, I loved her to the last, tell her there will be no misunderstandings in heaven," a spasm flitted across the noble face, and there was a change; I cannot describe the grey hue that seemed to creep over those handsome features, for across my eyes a film appeared to pass, an iron band clasped in convulsive hold my reeling brain, and then I sank insensible beside the inanimate form of my wronged though forgiving brother.

* * * * *

For months I have been ill, and now that I am better I have written to soothe the anguish of my burdened mind, a brief account of a sad episode in my life, and its still sadder results.

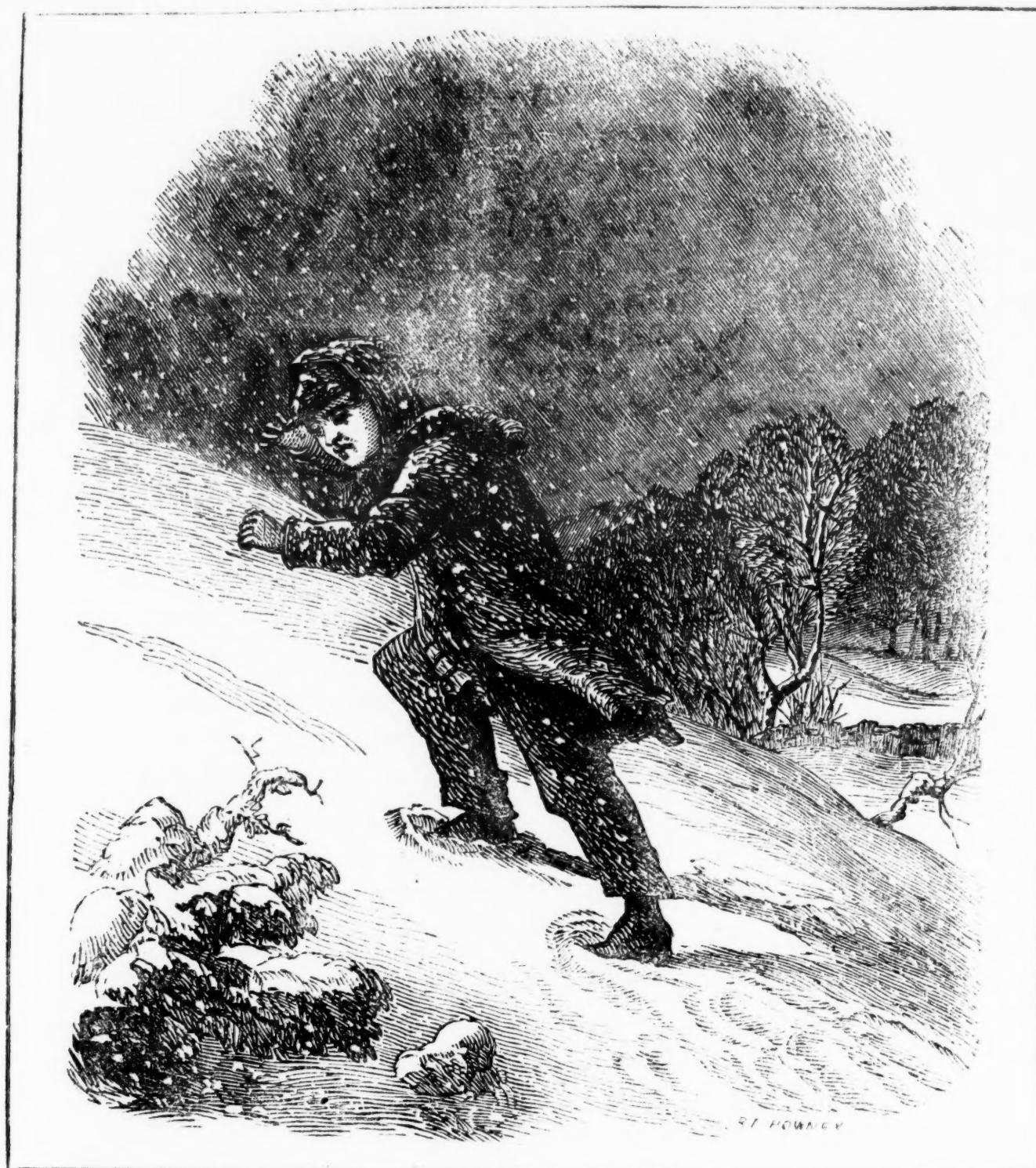
I feel too surely that the hour of my departure is at hand, and the sad lines which recall a miserable past may be read when I am gone, by those who may derive a lesson from it.

Whilst my pen has been traversing this manuscript, I have at least been relieved of the weary tedium of thinking, until in my worst moments I have feared, and oh! how strongly, lest the scenes through which I have so lately passed may not affect my reason. But God is merciful, and I pray that this may be spared me, and that in His great goodness He will take me to the Heaven "where the weary are at rest."

* * * * *

"Ida Oaklands. The Hollies."

I have just come across a diary of my dear brother Jack's, who now peacefully lies by the side of dear Hugh in the village church-yard. The evidences of remorse and sorrow shown in the papers I have found, bring tears to my eyes; and I really think I must give them to dear Effie to read, who at my earnest request came to live with us at the old home, left to us by Jack, at his decease. It is now three years since my younger brother left this world for the quiet heaven for which he so much longed. He never I think wholly recovered from the shock of poor Hugh's unexpected death, and but six months after, they were again united, never I trust to part again. The last hours of dear Jack were very peaceful, his greatest comfort being the presence of my little boy. It was no ordinary affection which sprang up between these two, and almost my brother's last words were, "Tell little Jack, when he is older, the sad results of what was intended as a harmless joke, that being dead, my life may yet convey a lesson to those around." JESSIE.



FOR THE YOUNG.—THE THREE LITTLE SNOW-FLAKES.

Our Picture represents a boy hurrying home through a Snow-storm. The Snow-flakes had voices if he had only listened ; let us hear their story :—

Toward the close of a dark day early in November, three little Snow-flakes left their gray cloud-home and drifted earthward.

“ What a pleasure it is to be free ! ” exclaimed the first. “ I’m so tired of that stupid old place and this everlasting white ! I want to live where there’s something going on. I long to flash in colors, and move in the midst of splendour and feel the rush and whirl of giddy life about me. Rest assured I, for one, am bound for scenes of beauty and revelry. Where are you going ? ”

“ I, ” answered the second little Snow-flake, “ pine for the light and warmth of human love. Heretofore

existence has been colorless, cold ; it shall be so no longer. I mean to seek out the fairest woman below, dream sweet dreams on her silken eye-lids, dew the red roses of her mouth or cradle myself in the pink-lined nest of her caressing hand.” Then turning to the third little Snow-flake, flitting earthward mute and meek, she asked : “ What are you going down for ? ”

“ All day and all night long a cry has been coming up to the home we have left, ” answered this whitest of the triple flakes, “ and I have heard it ; it is a cry of want and pain. My heart’s desire is to do something for its relief. I am only a drop of frozen vapour, so tiny that nobody, perhaps, will notice me ; yet, if I can do the smallest mite of good, in the humblest place, I shall be more than satisfied.”

They hurried and scurried, these

white-hooded sisters, now up, now down, now hither, now thither, while the wind piped, the leaves danced their death-dance, and every little stream turned stiff with cold.

At length they spied a great building brilliantly illuminated. Red and yellow light filled it to overflowing, then crept out at the windows, ran along the roof and leaped skyward in flaming billows like a gorgeous sunset astray. The people cried, "Fire! fire!" There was a jangle of many bells, the piercing shriek of whistles, the thud of flying feet. Men turned pale in that blistering glare, women cried and little children hid their frightened faces.

"At last! at last!" exclaimed the first flake, never heeding the nature of this tumult, and fairly turning a summersault in her ecstasy. Here are the scenes of revelry for which I have groaned and sighed in my dreary prison-home! Farewell my white sisterhood, your way is no longer my way. Watch, and you shall see me dance and shine in the very heart of those splendours. Oh, light, beauty, joy, I come!"

Left alone the cloud-sisters watched waited, and listened. Presently there was heard a sharp, hissing sound, next a stinging cry, and the first little Snow-flake was no more. Filled with horror, they darted from the spot and wandered on to where a lady came riding by. She was royally beautiful; her dark hair braided with gold, jewels on her brow, rare radiance in her eyes, soft crimson her lips, sunrise pinks on either cheeks; exceeding fair, but hard and cold as the gems with which she was decked.

"I have found her!" cried the second little Snow-flake, in a transport of delight. "She will love me as she loves all beautiful things. See, I light like a kiss on that forehead whiter than leagues of our untrodden drifts, She will touch me gently. I shall shine among her jewels. Good-bye, poor cold sister, henceforth love and warmth are my blissful portion. Good-bye."

"Augh! that horrid snow!" ex-

claimed the lady. "Bettine," to her maid, "wipe it off. Be careful now, or you'll ruin my complexion."

The next moment a drop of moisture on a web of lace was all that remained of the second little Snow-flake.

"Ah, me! ah, me! I shall surely die in this terrible cold! Tiny white cloak hanging in the sky there, won't you come and cover me?"

"Gladly, gladly," answered the solitary flakelet. "Who are you? Where shall I find you?"

"I was a little flower, growing on an infant's grave. When the pale mother saw my blue eyes looking skyward she said they were like the baby's and wept, yet looked up with me afterward, and seemed almost comforted. There's nothing of me just now except a slender brown stalk swaying in the wind. I shall perish utterly in this biting air without a bit of something about my feet. Come quickly then and cover me up."

As the third little Snow-flake hurried toward the spot from whence this cry came, she saw the gray cloud-gate open to let a crowd of her people out. Calling to them she told the story of the sister flakelets, the one in search of pleasure, the other in search of love.

"Come then with me," she entreated. "Let us not seek our own but another's happiness. Come, we will cover this fair floweret and hang a warm mantle between it and the north wind's bitter blasts."

Then she laid her dot of a cloak down, and, seeing it, all the rest hurried that way and set to work with such a will that before the morning dawned the brown flower-stalk was muffled clear to the eartips.

Time passed. Winter wrapped his ice-fringed garments about him and slipped away to the far north. Spring came with sweet wind-whispers, brook and bird songs, blossom-banded hosts, and on the baby's grave there stood a sky-blue floweret looking heaven-ward. A sky-blue floweret with a star in its heart like the little Snow-flake that, in the gray November, came earthward to do her mite of good.

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT PHYSIOLOGY.

THE EYE.—No. 8.

Short-sighted persons, therefore, should avoid playing at football and cricket, since a blow which would not injure a short (hypermetropic) eye, would greatly damage a short-sighted one. Short-sighted people need not wear glasses if they are only slightly myopic (short-sighted), but if they have to hold a book nearer than 10 inches from the eye to read the type clearly, then they must have them. In selecting glasses to suit, the rule is to find the **WEAKEST** (lowest) power of a concave lens with which they can clearly see the figures on a clock at 20 feet off. I say the weakest because they can see quite clearly with a lens much stronger, since by using the ciliary muscle much of the extra power can be overcome or neutralized. Having found the power (say a lens of 10 in. focus) choose one of half the strength (*i.e.*, 20 in. focus). This will be the one to use, and may be employed for all purposes without damage to the eye. In choosing glasses for long-sighted people and for presbyopes (old-sighted people), find the **STRONGEST** (*i.e.*, thickest) convex glass with which they can read the figures or letters at 20 feet off. This will be the glass to use for reading. Most opticians keep what are called test types, *i.e.*, letters of different sizes printed on a board and all made to a known scale, and the patient is required to read the type from the large single letter at the top, to the smallest at the bottom. If however, no glass can be found by which he can read the smallest of the test letters at 20 feet off, then it is clear there must be something else the matter with the eyes, and the patient should at once go to an oculist and get him to find out what is wrong. I would warn the reader against the foolish habit of bathing the eyes in cold water or alum water for a long time every morning, in the idea that his defect of sight is due to "weak" eyes. There is no such thing as weak eyes (at least, in the sense that most people take it), what most people call weak eyes, is really nothing more than the irritation set up in the eyes through having no glasses or improper ones. I would furthermore urge all our readers to procure a reading stand, which need be nothing more than a piece of board with a ledge to keep the book from slipping off, and set up at an angle of about 45 degrees by means of a prop behind. Stooping over the table to read a book is injurious not only to the eyes, but is hurtful to the chest, and a frequent source of headaches as well. For my part, I never read a book unless it is propped up in the above manner. It also has the advantage of preventing the eyes from getting more short-sighted or even more long-sighted.

And now just a word in conclusion about one or two diseases of the eyes. The commonest disease of all is ophthalmia, in other words inflammation of the conjunctiva. The eye looks red, bloodshot, and watery, tears flow in streams down the cheek and the patient feels as if some sand had got under the lids. When he wakes in the morning his eyelids stick together and are crusted over. This nearly always arises from the patient getting out of health from over work, anxiety, bad food, or impure air and the like, and then catching a slight cold. The eye being overworked the cold flies to it immediately, and ophthalmia is the result. But this inflammation may spread to the iris, and then all

sorts of mischief will be set up. The iris no longer contracts with the light but remains immovable and no longer of the beautiful colour, but turbid or muddy. The patient has shooting or aching pains over the eyes and forehead. He cannot bear to see the light for an instant, and objects look dim and hazy. This is iritis. If this be badly treated or neglected the inflammation may cause the edges of the iris to stick together and block up the pupil altogether, or it may even spread to the choroid and retina and produce irreparable mischief. If it be taken in time and properly treated it will readily be cured. Now there is one drug that is so universally useful that I feel I must let you into the secret of it. It is atropine, the essence of Belladonna. I scarcely know of a single disease in the whole of eye practise in which it not only does no harm but is not actually useful. I think every family in England ought to keep it as it can never do harm, and in nearly all cases will be beneficial. Take this receipt to the chemist and get him to make it up.

R. Atropiae Sulph. gr IV.

Aq. destil. to one ounce.

M. Ft collyria.

One or two drops of this should be dropped right on to the eyeball by means of a quill or a camels-hair brush two or three times a day, according to the severity of the case. It is true it will make the pupil very large and the patient will complain that he cannot see so well, but it will always pass off in a few days after it is discontinued, and all will be well. You may use it both for ophthalmia, or for any other disease of the eye, and it will often save a very heavy oculist's bill by arresting the disease at once. If the lids stick together in the morning smear their edges with a little clean lard, or better still, with the Unguentum Cetacei. One thing more and then I have done. You know how frequently bits of iron, dust, hairs, or insects get beneath the eyelid and cause no end of pain until the little foreigner is expelled. To do this is often very difficult and sometimes impossible unless you know the secret. It is this. I said in one of the early numbers that it is impossible for a foreign body to get to the back of the eye as the conjunctiva prevents it, it can only therefore remain in front of that membrane, i.e., either on the eyeball or beneath the eyelid. Direct the patient therefore to look steadily towards the light and examine the eyeball carefully (with a magnifying glass if you have one). If you see it, hold the eyelids gently apart and with a quick touch remove it with the corner of a handkerchief. If that fails you may try and draw it out with a magnet if you are sure it is steel, or else try and remove it with a quill pen with the point unsplit. If this fails, take the patient to the nearest doctor. If however you fail to see anything on the eye itself, take a narrow pencil or penholder and pressing it gently against the upper lid just beneath the eyebrow, with the finger and thumb of the other hand catch hold of some of the eyelashes and quickly turn the lid over the penholder so that the red soft under-surface is exposed. With a little practice you will learn to do it readily. In nine cases out of ten you will see the intruder lying on the lid, and it can be removed with a handkerchief as before.

G. L. JOHNSON.

ANCIENT WIT.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.

THE following curious specimens of humour are found in the writings of Hierocles, a philosopher of Alexandria, who flourished in the fifth century. The author is drawing the character of a scholastic, or Pedant, whose mind is utterly engrossed with the *school learning*, a species of knowledge neither sound nor useful. He thus becomes what we call *absent*, and unfit for the common affairs of life.

1. A pedant, on his first attempt to swim, being nearly drowned, vowed he would never touch water again till he had learned the art of swimming.

2. A pedant, desirous of selling his house, took a stone from the wall, and carried it about with him as a specimen of the premises.

3. A pedant, wishing to know whether he looked handsome while asleep, placed himself before a looking-glass with his eyes shut.

4. A pedant, happening to meet a physician, tried to conceal himself behind a wall. The doctor asked him the reason for this strange behaviour; "Why," he replied, "it is so long since I have been ill, that I was ashamed to meet you."

5. One pedant, meeting another, said to him, "I heard that you were dead." His friend replied, "But you see I am alive." "So you say," he rejoined, "but the man who told me the news was more worthy of credit than yourself."

6. A pedant, hearing that a crow would live two hundred years, to determine the fact by experiment, bought and kept one.

7. A pedant, on a voyage, being in danger of shipwreck, and seeing the other passengers catch hold of various articles on deck to keep themselves afloat, seized upon one of the anchors.

8. Three persons, namely a pedant, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed that, during the night, each should watch in his turn four hours, while the other two slept. The lot for the first watch fell to the barber. As soon as he saw his companions asleep, gently raising up the pedant, he shaved his head, and presently afterwards awakened him. The pedant, roused from his slumber, yawned, scratched his head, and finding it smooth, exclaimed, "what a stupid creature is this barber, he has waked the bald man instead of me."

CHARACTER.—"We are building up our characters and our lives, not only by our actions, but by the directions in which we are looking, by the models we set before us, by the ideals we cherish, by the company we keep, by the books we read, by all the conditions in which we put ourselves. By looking up to what is higher and better, we shall rise to higher and better states of being, and our characters and conduct will always bear an intimate relation to those things upon which our mental vision dwells with pleasure and satisfaction."

RICHES.—A very rich man recently said: "I worked like a slave till I was forty, to make my fortune, and I've been watching it like a detective ever since for lodging, food and clothes."

FOOTPRINTS, PAST AND FUTURE.

WHETHER consciously or unconsciously we are leaving footprints behind us, impressions for good or evil, more or less influencing the lives of others. Everything in God's universe leaves its mark behind it—writes its own history, not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground but prints in characters a map of its march—so every act of a man inscribes itself on the mind of his fellows, or in his own manners and face. Footprints seemingly unimportant are big with results—a single flake of snow is a little thing, but when it gathers others it can become a mighty avalanche, resistless in its course.

Each *footprint* has its special mission to perform, not one is useless—so there are mighty movements in each generation, new abuses to be corrected, and work to be done; and God generally makes use of young men and young women to work out these revolutions, such as "Pitt and Bright," in the cause of Free Trade; "Moffat and David Livingstone," in the cause of Missionary Enterprise; or "John B. Gough," in the cause of Temperance, &c.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Are our footprints leading others up to a higher platform of noble resolve and earnest endeavour in the cause of truth and purity? "A traveller in North America had reached a certain hill, on looking back he was astonished to find he had been walking on a mossy undergrowth, every footprint distinctly visible." So will it be at last with us, we shall see all the way God hath led us—let us then in our daily walk pray—

"Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
And guide our doubtful footsteps right."

Our footprints are not solitary, others tread with busy feet around us, some "who lie in wait secretly as a lion in his den to draw us aside. Satan himself, as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." But Satan is not the owner of the world? God is the ruler of it, He rules all men, and knows perfectly every footprint we take; He is supreme and allsufficient. Then too there are the footprints of those "who through faith and patience have inherited the promises"—the holy dead.

"Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

The children too, those little feet that patter to and fro, teaching us lessons of love and obedience, must not be forgotten, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." But *Jesus* is the only perfect example, and He has taught us to follow in His steps in pursuing our earthly journey.

Take *three guides*—Truth, Love, Wisdom: Truth to go before, Love and Wisdom on either side. Take helps for the journey—God's Word as a "light to your feet and a lamp to your path." God's Providence to protect you, and God's Spirit to be your divine teacher and comforter.

Mind the religion of the *feet*; the religion of the *heart*, and

the religion of the *head* is good, but also the religion of the *feet*, for “faith without knowledge is dead.”

A poor slave had prayed for his freedom for three years, but he said he did not get it till his prayers got down into his feet and he ran away. So let us while we pray use the means God has put at our disposal, and not despise the religion of *doing*. Gather up lessons of wisdom from the past to guide you in the days to come in 1881.]

THE OLD YEAR. A FAREWELL!

Where art thou going so fast, old year,
Where art thou going so fast?
There's a tremulous sigh in the mid-
night air,
There are requiem whispers of wild
despair—
Chant they a dirge for the past, old year,
The shadowy, vanished past?

What is thy record, to-night, old year,
What is thy record to-night?
There are lessons of life unstudied, un-
taught,
There are dreams of its schemes un-
written, unwrought,
And gleanings of bliss or blight, old
year,
Time's gleanings of bliss or blight.

Not unmeet were thy blessings, old year,
Blessings that brighten for aye!
There were deeds of charity, kindness
and love,
Forgotten below, remembered above;
These, thy noblest incentives, old year,
Incentives that never die.

Snow-flakes are wreathing thy shroud,
old year,
Winds wail thy funeral knell—
The seed-time and harvest will come,
as of yore,
And seasons return with their vintage
and store,
But thou!—thy destiny!—death, old
year
Pilgrim, ephemeral, farewell!

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

TO OUR READERS.

At the close of another year we thank our many Subscribers and Contributors for their CO-OPERATION in making known AFTER WORK, and procuring for it a wide circulation, and we plead for 1881 a renewed and strenuous effort. The best help friends can render, is for each one to obtain a New Subscriber. We believe there is a need for healthy and instructive Literature in the homes of the hardworking and toiling, as an antidote to the pernicious and baneful reading too often met with.

January 1881, will commence with new features, viz:—New Serial Stories (a variety). A Complete Story for Boys. Travels and Adventures on Land and Sea. Practical Papers, for Working Men. Sunday Afternoon and Evening Recreations. Scientific, Amusing, and Useful Chapters, by different Authors. The Temperance Reformation. The Home Circle. Music, Poetry, Cookery, Things Worth Knowing, &c., and numerous Illustrations.

No. 1.

January, 1880.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR
HOME READING.



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No. 12.

December, 1880.

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